



The
Religious Songs Of
Connacht:
A Collection Of
Poems, Stories,
Prayers, Satires,
Ranns, Charms, Etc.
(1906)



Douglas Hyde

ABHRÁIN DIAṬA CÚIGE CONNACHT

OR

THE RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT

*A Collection of Poems, Stories, Prayers, Satires,
Ranns, Charms, etc.*

CUID I.

(BEING CHAPTER VI. OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT)

New for the first time Collected, Edited, and Translated

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE

(AN CRAOIBHIN DOIBHINN)

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

DUBLIN

M. H. GILL AND SON, LTD

MCMVI

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MIHI DILECTISSIMI, NECNON IN HONOREM

SACERDOTUM CONNACIÆ, QUI

LIBERTATIS, LINGUAE, LITTERARUM, MUSÆ,

MORUM HIBERNIÆ, STUDIOSI SUNT.

A

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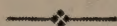
R O I M - R Á Ò .



Air gcuinnigeadh dánta Cúige Connaëct dani—
obair air air tóraig mé fide bliadan ó foim—connaic
mé go raib na dánta do bain leir an gcráibteacht no
leir an gceirdeach, an-iomradhail. Connaic mé go
raib na h-upraigte i bpoim dain, na parpeada
binne, agus na h-áduingrde gearra do bí cumta
i pannaiceacht, an-iomradhail mar an gcéanna.
Cuairtigh mé foim, fíar, fíor, fuar, agus éruinnigh mé
an méro aca do capad liom. Fuair mé inr an am
céanna “airte” no “ortanna” no “amhairde,”
fuair mé giotairde i ttaoib na h-eaglaise, fuair mé
giotairde as molaó no as diholad daoine air ion a
gceirdeach, fuair mé rgealta do bain leir an eaglaip,
no do bain le gear-leanaí na h-eaglaise, nó do
bain le naom éigin, fuair mé beannaëta, fuair mé
mallaëta, agus do cuip mé iad ro fíor leir an
geirde eite. Cuipim amac anoir an t-iomlán, dánta,
upraigte, parpeada, áduingrde, ortanna, amhairde,
rgealta, beannaëta, mallaëta, agus gac nro eite
de'n éineál céanna pá tioral “Apháim Diaóda Cúige
Connaëct.”

Tá na neite reo go léir meargta tpe na ceite
inran leabair ro. Mí 'l don eagor ná oirugadh air leir

PREFACE.



WHILE collecting the Poetry of the Province of Connacht—a work which, I began some twenty years ago—I found that those Poems which touched upon piety or religion were very numerous. I found, moreover, that prayers put in a setting of poetry, melodious “paidirs,” and short petitions composed in metre were very numerous also. I searched east and west, up and down, and collected all that I met with. I found at the same time charms or “orthas” or “amhras,” I found pieces concerning the Church, I found pieces praising or dispraising people for their religion, I found stories about the Church, or about the persecution of the Church, or about some saint or other, I found blessings, I found curses, and I put all these things down here with the rest. I now publish them all—poems, prayers, “paidirs,” petitions, “orthas,” charms, stories, blessings, curses, and everything else of the kind, under the title of “The Religious Songs of Connacht.”

These things are all mixed together in this book. There is no special order or arrangement on them,

oppa, aét, paitoir pgeál agus tán, tán paitoir pgeál, mar fuair mé féin iad ó béal na seanéirde agus na sean-daoiné, nó ar nór na “mbolg-an-tpoládaí” do bí domh coitcheanta rin 'n ár meary céad bliadan ó foin.

B'éiríor go bfuil corpi-puo inían leabap ro go mb'feairp le cur de mo léigtheaduib gan a feicint ann. Aét nuair tópaig mé ar an obair seo, do éirí mé póham gac uile nio d'a bfuair mé do rgniobad rior go tiliu agus go ríunneac, agus do rinneap rin. Do éirí mé rior gac aon nio d'a bfuairéap aet amáin ná giotairde leama nac raib epuc ná cuma ná bliar oppa. Ir fétuir le mo luét-léigte anoir beir cinnte go bfuil an t-iomlán aca ann ro go díreac mar do fuairéap féin é, gan aon puo do éur leir nó do baint de. An molaó agus an oi-molaó, an reairb agus an milir, an t-aor agus an t-abpáin-molta, an beannaét agus an mállaét, tá riao go léir ann ro aige, agus tá pé anoir ar a éumup a bheiteamnar féin do ceapad, puo nac bpeupad pé a déanam ná gceillfinn, aip, aon puo do bí garb reairb amaroac leat-pagáanta nó mí-taitneamac.

Ir rior-beagán de na neitib seo do cuiread ar páipéar ariam go uci anoir, agus beir riao ag éirige nior gainne ó lá go lá. Óir má tá na h-abpáin gpad, na h-abpáin óil, na caointe, agus na tánta eile do bí ag na sean-daoinib ag págail báir go luac, ir luaité 'nád rin atá na h-abpáin diaóda ag imteacé uainn. Má mill na “rsoilte náiríúnta” an lreirbeacé tóitáir

but prayer, story, poem, or again poem, prayer, story, just as I myself got them from the mouths of the shanachies and old people, or after the manner of the Bolg-an-tsolàthairs, or miscellaneous collections that were so common amongst us a hundred years ago.

Possibly there may be an occasional piece in this book which some of my readers would sooner not see there. But when I began this work I determined to write down faithfully and truly everything that I found, and I have done that; I have put down every single thing I came across, except only insipid pieces which have neither shape nor form nor taste upon them. My readers can now be certain that they have the whole thing before them exactly as I got it myself, without my adding anything to it, nor taking anything from it. The praise and the dispraise, the bitter and the sweet, the satire and the laudation, the blessing and the curse, he has them all here, and it is now in his power to form his own judgment—a thing which he could not have done if I had concealed from him anything that was coarse, bitter, foolish, half-Pagan, or otherwise unpleasing.

Very few, indeed, of these things have ever been put upon paper until now, and they will be becoming more scarce from day to day. For, if the love songs, the drinking songs, the keenes, and the other poems that the old people had, are dying out rapidly, the religious songs are departing from amongst us with still greater rapidity. If the "national schools" ruined

do bí, ó náúúr, as na daoimib, do réad riad na
 h-abráin diaða ro amac ar na fréamhaib ar fad.
 Níor máir na dánta ro riam i n-aon áit ar cuipead an
 Déapla i n-áit na Saedeilge. Is fada fada ó céile
 rriopad an dá ceangain. Ní bíonn páilte ar bíť as
 luét an Déapla roim na sean-dántaib diaða, agus
 níor cuipeadair ariam Déapla oirra mar do cuipioir
 go minic ar na h-abránaib spád. Ní cuimhigim go
 bfuair mé níor mó 'ná ziota no dó de'n troit ro do
 bí de níeabair as duine ar bíť i mDéapla, ať rziob
 mé ruar le cúpla céad ziota diaða i nSaedeilg.
 Tá riad ro, mar tubairt mé, ar flige a beir caillte
 anoir, agus iad bainte amac ar ciorde agus ar
 cuimne na ndaoine as na rzioltib Sallda, ať ni
 feicim gur cuip na rziolte céadna ro aon ruo eile i
 n-a n-ionad. Dainpí mé blúipín amac, ann ro, ar
 litir Saedeilge do rziob an t-áitir Uaitéar
 O Conghádaín o Gleann-na-mag-tub éugam go
 déigeannać, agus cuipíó pé i n-úmail do'n leig-
 teoir níor fearr 'ná v'féadpáinn féin a déanam
 mar atá an rgeal anoir. "Im' óige," ariar an
 t-áitir Uaitéar, "ni raib teac ar bíť nac ndeirí an
 páitipín ann gac oirde fead na bliadna. Nuair
 táimz mé do'n páipáirte seo ta oet no naoi mbliadna
 ó foim, bí an gnár ro tugta ruar as uphóir na ndaoine.
 O'páipuirgear go minic an fáť, agus ni bfuair mé ať
 aon fpeasra amám ó gac uile duine "ni éis linn-ne
 é ráó i mDéapla agus ní habrócair an t-aor
 ós linn é i nSaedeilg." Is é rin go vípeac an

the indigenous literature which the people possessed by nature, they have torn these religious songs up out of the roots altogether. These poems have never lived on in any spot where the English language has been substituted for the Irish. The geniuses of these two languages are very very far apart from each other. The English speakers have no welcome for the old religious poems, and they have never "put English on them" as they used often to do with the love songs. I do not remember that I ever found more than one or two pieces of this sort which anyone knew by heart in English, but I have written down some couple of hundred religious pieces in Irish. These last are now, as I said, on the way to be lost, plucked out of the hearts and memories of the people by the "National" schools, though I do not see that these same schools have put anything in their place. I shall give here a scrap of an Irish letter which Father Walter Conway, of Glenamaddy, wrote me lately, for it will explain to the reader far better than I myself could do it, how matters now stand. "In my youth," says Father Walter, "there was no house in which the 'Paidirin' or Rosary, used not to be said every night throughout the year. When I came to this parish some eight or nine years ago this custom had been given up by the majority of the people. I frequently inquired the cause, and never heard any answer except the one from everybody. 'We cannot say it in English, *and the young people will not repeat it with us in Irish.*'" This is exactly the

rgéul céatona do éualar féin inr gac aon áit ar feadh na cúige reo, agus ní dóig liom go bfuil acharnaé rgeíl aca inr na cúigib eile. Níl aithne ar bit ag an-
 áitir O Congmaéáin naé nór an áill do éiredeán na tíre, é reo. “Ní h-é an páirtín amáin” a veir pé arir (agus buó éoir pór a veit aige-rean éir ir beag ragarit i gConnaéctuib d’oibhuig in an oiread parráirte leir féin) “ní h-é an páirtín amáin do tugad ruar le teadé arthead an Ueárla. Tugad ruar, freirín, na h-urruighe agus na dánta diaó do cum agus do éleáct ár pinnirín naóméa, do táinig ó éroide an té do cum iad agus do éuair díneáct ó éroide an té aoubairt iad irthead i gcluar Ué. Agus cad tá agáinn in a n-áit?—Ráiméir naé rruigeann a leir d’á mbíonn d’á ráó, agus naé bfuil torad na tairbe aca d’á bárr.”

Ir eaint láirir i rin, aét ní láirir i ’ná a gcluar ó ragaritib eile. Ag ro mar éirneann Tomár Bán O Conéanainn ríor ar an nór céatona. Tar éir gac aon áit i n-éirinn a raib an gaeóeilg beo innti, do ríubal dó, go mion agus go minic, do rgeíob pé litir éugam i ngaeóeilg agus mbainim áirí an t-áiltín reo: “Ir iomóa ruó úir-íreall ruarac do éonnairc mé ar feadh mo ragoáil aét ní ríacar aon ruó ariam níor úir-íre agus níor ruarige ’ná veit breádnugad ar éomluadair tíge ar a nglúnaib ag ráó an páirtín páirthead—na túirínigheóirí d’á ráó le tuirint le dúthead agus le lán-éráibthead in a rteangair féin, agus na páirtí do gclall Dia dóib, d’á

same account that I myself have heard in every place throughout this province, and I have no reason to think that they have anything different to relate in the other provinces. Father Conway is in no doubt but that this is a great loss to the religion of the country. "It is not the Rosary alone," says he again (and he ought to know, for there are few priests in Connacht who have intimate knowledge of as many parishes as he), "it is not the Rosary alone that has been given up on the introduction of the English language. The prayers and the Religious Poems which our pious ancestors composed and used to repeat, have been given up also; pieces which came from the heart of him who composed them, and which went straight from the heart of him who said them to the ear of God. And what have we in their place? *Ráiméis*, which half of those who repeat it do not understand, and from which they reap neither fruit nor profit."

This is strong language, but it is no whit stronger than what I have heard from others of the clergy. Here is how Tomás Bán O Concannon speaks of the same thing. After having frequently and minutely travelled through each separate place in Ireland in which the Irish language is alive, he wrote me an Irish letter, from which I extract the following passage :—"Many is the pitiful, mean thing that I have seen during my life, but I never saw anything more pitiful or mean than to be looking at the people of a house on their knees, saying the *Páidirín Páirteach*, the parents saying it with understanding, fervour, and devotion in their own language, and the children that

b'pneagairt i dteangaird nár tuis an cúro eile de'n teaghlac, agus nár tuisgeadair péin go ceart, aet an oirlead. 'Do bíod na páirtí go minic as plic-magad agus as caiteam tair agus tapcuirne ar na rean-daoinib nuair bíod ríad-ran as riad na rean-paropeada Gaedheilge agus na rean-dánta diada 'do táinig anuair cuca, b' éirip ó aimpirí nlaoin pártair. Ir ar leac an teallair leagtar clod-buin ná diadaet agus na náriuntaet, agus ir truaig na rgoileanna Gallda beir o'a millead. Ir anuair ó na rean-daoinib tagann an diadaet go tti na páirtí inr gac tii eile. Ir amlair bí pé i n-éipinn i n-aimpirí ar rean-airpeada. Aet tá rreangáin an éreoinh 'do bí ioir an gclainn agus na cuirniúctoirib gearrta anoir i n-éipinn, aet i scoir-air ran nGaedhealtet iargailta."

Tá an ceart as Tomár Bán ann ro, agus ar an áobair rin faoil mé gur ceart dam na neite reo 'do fábdail, pul gearrtar ná rreangáin rin ar fad. Má camann an Connactac ós a beal le rgiotgail gáir mion, ar n-éirpetet na rean-dánta ró óó, ní cóir dúinn-ne beir rió-éruair air, nuair cuimhigimr gur inr na rgoileannair náriunta 'do fuair pé a cúro oirleadair. Aet ní'l don eagla oim go n'óanfair mo luét-leigte an nri óadna, óir tuisfir ríad-ran an pur naé oirgeann reiréan (mar níor duiríad ariam leir é) gur cúro de rtair na tíre an leabair ro, má tuisgear i gceart é, 7 gur duilleóg é atá bainte amac ar leabair na Críortuisgeada pul tángamair go tti an éabair nri air a oirgear "Air-learugaó an éreoinh."

God had given them, in a language that the rest of the household did not understand, and which they themselves did not rightly understand either. The children used to be frequently humbugging and mocking, and disparaging the old people, when they would be saying the ancient Irish prayers and the old religious poems that had come down to them, perhaps, from the time of St. Patrick. It is upon the flagstone of the hearth that the foundations of piety and of nationality are laid, and, alas ! that the foreign schools should be destroying them. It is from the old people downwards that piety comes to the children in every country. This is how it was in Ireland in the time of our grandfathers, but the strings of the Faith that went between the children and the parents are now cut in Ireland, except in an occasional spot of remote Gaeldom."

Tomás Bán is correct in this, and for that reason I thought it right for me to save these things before the strings are cut entirely. If the young Connachtman crookens his mouth to-day with a jeering laugh on his hearing these old poems, we ought not to be too hard upon him when we remember that it was in the " National " Schools he got his education. But I am not at all afraid that my readers will act like him, because they will understand what he does not understand (because it has never been told him), that this book, if it be looked at rightly, is part of the history of the country, and that it is a leaf plucked out of the Book of Christendom before we come to that chapter which is called the " Reformation."

Cuirim péiltín beag marí comárta iní an gclár le
 gac don tóan do táinig go h-íomlán ó béal na ndaoine,
 áit-ir beag de na cinn eile (nac bfuil don péiltín
 leó) náir éualaid mé a beag ná a móir de ó na sean-
 daoimib.

Buó máit liom m' píor-buirdeacáir do cúir i gcéill
 ann ro do na cáirtoib ó a bfuair mé na neite reo,
 roir fagáir agus tuata, roir boct 7 rairóbir. Ní gá
 óam a n-ainmneada uile do cúir píor ann ro, óir
 geobtar i gcóir an leabair gac ainm aca, le h-air
 gac don ruo dá bfuairéar uata.

Tá corir-foirir focail agus corir-móir litruíte
 ann san leabair ro t'átrócaim anoir dá mbéim 'gá
 h-áir-íróbaó, mar "ann" i n-áir "in" 7c. Áit tá
 ré níor mó 'ná deic mbliadain ó tóraig mé ar an obair
 reo do tabairt amaó, agus tá litruíad na teangad
 níor rocuíte anoir. Ní meairim go bfuil mé
 áirbéileac nuair deirim go bfuil leic-éad daoine
 anoir ann, i n-áir an tuine do bí ann an uair rin,
 ar réir leó an leabair ro do léigead. Agus ir
 ionann rin agus a ráó go bfuil éiré nuad ag éirige
 in ár mearg, mile buirdeacáir agus áitugad le
 Dia na n-uile cúmacta. Ná leagtar an éiré nuad
 ro go deó !

an CRAOIBÍN.

I have placed an asterisk as a mark, in the Index, to every poem which came wholly from the mouths of the people, but there are few of the others (to which I placed no asterisk) that I have not heard either more or less of them also from the old people.

I would wish here to express my gratitude to the friends from whom I collected these things, both rich and poor, priests and laymen. There is no necessity to mention them individually here, as each name will be found in the body of the book, alongside each thing which I got from them.

There is an occasional form of a word or an occasional mode of orthography in this book which I would change now if I were re-writing it, as *ann* for *in*, etc. But it is more than ten years since I began to print this work, and the orthography of the language is more settled now. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that there are fifty people in it now as against the one who was in it then, who are able to read this book. And this means that there is a New Ireland arising in our midst; a thousand thanks and laudations to God. May this New Ireland never be overthrown.

AN CRAOIBHIN.

CLÁR.



Na tábta a bfuil méiltín (*) nomba do cuipeasó ríor go
 víreac ó déal na nuaime iad, agus ir uóig naé maib ríad ariáin
 ar páiréar go sti anoir, áet ariáin ceann nó uó áca.

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ADRDÁN DIAÐA CÚIGE CONNACT.

Ir cpráibteac an cine an cine Saodalaic. Tá an Saodal Éireannac cpráibteac ó náóúir. Cíð pé lám Dé ann r zac áit, ann r zac am, agus ann r zac nio. Ni 'i aon Éireannac 'ran zceao a bpuil áóóan duine-zan-cpeioeam ann. Ir mó a rpeir 'ran anam agus 'rna neitib bainear leir an anam, 'ná 'ran zcorp agus 'rna neitib bainear leir an zcorp. An nio nac bpeiceann pé, ni lúgaíve cpeiofiró pé ann; an nio cíóear pé, cíófiró pé níor mó ann 'ná fear ve cine ar bit eile. An juo atá óóí-feicre do óaoimib eile ir pói-feicre óóran é. Agus ir nio cinnte, pior, ró-tuigte leir, Dia. Mot-aigean pé cúháct óó-feicte poime agus le n-a taoib agus ar a cúil ar fear an laé agus ar fear na h-oiróce. Ir ó'h motužad ro tigeap páiróte coitciónna agus foráin na Saedeilge. Nuair carcar duine ar duine eile i n-áit "bon jour" no "good morning" do ráó, ar nóir na zcineaó eile, ir é veir pé "zo mbeannaisiú Dia dúit." Má cíð pé duine as obair, veir pé "Dail ó Dia opt," má tá tu as rzaíamaint leir, veir pé "zo reáct poirbíg' Dia dúit," má tá pé do v'beannu-žad veir pé "zo raozálaigiú Dia tu," má cuipeann tu rpaot arat glaoópaíó pé "Dia linn," agus nuair cuipeann tu foráin air as ráó "zo mbeann-aisiú Dia dúit," ir é a fpeazpaó-ran "zo mbean-naig' Dia agus Muiré dúit." Nuair glacann pé rnírin uait véappaíó pé "beannaict Dé le h-anam do mápb," má tagainn ionganar obann air, véappaíó pé "mile altužad le Dia," má taipbéantar óó leanó

RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT.

A PIOUS race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in every place, in every time, and in every thing. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. In the things he does not see, he does not believe the less for not seeing them; and in the things he sees, he will see more than a man of any other race; what is invisible for other people is visible for him. God is for him a thing assured, true, intelligible. He feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back, throughout the day and throughout the night. It is from this feeling that the ordinary expressions and salutations of the Irish language come. When he meets a neighbour instead of saying *Bon jour* or *Good morning*, like other races, he says: "God salute you." If he sees a person at work he says: "Prosperity from God on you." If you are parting from him he says: "May God seven-fold prosper you." If he is blessing you he says: "May God life-lengthen you." If you sneeze he will cry: "God with us;" and when you salute him saying "God greet you," his answer is "God and Mary (*i.e.*, the Virgin) greet you." When he takes snuff from you he will say: "The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead." If a sudden wonderment surprise him, he will cry: "A thousand laudations to God." If he be shown a young child or anything else for

óg no níð eile an céad uair, veip re "bail ó 'Dia
 air," ma tagann buairpead obann air, veip ré
 "cnoir Ériort oppainn," nuair goipeann an coilead,
 'ré an níð éluinear seipean ann a glaoó "Mac na
 h-óige plán," agus má deunann ré ceapad, ip é veip
 ré "A Mhuiré ip truaas," agus ní 'l cine eile ann fan
 doimhan, marí tug, trád, mo éara an t-átaip O Spia-
 mhna pá veapia, a bpuil tóá ainm aca ar Mlapia, ip
 é rin "Máipe" nuair bairtear é ar mhnaoi, adt
 "Muiré" nuair labhann riad i ttaoiú mácar an
 tSlánuigétoipa. Tá 'Dia marí rin ann a beata agus
 or cónaip a fáil, 'to ló agus 'o' oróce, agus ip ríor-
 mac é 'to na pean-naomaiú rin 'to rgar polar. Ériort
 ar pead an traoasail. Ip Ériortairde ó náoiúip anoir é,
 ó lá a bpeite go h-uair a báip. Ip ionnann an
 rriopad atá ann agus an inntinn éirímió ann fan
 tóá riáó rin, riáó na h-eaglaire óige, Tá *ἀρχαία
 κρητήρ* i. "bíóó an buair ag an níð tá áppa," agus
 an riáó rin Naomí Aibrtin credo quia impossibile,
 "cpeirim é marí geall ar é 'to beit tóí-deunta."
 Níor éum an Náoiúip é le tuine san cpeirdeam 'to
 véanaim tó; ip anaasáó a inntinne agus a ériorte-
 pean rin. 'To épuéasí rtaip na h-Éipeann le ceirpe
 ceutó bliadóin, nac bpuil 'óúil ar bíé ag an Éipeannac
 coitcúionnta ann rina h-iaipraétaib rin 'to junnead i
 neópaip ar pead na h-aimpípe rin le foirme eugr-
 amla an épeirim 'to éaoluasáó, 'to lasuugasáó, 'to
 lasugasáó, agus 'to véunaim níor rimplíre. Tug an
 tpean-eaglaip níor mó óó le cpeirdeamaint 'ná na h-
 eaglaipíre nuasáó, agus lean ré óí. 1 neitíó báinear
 leip an gpeirdeam ní maí leip an leat, ip peapp leip

the first time he will say : " Prosperity from God on it." If there come sudden trouble upon him he will say : " The Cross of Christ upon us." When the cock crows what he hears in its note is "*noc na ho-ya slawn*," " the son of the Virgin safe." If he make complaint, what he says is : "*O Wírrastru*," i.e., " O Mary it is a pity." There is no other race in the world, as my friend Father O'Growney once observed, which has two names for Mary—"Maurya," when the name is given in baptism to a woman ; Mwírya when they speak of the mother of our Saviour. God is, then, in his mouth and before his eyes day and night ; he is the true son of those old saints who spread the light of Christ throughout the world. He is now by nature a Christian from the day of his birth to the hour of his death. His mind on the subject may be summed up in those two sayings, that of the early Church *τὰ ἀρχαία κρείττο*, " let ancient things prevail," and that of St. Augustine *credo quia impossibile*. Nature did not form him for an unbeliever ; unbelief is alien to his mind and contrary to his feelings. The history of Ireland for the last four hundred years has proved that the ordinary Irishman has no liking for the efforts that were made in Europe during that period to attenuate and diminish certain forms of faith, to weaken and to simplify them. THE OLD CHURCH GAVE HIM MORE TO BELIEVE THAN DID THE NEW CHURCHES, and he followed it. In things that concern belief he does not like the half, he prefers the whole ; and we find accordingly that he never took any pleasure in that teaching which denies, for example

an t-íomlán; agus fágmaoid, mar rin, náir éirí ré
ruim ariamh ann ran teagars rin féunap, mar fompia,
fírinne an bpiú-átraiúte, aet aomúigeap bpiú
níorúúiltteac eile, bpiú ip lúga 'ná rin, do beic i
scorp Cpiort, ná ann ran teagars rin féunap úg-
dapiar na h-eaglaire aet aomúigeap sup ap úg-dapiar
na h-eaglaire do fuaip riao féin canoin na rúmp-
túra, ná ann ran teagars rin oprouigeap an tpiorúad
aet méapap go ró-minic nac bpuil ann ran tpiorúad
oprouigeap ré féin aet rórt cpiortm-bpiúge. Ní h-eac
go deimín; i neitib báineap le n-a cpiorteamh níor
úad an t-éipeannac ariamh an tpiúge méadonac; "ca
an cpiorteamh," apei ré, "'na níin-oiamh, agus
mar do cpiort mo fínnpi cpiortpíó mipe." Ap an
adúap rin i n-aimdeóin úac níó do pinne an Uac-
aríanaet agus a éur máigipit le cpiorteamh nuac do
cápiat ró, o'fan an éur ip mó de'n éine ap an
tpean-bótar. Aet bí cúmaet na h-Uac-aríanaet na
róp agus bí na Uigite do rmaetapú iac ró-geup le
beic úan don éipeac ap bí, agus fágmaoid, mar rin,
go bpuil éur feupúnta o' éipeannaiúib maite ann, o'
fíorúúíoc na h-úadai, de múinnitip Uí bpiain, Uí
Néill, míc úeapait, agus mópán eile, do tpiú an
reanópeorteamh;* aet do pinne an éur buó mó aca an
níó rin le n-a n-anam no le na maoin faogaita do

* Bí mé ag Cambrioge i Sacpana i mbliadna (1892) agus fuaip
mé sup úine de múinnitip Uí Ruaipe uac-aríán "donúaceta" na
móip-cólaipite rin, agus uac-aríán na h-donúaceta i n-Oxpóip
buó úine de Cloinn míc adú é, aet do bí an beip aca 'na b
píortepúnaigib, 'ná úConpervatibib, agus ip uóú, anaúat féin-
maúla na h-éipeann.

the truth of transubstantiation, but admits another though lesser miraculous effect in the Eucharist; nor in that teaching which denies the authority of the Church, but acknowledges that it was on the authority of the Church that it got its canon of scripture; nor in that teaching which ordains fasting but seems to think that there is in the very fasting which it ordains only a kind of superstition. No, indeed! In things concerning faith the Irishman never took the middle track. "Faith," he says, "is a mystery, and as my ancestors believed so shall I believe." For that reason, in spite of everything which the Government and his masters did to impose on him a new religion, the greater part of the race remained upon the old road.

But the power of the Government was too great, and the Penal Laws were too sharp, not to produce some effect. Accordingly we find that there are a considerable number of good Irishmen, of the true race of the Gael, of the O'Briens, O'Neills, Fitzgeralds, and many others, who forsook the old faith.¹ Many of these did so in order to preserve their lives or worldly possessions, but as a rule the people of the country

¹ Thus while writing this in 1892 I happened to be in Cambridge, and found that the President of the University Union was of the clan of the Ui Ruairc (an O'Rourke), and the President of the Oxford Union one of the clan MacAodha (Mackey or M'Gee), both of them I believe, Protestants and "Unionists."

rábáil, nuair o'fan muinntir na tíre beag-naé go h-
iomlán ar an tsean-trlige, gur ab uime rin tudaire
an file.

Criús an Crieveam 'r Crioirt go deó,
má'r mian leat do beit buan deó,
mór an baogal muir a fíir
má'r maít leat raozal paróbir.*

Duó mhór an congnam o'Éinn a sean-crieveam do
congáil go daingionn, fíor do beit aici go raib rí
ar an don trlige leir na nioáctair móra rin, an
fpaic asur an Spáin, do bí com fada rin capánaé
léite. Tá an focal "oileánaé" as teangair nuada
na h-Éirpa le cur i g-céill caol-fadaic asur inntinn
dopca na ndaoine rin naé bpaáann a n-áit ná a
n-oileán féin, asur naé meapáann leir an domán mór.
Ni raib na h-Éireannaig ariam "oileánaé" ar an
g-cuma ro, asur ní'l riad anoir. Bidead mórán
ceannaigeadta dul ar aghair iorí gaoálaib asur
móir-tíir na h-Éirpa, asur do éogairde a g-clair ann
rna coláiricib móra ar an móir-tíir, asur tugairoir
a-baile leó rmuainte asur rpiorad asur léigean na
h-Éirpa ann ran t-peactmaó asur 'ran oectmaó doir
veug, mar éidmíro ó'n meud leabair o'iompais riad
o lotáilir ó fpaicir asur ó Spáinir go gaebeilg.
Asur anoir féin, ní'l cine ar bit ir lúga "oileánaé"
'ná iad, oir ní 'l fear ná bean 'ran tíir, eis linn a
rád, naé bfuil gaol aca ann ran móir-tíir eile rin,

*Tudaire an file béarla Tomás O móra an muo céadna i
dopclair eile. As ro gaebeilg oiria.

Tá clann Éireann gan clú muna nveuntar leó feall,
ar náimugad a rinnfear eis feun asur rós
Cia'n folur o'á veieóruagad aet tóirre na nGall,
a rgiobair o'n teime 'na bfuil eirre o'á oós'?

remained almost entirely on the old lines. It was for this that the poet sang:—

Forsake the Faith and Christ for ever
If thou desirest to be long lived,
A great danger is Mary O man
If thou desirest a rich life.¹

It was a great aid to Erin in holding fast her old faith to know that she was, in this, at one with the great kingdoms France and Spain, who were for so long her friends. The modern languages of Europe have the term "insular" to express the narrow sight and darkened mind of those people who do not leave their own place or their own island, and do not mix with the great world. The Irish were never insular in this sense, and they are not so now. There was much traffic carried on between the Gaels and the Continent of Europe, and their clergy were trained in the great colleges on the Continent, and brought home with them the thoughts, the spirit, and the literature of Europe, during the 17th and 18th centuries. This is shown by the numbers of books they translated from Italian, French, and Spanish into Irish. Even now there is no race less insular than they, for there is, we may say, neither man nor woman in the country, who

¹ Thomas Moore expressed later on the same idea, in English :

Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray,
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires ;
And the torch that would light them through dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

America,* agus ció go raoilfeadh duine go mbeideadh pinn-ne níor oileánaisge agus níor caoil-inntinnige 'nā na Sacpanaisg, ní h-amháid atá, aet contráirda ar fad; ir ríad na Sacpanaisg atá, mar veip an domhan iomlán aet iad féin, cúmhais caol-raðaricad oileánac, agus ní pinne. Tuigeadar na h-Éireannaisg rin i g-cóinnuidé, ció náir tuig na Sacpanaisg é, agus tug an tuigimint rin caðair mhóir dóib ann ran reapaí do pinne ríad anaðair an éireomh Gallua.

Ir iongantac nuair pmuainisimíó ar an méad o'fulaisg na h-Éireannaisg ó na vligtib "Penálaea" nac ríad ríad níor reirde agus níor géire anaðair muinn-tipe an éireomh nuair 'nā mar bíodar. Aet ir i an pípinne nac bpuair mé ariam amearg na n-daoinetuaite aon abrán ná aon rann amáin ag mallugað na bprotectúinac mar pprotectúinagib, aet i g-cóinnuidé ag mallugað na "n-Gall" no "luet an béalra." Ann rna vántaib do pinne na nuad-báirto léigeannta no leat-léigeannta, ir píor gur iomda buille tugaðar do "mártan" agus do "Seágan," agus labhairt do minic ar

"an oíons ro do ríamíaró doine,"

aet ir i an vitéirí do bí vóirí a gcine agus a vteangsa agus a gcleactad do goill oíra níor mó 'nā vitéirí an éireomh. Agus tá an rean-focal ro coitcéonn fóp, "ir minic Gall maít."

Nuair tóraisg eirí de na h-Éarboisib agus de na ríagairtaib ar a gceirdeam do éreigean i n-aimeirí Elipabet, do bhoirtaigead na báirto 'na n-aðair, óir

* Veip an t-áirí O Spáinná liom go bfuil baile láim leir an muilinn Gearr i n-lar mhíde ann a bfuil a lán daoiné a vzig leó Spáinní do labairt o beir i nveirceairt America. Cúlairó ré go minic iad ag labairt Spáinní ar an tpiríó.

has not relatives on the Continent or in America.¹ Though it might be expected that we should be more insular and narrow than the English, it is not so; the exact contrary is the case. The Irish always felt this, although Englishmen did not understand it; and that feeling gave them great help in the resistance they made against the faith of the "Galls."

It is wonderful, when we think of all the Irish suffered from the Penal Laws, that they did not become more embittered than they were, against the followers of the new faith. But the truth is I have never found amongst the country people one single song or even one single rann cursing the Protestants, as Protestants; they always curse the "Galls," or the people of the *béarla*, i.e., the English language. It is true that in the poems which the educated or half-educated later bards composed, they gave many a blow to "Martin" and to "John," and they often speak of

"This lot who fatten on Friday;"

but it was the difference between the races, the languages, and the customs, which irritated them more than the difference in religion. The old proverb is still common amongst them, "[Even] a Gall is often good."

When some of the bishops and priests began to forsake the old faith, in the time of Elizabeth, the bards were irritated against them, for they understood that it was from fear

¹ Father O'Growney tells me there is a village near Mullingar, in Westmeath, where the people can speak Spanish, from so many of them going to South America. He has often heard them speaking Spanish in the streets.

cuiseadair sup faicéir no faint do bí orra. Tá
 láimh-réiribinn agam ann a bfuil tábán fada do
 pinne eógan O Dubháig, brácair boet o'orro San
 Bróinriair ag glaothac ar a capair Maolmhuire Mac
 Craic, áirio-earbog Cairil, an cheirdeam Gallta do
 tréigean agus a bean do cur uair. Bí an Maolmhuire
 troc-éilúthamail red 'na brácair o'orro San Bróin-
 riair mar an g-ceutna, aet éionntaig ré, mar tu-
 bairt h-uile huine, ar pon aigir. Leiseann tábán Uí
 Dubháig polar mór ar an mbaramhail do bí ag na
 daoine ar na h-earbogair agus ar na ragarair
 o'fás cheirdeam a pinnreap. Ní ar pon Oé aet ar pon
 óir do pinneadair é, do péir an Dubháigis, agus beir
 ré troc-cáil ar an gcuid ir mó aca. Tá mbuó daoine
 fíor-éiribteaca do bí ionnta, daoine o'iompaig ar pon
 a g-cóinriair agus do pinne a noicéioll—mar cuid
 de 'n éleir, i Sacrana agus i nAlbain—na daoine
 do bí 'na oicéioll do tabairt leó, b'éirir go bfeutrad
 riad iur beag do déanam 'ran eirige rin, aet nuair
 pinneadair mar Mac Craic red, ag pórad ban, ag
 óir ag feurta, ag cuiriugad le Sacrana, agus ag
 líonad a bódca féin, ir beag an t-iongnad sup cuir
 na daoine 'na n-agaib ó'n uair rin amac. Nuair
 bí an pean-laoé uafal rin Urian na Múirta O Ruairc
 ag dul o'á báir i Londún táinig an Maolmhuire gnotac
 lúrtairac ro cuige ag iarrair fádbair na h-
 uactaránaeta o'fágail do féin, agus tubairt ré iur
 éigin leir i tdaoib a peacair. Deair Urian na
 Múirta go fuar air agus tubairt ré, "feictear
 dam," ar ré, "go bfuil aithe agam oir-ra, agus sup
 bnácair San Bróinriair tu do búr a móirde," agus

or from covetousness that they changed. I have a manuscript in which there is a long poem by Eoghan (Owen) O'Duffy, a poor friar of the order of St. Francis, calling on his friend Maolmhuire (Miler) MacGrath, Archbishop of Cashel, to forsake the foreign faith, and to put away his wife. This Miler had been also a Franciscan friar, but changed his religion, as everyone said, for money. This poem of O'Duffy's throws much light on the opinions the people had of the bishops and priests who forsook the faith of their ancestors. "Not for God but for gold," did they do it, according to O'Duffy; and he gives the most of them a bad character. If they had been really pious people who changed for their conscience' sake, and who did their utmost—like some of the clergy in England and in Scotland—to bring with them the people who were round about them, perhaps they might have been able to effect a little in that direction. But when they acted like this MacGrath, marrying wives, drinking and feasting, helping England, and filling their own pockets, it was little wonder that the people opposed them instead of going with them.

When that noble old hero Brian O'Rourke of the Battlements was going to his death in London, this same busy wheedling Miler approached him, and seeking to gain for himself the favour of the Government, says something to him about his sins. Brian of the Battlements looked coldly at him. "It seems to me," he said, "that I know you, and that you are a friar of St. Francis who has broken his vows;" and he turned his back upon him without

tug ré a cúl leir, san focal eile do cailleadhaint.

"Do leisir amúsa," deir Eógan O Dubthaigh leir,

do leisir amúsa párréar dé
 agus párréar múire, olc an ceairt,
 oé! mo náire, a éiríde fallra
 párréar áinne ir annra leat.

ir é rin, b' fearr leir áinne a bean, 'nā múire.

féoil cairgír a'r bean ar bóro
 ir olc an t-óro as áirio-earbog

ar an bhrádaí.

Rainnce imhít agus ól
 agus bean ós o'á pársaó ruot,
 bhruigíon, meirge, ríon spáinne,
 ní hinnreum * cóir eirídeáir rin.

Deir an Dubthaighthead go raib an éirí nuad ro
 fallra, náir éiríeadar ruim ar bit i n-aon ruot aét
 ionnta réin, gur leanaodar rompla Cáim Collaigh,
 agus tís linn a tuisirint uaid gur éiríó ré gur
 éiríeadar—cuirí aca, ar móó ar bit—beata mí-
 maíalta.

ní éirídeáir tísíeáirí Cáiríl (i. mac Cairé)
 cia dé páé pá éirí a rún
 ar éiríó maíe de'n óir ir áille
 máiríeáir áinne do séáan bhrún.

Earbog eile do tionntaigh buó h-eadó an Séágan Bhrún

* focal béairí=instrument. bhruigíon=éiríó. ruot=leat.

losing another word. "Thou hast let go," says O'Duffy to Miler,

Thou hast let go God's paradise,
And Mary's paradise let go,
For Annie's *pleasures*, O false heart,
For *part* in *treasures* here below.

This meant that he had preferred Annie his wife to the Virgin Mary.

Meat in Lent and a woman at table
That is bad order for an archbishop,

says the friar.

Dancing playing and drinking,
And a young woman embraced by thee,
Ructions, drunkenness, Spanish wine,
Those are no proper pious instruments.

O'Duffy says that the new clergy were lazy, that they cared for nothing except themselves, that they followed the example of carnal Cam (Ham); and we can gather from him that he believed they led—some of them at all events—an irregular life.

The Lord of Cashel (*i.e.* *MacGrath*) would not entrust
Whatever the cause be for which he is so minded,
For a hundred marks of the finest gold
Mistress Annie to John Brown.

This John Brown was, I think, another bishop who turned.

ro. Deir ré le feara eile aca, de flioét mlatghamna.

A mlatghamán do fuaite gac baile,
 Dá dfeutórá do fuaiteá an uile,
 ní buacáil é, ná feara páire,
 ní l t-aire ar Ohia ná ar mhuine.
 ní cinnte é mar uine
 A mlatghamán millte gac baile,
 ní ghairmto díot aet feara buile,
 Do peic mhuine ar féoil 'r ar éaile.

"A éliar na mbán," bíod ré ag ríor-máó "nac n-ab-
 rann trát,"

Buá g-creveam dáma ná molaró
 A éliar fáilra d'fás anurraí,
 tátaoi de flioét éam éollairí,
 ní crainn tómaó (P) ríó na tomaíó.

Dubairt an Dubairtgeac no brádaí eile : otatíó
 an mlatghamán reo, uair eile, an rann

má'r brádaí boet an brádaí méit
 maí a gne 'r a tuirpan teann,
 aet má'r le rannuagó geabtaí neam
 ír uine leam an brádaí reang.*

Do rghíob rghíom-eapbog éireann, Mac Uí Cathmaíóil
 (no Caulpieto) obair fáda dáda nuair bí ré
 díbíte go tíoráí eile ar éirinn, dar b' ainm
 "Sgatan Spioradálta na h-aitríge," ann a n-abrann
 ré nac raib don uine buó gáire anagáir lueta an
 éiream nuair ná an brádaí boet ro éógan O Dub-

* no mar éalair mo éara seágan pléimion é : gconae
 porraíge "ír zeal a gne 'r a fearra rannam ; má'r mar rúo
 raetar [rágtar] flaítear Dé ír ar mije do bí an brádaí reang.

¹ Literally :—"If the fat friar is a poor friar, good is his appearance

He says to another man of them,

O Mahon who hast troubled every village,
 If thou wert able thou wouldst trouble the whole,
 Thou art not a shepherd nor a watchman,
 Thou payest heed neither to God nor Mary.
 Thou art not certain as a man,
 O destroying master of every village,
 We can only call thee a madman
 Who hast sold Mary for flesh and for an old woman.

"O ye clergy of the women," he is always crying, "who do not observe the canonical hours of prayer, do not boast of your religion to me,"

Do not praise your religion to me,
 Ye lazy clergy, who left [us] last year,
 Ye are of the race of Carnal Cam.
 Ye are not trees of fruit or produce.

O'Duffy or some other friar, made on another occasion this rann I think on this same MacGrath—

If you fat friar be a poor friar
 Then a fat desire is his life's rule;
 But if man by fat to heaven may aspire,
 Then the lean friar is a lean fool.¹

The Primate of Ireland, MacCawell,² Caughwell or Caul field, when he was banished out of Erin into other countries, wrote a long religious work in Irish called the *Spiritual Mirror of Repentance*, in which he says that there was nobody more bitter against the people of the new faith than the poor friar,

and his stout girth. But if it be by fattening that heaven is gained, a foolish man is the lean friar!" My late friend Mr. John Fleming heard a somewhat different version of this in Waterford.

² I have not met this myself in the Primate's work, but I have seen a letter from a priest in which he mentions the fact.

taig.* Fuair mé rgeul i n-otaobh an Eoghain reo, gur gabad é faoi deire i n-éinfeacht le riasaite eile dar b' ainm póil, agus é ag reannmóineacht anagair an chreidim nuair. B'é Tomár Dub Duicléar, Iarla Uirshuman, do gab é, agus cuireadh é féin agus a com-páda i bpríosún i gCairleán Cille-Chainniú le n-a g-crocad lá ar n-a mára. Aet táinig tuine uapal euca ann ran oirde agus o'innir ré d'óib gur cuir an t-Iarla euca é le pád leó go raorparde iad dá tpeisgíoir an chreideam Rómána, agus ní rin aiháin, aet go bfuigíoir aic máit 'ran eaglaig agus móir-cuir raibóir. Uí faicéir ar compáda Eoghain agus duibairt ré go ndéanfaó ré rin, aet sinne Eoghain O Dubtaig a d'icéill le n-a bacad, agus sinne ré wán fada le n-a congáil ó n-a anam do raorpuad ar an maraó rin. Níor 'cuatar aet dá iann de'n wán rin.

náir bfeairi duit do deit fead an traogail móir
bata ann do láim a'f croeógt oir
'há cloideam deit teannta ar do éoin
ag éirteacht le glóir an mionirteóra.
fill fill óra póil, fill a rtoir 'f beiró mife leat.

O! éiréir tu peadar agus póil
éiréir tu éoin a'f micheál rór,
a'f éiréir tu bainríogán na glóire,
ir í b'bead ag gurde d'óinn i gcóinnuibe,
fill fill óra póil
fill a rtoir 'f beiró mife leat.

* Ní faicid mé féin an cúntar ro ar an Dubtaigeach, aet conhairc mé luir o riasaite ann a n-abhann ré rin.

Owen O'Duffy. I have heard a story about this Owen, that he was captured at last, together with another priest, of the name of Paul, while he was preaching against the new faith. Black Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, it was who took him ; and Owen and his comrade were shut up in the Castle of Kilkenny under sentence to be hanged the next day. A gentleman came to them in the night and said to them that the Earl had sent him to tell them that they might be saved if they would forsake the Roman faith, and furthermore, that they would get a good place in the Church and be rewarded with riches. Fear had seized on Owen's comrade, and he said he would do what was asked. But O'Duffy did his best to hinder him, and made a long poem to dissuade him from saving his life on those conditions. There are only two ranns of this poem remembered.

You were better to roam through the world so wide,
 With a stick in your hand, though it finish you,
 Than a sword to be buckled so smart to your side,
 And you listening wide-eyed to the minister.
 Return, O Paul, return astore, return and I will stay by you.

You're forsaking Peter, forsaking Paul,
 Forsaking Michael, forsaking John,
 And you're forsaking the Queen of Glory,
 Who prays for you in the heaven o'er you.
 Return, O Paul, return astore, return and I will stay by you.

†=pluro, no sean-éorta, focal coitcheonn fós do péir an aitar
 eoḡan O Sḡamhna ; ḡ-cúis ulaḡ, áct ní éualar mian ; ḡConnactaid é.

Aéit bí faicéior ar póil, agus éireis ré a éiredeamh.
 Bí Eógan le beit croícta ann rin, aéit cáinis aingiol
 ó neamh o' fíorgail geata a phríoráin agus do leis
 amac é, mar deatán a b'rao ó.

Am éigin eile bí an t-áitir Eógan, mar glaoó
 ríao air go coitcéionn, as riúbal tré Conoae an
 Cábáin agus connaire ré minirtéir do bí 'na fásart
 poine rin, aéit o' iompais tré gláo aingio no tré
 faicéior (mar junne móran eile), as déanamh féir
 le n-a luét oibre lá féil mhúir 'ran b'fóghmar.
 'Se Máthamain O Cléirig b'ainm do'n minirtéir,
 agus bí a cota dé agus é as obair le píce. Dubairt
 Eógan leir.

Súo máthamain O Cléirig a'f é ar mhe,
 as tarraing féir lá féil mhúir,
 ní h-é rin ir déine, aéit tug ré a mhionna
 nac raib aéit tráil i máthair níg na cruinne.

Nuair éualaid Mac Uí Cléirig rin, teils ré an píce
 ar a láimh, dubairt ré le n-a luét-oibre dul a-baile,
 agus tug ré a mhóir 'r a mhionna nac mburfead ré an
 t-raoine go bpát.

Aéit ir beas do goill d'án ná aéir ar m'ac Craic.
 mair ré go h-aoir mhóir—ceud bliadain, beas-nac,
 —agus ní raib don nio do bain le raibbhear ná le

* Literally:—"There's Mahon O'Cleary, and he in madness,
 drawing hay on Lady Day. That's not the worst, but he took his

But Paul was afraid and forsook his faith. Owen remained in prison awaiting execution, but there came an angel from heaven who opened the gate of his prison and set him free, like Peter long ago.

On a certain other time Father Owen, as he was generally called, was travelling through the County Cavan. Here he saw a minister who had been once a priest, but who had turned like many others, for love of money or for fear of his life, making hay with the workmen on Lady Day in harvest. Mahon O'Cleary was the name of the minister; his coat was off, and he working with a pitchfork. Owen said to him:—

There's Mahon O'Cleary a-drawing hay,
The man must be mad, upon Lady Day,
The man who swore—is he brute or human!—
That the mother of God was a common woman.*

When O'Cleary heard the rebuke he flung the fork away, and bade the workmen to go home, and took an oath and a vow that he would never break a holiday again.

But poem or satire weighed little with MacGrath. He lived to a great age—almost to a hundred—and on all kinds of wealth and worldly goods did he lay his hands.

oath—That there was only a thrall in the mother of the King of the Universe."

maoin fáogalta náir leas ré a lámh air. Agus
fuair ré díoiríonn agus cúmaect móir ó'n Uachtarán-
aect air fearó an ama rin. Buó móir an rannail eus
curo de na rannairib ó'iomparis, do na daoimib tuata
náir iomparis. As ro mar labhair báro i rannib na
cléiríe 'ran am rin.

Óle an t-ádhair uigirí *

Do éiríom as curo de'n eaglaí
fuat d'eineat a'r o' fírinne
Sráo do b'éis a'r do bneabaid.

D'éirí gac cion o'á bracamair
Riamh air na b'ráitib bocta
folcáir ríao a n-árbíois
D'eagla go ngeobháide oirra.

Ní díon náir na mainirí
Ná ceapmon dofa dána,
Dúinn ir iomplán aitéircear
nac riú rígin an pápa.

* Dáin mé an dán 'ro ar rannbinn do minne Eógan O Coimráir,
ata anoir ann mo feild-re, aect ní'l ríor agam cá bfuairí reiréan é.
Ir mí-choitíonn an miorúir no an toímar ann a bfuil ré cumta,
toímar air a nglaoútar "áe-fri-ríge." Atá fearó ríolláide ann
r gac líne agus criochnuigítear an ceuo agus an trear líne le
focal trí ríolla, aect criochnuigítear an daira agus an ceatrámao
líne le focal oá ríolla. D'áitíris mé an t-oiríuagó ann a
uáinís na mainn.

¹ I extract this poem from a MS. which Eugene O'Curry made,
and which is now in my possession, but I do not know the source
whence he took it. It is composed in a curious metre called "Áe-fri-

Throughout all that time he received protection and favour from the Government. Some of the priests who changed their religion were a great scandal to the laity who did not. Here is how a bard speaks of the clergy at that time:—

Clerics turn their dignity¹
Often now to gibing;
I see many clergymen
Taking bribes—and bribing.

After all the reverence
Once shown each holy friar,
See them now go habitless,
Fearing blows and mire.

Bad the day for Popery,
We have heard full many
Say it, and right openly,
“Pope’s not worth a penny.”

slighe.” There are seven syllables in each line, and the first and third lines end in trisyllables, the second and fourth in dissyllables.

*Literally:—*Bad the makings of dignity, I see with some of the clergy,
A hatred of generosity and truth, A love for the lie and for bribes.

After every regard which we have seen Always for the poor friars,
They now conceal their habits, For fear they should be beaten.

No protection is wall or monastery Or sanctuary of the poets, To
us it is completely told That the Pope is not worth a penny. . . .

Great is the case for counsel, If there be danger on a man Who shall
undertake his protection, His preservation where shall he find ?

The spoiling of the laity is no-wonder, The Church is being utterly
spoiled. Where shall the kerne go Since the clergy are flying ?

ásur 'do bí cloiúdeáin an tSacranaig nócta anagáid
na "bribeun Catoilce," buó cuma cia aca é, tuatac
no cléiréac.

Ir móir an cáir cómhairle
Da mbeid' gádaó ar úine
Cia geobair a coimhice
A úion cia h-áit a bfuigfid.
Sgriob na tuata ir neim-iongnad
Atá an eaghlair o'á léir-rsriob,
Ca h-áit a ngeobair an ceitearinnac
Ag teitead ó tá an cléiréac.

Ir mar rin coraig an eaghlair nuad amearg na
nSaodai, le Maolmhuir Mac Crlait ásur leir na
daoinib d'iompaig i n-éinfeadct leir, ásur ni tinnear
cómhairle 'do bí orra 'gá n-iompod! áct nuair íocraig
an tír ruo-beag ásur nuair d'éirig na parrairtíde
ásur na h-eapbogaídeadct níor fáidáta ásur níor
faiódbre, buó gnáct leir an Uaetapánaect Sacranaig 'do
éur ann rna h-áiteadaió buó mó tairbe, ní(-an éur
ir mó aca-)ar ron a maicir ná a bpóglamct ná a
nuaíadct, áct mar duair ar ron congnair politicig
ruair an Uaetapánaect uata féin nó ó n-a gcáiríob.
Cia bé ar mian leir d'feicirint cia an pórt daoine
'do éur Sacrana anonn ann ro leir na Roimánaig
d'iompod, léigead ré Déan Suir d'á 'daoib no
úgda ar bit eile, ní áit i réo le cúntar níor fairde
tadairt orra. Da Sacranaig iao éur móir aca, náir
tuig an tír ná na daoine ná teanga na ndaoine na
gnáctair na ndaoine ná don nió eile 'do bain leó.
D'fada pul táinig atpugaó ann ran eaghlair rin, áct
táinig ré fá deiréad, ásur ní'l don duine ann anoir
nac n-admáigeann gur fáir ó'n eaghlair nuair 'ran

The sword of the Sassanach was bared against the
 "Catholic Just," whether they were lay or cleric.

'Tis a cause for pondering :
 Driven by the stranger,
 If a man go wandering
 Who shall help in danger ?
 Spoiling laymen's natural
 To their brutal orgie,
 Where may fly the cateran
 When now they chase the clergy ?

It was thus the new Church began amongst the Gaels, with Miler MacGrath and the people who followed him ; it was not difficulties of conscience that impelled them to the change. When Erin settled down a little, and the parishes and bishoprics became safer and richer, it was the custom of the Government to put Englishmen into the places of most profit, not, as a rule, on account of either their piety, their learning, or their divinity, but as a reward for political help which the Government had received from them or from their friends. Whoever desires to see what sort of people England sent over here to convert the Roman Catholics may read Dean Swift about them, or other authors ; this is no place to give any longer account of them.

The most of them were Englishmen who did not understand the country nor the people, nor the people's language, nor the people's customs, nor anything else that concerned them. It was long before a change came, but it came at last, and there is no one now who does not acknowledge

aoir reo móran t'fíor-Eipeannaigh a raib siad agus meap na n-daoine go léir oirra agus do tuill rin uata.

Tar éir an roimh-ráib maectanaigh reo cappa-maio ar na dántaib féin agus ar na h-abránaib diaða do bí agus atá ag muinntir Chúige Connacht. Do tug an Chúige rin do'n náiriún an file diaða ir mó agus ir fearr, b'éirir, do bí ariam i n-Eirinn, ré rin Donncad O Dálaigh, do bí, mar tuisiada, 'na ab ar mainirtir na b'uille i gconradé Rorcomáin; aet ni cinnce rin. Buó móir agus buó bpeágh an mainirtir, mainirtir na b'uille, agus rgar ri a cpaoba roir agus riap. Níl i sean-mainirtir bpeágh Cnuic-muaidé, riap i gconradé na Gaillimhe, aet cpaob ó mainirtir na b'uille. Aet má'r móir clú na mainirtir, buó mó clú an aba do bí uirri i tcoradé na triomhad aoire déag. Buó h-é, an t-ad rin air ar glaotha Oirir na h-Eipeann, ni mar geall ar a com dána agus do bí a cuio filideacta, aet do taoib a binnir. Agus do bí bpió ar Eirinn go léir ar an bfile bpeágh rin, Doncad Móir O Dálaigh. Do beir O Ragallaigh anmanna níor mó na deic-apicir do'a dántaib ann a bfuil timcioll 4200 line, agus ir corrhúil go bfuil tuillead do'a oibpcaib le págail go fóit. Ir dánta diaða an cuio ir mó de na dántaib rin, agus buó móir an clú do bí oirra ar fead an-oileáin. Bí riad com coitcienn i gcúige Mumhan agus do bí riad i gConnachtaib, agus tá cuio aca ar beul na n-daoine go dti an lá ro féin, óir do éualar mé ó sean-daoine i gconradé Rorcomáin, (a conradé féin mar cpeirceap) níor mó 'na don píora do'a píoraib. Do fuair ré báp 'ran mbliadain 1244. Ni

that there grew out of the new clergy in this century many true Irishmen, who had the love and respect of the entire people, and deserved this from them.

After this necessary preface, we turn to the poems and religious songs themselves, which the people of Connacht had and have amongst them. That province gave to the nation the greatest and best religious poet that perhaps Erin has ever had, Donough O'Daly, who was, it was said, Abbot of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, though this is not certain. The monastery of Boyle was a large and important institution; it scattered its branches east and west. The fine Abbey of Knockmoy, in the west of Galway, was only a branch from the Abbey of Boyle. But if the fame of the monastery was great, greater still was the fame of the Abbot who ruled over it in the beginning of the thirteenth century. That Abbot was called the Ovid of Erin, not for the freedom of his poetry, but for its sweetness. All Erin was proud of its splendid poet, Donagha More O'Daly. O'Reilly gives us the names of more than thirty of his extant poems, in which there are about 4,200 lines, and it is likely that there are more of his works which may be yet found. Most of these are religious poems, and they were held in high esteem throughout the Island. They were as well known in the province of Munster as they were in Connacht, and some of them are in the mouths of the people to this very day. I have heard from old people in the County Roscommon, his own county as it is believed, more than one of his pieces. He died in the year 1244. I shall here give

éiríodh mé ann ro aet píoraid do bí an-éiríodhanta
 i n-Éirinn i dtír na h-aoise reó agus atá le fáil
 ann a lán de na ríribinnib do bí as na daoine féin
 ann r' fad áit i n-Éirinn, go déiféannad, aet tá eallte
 no bíbíte anoir. As ro ar dtír dán do pinne ré,
 dán do mairi i gcúinne na ndaoine ar fearú eúig
 ceo bliadain, óir fuair mairé cuio de o fear-piúbaíl,
 i n-aice le Deut-muilead, riar i gconradé iluig-éó
 deic mbliadain ó foim. Do cumad é 'ran tomar no
 'ran miopúir rin air a ngladair Rannaiséadé ilúir,
 atá feadé piollaid ann ran líne agus eúicnuigéar
 fad líne le focal aoin-piolla. M'le "Uaim" no
 coim-litpeadair ann, mar atá ann ran gcúio ir mó de
 na dántaib do pinne na píor-báir no ann ran tomar ro.
 Do rírib Seágan O Dálaig an dán ro ar éiríodhanta
 do pinne an t-áir O Caom, fear póglamta agus
 ríoláir breáig eúirte 'ran ngladair, do fuadé tim-
 cioll na bliadna 1655 i gcúige Múman. Cuium focal
 no do aréad, ann ro agus ann rin, i ríabáir
 [] leir an brat ceart do eúir ann rna lincib.

na tréig mo teagasc.
 ná tréig mo teagasc a mhic
 Cú baog'laé lá an éirte do éad
 as ríadairé d'óir[-fean] ó'n eúir
 ríadairé tu le dia na nglair.

¹ *Literally*—Do not forsake my teaching, my son, Though dangerous the day of right to all On their being let loose down the mountain, Thou shalt go with God of the graces.

The way to heaven of the saints, Though it seem to thee confined, narrow, hard, (Yet) shun the road of the house of the pains, Many to it have journeyed from us.

Against us was treachery designed To bring us down from the artificer of the elements. In banishment from the land of the living, In a valley of tears art thou.

only pieces of his that were very common in Ireland at the beginning of this century, and which are to be found in many of the manuscripts which, until lately, the people treasured in every part of Ireland, but which are now lost or banished.

Here, to begin, is a poem which he made, and which lived in the memory of the people for five hundred years; I got part of it from a "travelling-man" near Belmullet, in the west of the County Mayo, ten years ago. It is composed in the metre or measure called Great Rannuigheacht, [Rann-ee-ächt]. There are seven syllables in the line, and each line must end with a monosyllable. There is no "Uaim" or alliteration in it, as there is in most of the poems which the true bards composed in this metre. Shaun O'Dały transcribed this poem from a collection which Father O'Keeffe (a learned man, and an accurate Irish scholar, born about the year 1655) made in Munster. Some of the lines of the original have eight syllables instead of seven, which is incorrect, but in my translation I have given each line this number.

MY SON REMEMBER.¹

My son, remember what I say,
That in the *day* of Judgment's shock,
When men go stumbling down the *Mount*,
The sheep may *count* thee of their flock.

To the world do not give love For is it not un-lasting the blossom
of the branches? Do not follow the track of those who are journey-
ing To hell from God of the saints.

Hope, Faith, and Love Let thee have in God forever, Humility
and patience, without anger, Truth without deception in thy walk.

Love as thine own self from the will Thy neighbour both east and
west, A love that is greatly greater than each love, Give thou forever
to God.

For there doth not go to the house of the pains Any person of

An t'p'lige go neamh na naoim
 Dar leat cró cúmang caol c'ruairé
 Seachtain móo t'ige na b'pian;
 Iomóla éuise no é'mall uainn.
 O'p'mann-ne do h-innleat cealg
 'D'áim mbheir [ríor] ó éirio na n'óul,
 Ar [n]óibhir ó éir na mbeó.
 I ngleann na n'oeóir atá tú.
 'Do'n t'raoigal ná tabair ghráó
 A'r nac vío-mbuan blát na g'raoib!
 Ná lean loig a b'puit ag é'mall
 Go h-íppuonh ó 'Dia na naoim.
 'Dótar c'heirveam agus ghráó
 Bíod agus go b'ráit i n'Dia,
 Uímlaet [a'r] foighe gan fearg,
 Fírinne gan éalg i o' é'mall.
 Ghrádaig mar tu féin ó toil.
 'Do cómarra t'p'oir agus t'p'iar,
 Ghráó i'r mó mó 'ná gac ghráó
 Tabair-fe go b'ráit do 'Dia.
 Oir ni téir go t'ig na b'pian
 Neac 'd'á mbi ag mairt na mboet,
 'Déan t'p'orgaó uimairghe 'r v'éiric,
 Ná leig a toil féin do'n éoir.
 Seact p'airghe an g'iolla nac cóir†
 Le marb'tair na r'loig f'ó reat,
 A reatnaó má 'r é do é'mall
 Raicair tu le 'Dia ar neamh.

* "Do é'mall." MS.

† "neac aga mbi a mairt." MS.

‡ i. reat b'p'earaó marb'tair an raicair.

those who are distributing (?) to the poor. Practise fasting, prayers, and almsgiving. Do not allow its own will to the body.

The seven shafts of the Gillie who is not just, By which the hosts are slain separately, To shun them if thy path be, Thou shall go with God to heaven.

Shun sloth, luxury, and sensuality, (Keep) thy heart and eye from

And narrow though thou find the path
 To heaven's high rath, and hard to gain,
 I warn thee shun yon broad white road
 That leads to the abode of pain.

For us is many a snare designed,
 To fill our mind with doubts and fears;
 Far from the land where lurks no sin
 We dwell within our vale of tears.

Not on the world thy love bestow,
 Passing as flowers that blow and die;
 Follow not thou the specious track
 That turns thy back to God most high.

But oh! let faith, let Hope, let love
 Soar far above the cold world's way;
 Patience, humility, and awe—
 Make them thy law from day to day.

And love thy neighbour as thyself,
 (Not for his pelf thy love should be),
 But a greater love than every love
 Give God above who loveth thee.

He shall not see the abode of pain
 Whose mercies rain on poor men still:
 Alms, fastings, prayers, must aid the soul;
 Thy blood control, control thy will.

The seven shafts wherewith the Unjust
 Shoots hard, to thrust us from our home,
 Can'st thou avoid their fiery path,
 Dread not the wrath that is to come.

covetousness, Shun pride, anger, and hatred, And thou shalt be in
 heaven above without loss.

To the son of Mary, the King of the graces, Who did not shun
 death on thy behalf, Since it is He is thy help and thy provision,
 Proclaim (i.e., commit) to Him thy soul and thy body.

With the hosts of hell since the rush (is made) Against us, both
 lay and cleric, Be not thou deceived like others, My teaching do not
 forsake forever.

Seádain leirge cmasp o'p vhrúir,
 'Do émorúe a'p 'vo fúil ar fainte,
 Seádain víomar fearis 'p fuat,
 'S bérúir ar neam fuar san éail.

'Do m'ac mhuire m'g na ngráir,
 náir feádain báir ar 'vo fon
 —O'p é 'vo éadair, 'p 'vo lón—
 fógair* t'anam vó 'p 'vo éorp.

As fluaig i'pinn ó tá an muais
 Ommann roir euaí 'p cléir,
 ná mealltar éura mar éad
 Mo éasgaris go bhrát ná tréir.

As ro ván ppioraváilta eile, rghrúvta ar an móv
 ceuvna, ar rghrúvinn atá asam. Learais mure an
 lrepuasá. Ip cormúil le Rannaisgeáct m'óir, tomár
 an ván reo, óir cpióchnuigítear gac line le focal aoin
 t-piolla. Áct ni b'ideann áct feáct piollaí ann ran
 Rannaisgeáct m'óir asur atá feáct oét, naoi, no
 veic piollaí, ann rna linciv reo. Ip cormúil gur
 cuimniú an té 'vo cum an ván ro ar Rannaisgeáct
 m'óir, asur go raib an tomár rin as p'it ann a éeann,
 áct vhearmav pé an éaoi éearit le n-a v'eunam, asur i
 n-áit na piollaí 'vo éómáiream níor éómáirig pé
 áct na piollaí ar ar éuit b'ig an góta. No b'éirir
 gur cumav go éearit é i v'otopac asur gur tpuail-
 ligéav é le v'aoimiv áineólaéa 'vo éug anuar leó é ó
 aoir go h-aoir.

naomh-smuáinte.

Cuimniú ar an gcpoir gac lá
 a'p ar m'g na ngráir 'vo bí uirir fuar,
 Cuimniú rúo, asur ar a páir,
 Cuimniú go bhrát ar 'vo v'ul 'ran uais.

* Aliter fágair=fágair (f).

¹ Literally—Remember (or think of) the cross each day, And the

Shun sloth, shun greed, shun sensual fires,
 (Eager desires of men enslaved),
 Anger and pride and hatred shun,
 Till heaven be won, till man be saved.

To Him, our King, to Mary's son,
 Who did not shun the evil death,
 Since He our goal is, He alone,
 Commit thy soul, thy life, thy breath.

Since Hell each man pursues each day,
 Cleric and lay, till life be done,
 Be not deceived, as others may,
 Remember what I say, my son.

Here is another spiritual poem, written after the same manner taken from a manuscript in my possession. I have corrected the orthography of the original. The metre of this poem is like the Great Rannuigheacht; each line ends with a monosyllable. But there are only seven syllables in each line of the Great Rannuigheacht, while there are eight, nine, and even ten in these lines. Probably he who composed this poem had a remembrance of the Great Rannuigheacht, and that metre was running through his mind, but he had forgotten the proper way of composing it, and instead of counting the number of syllables he only counted the syllables on which fell the stress of the voice. Or perhaps it was originally composed in strict metre, but became corrupted by ignorant people, who handed it down from age to age. It is called "Holy Thoughts."

HOLY THOUGHTS.¹

Think of the cross of Christ each *day*,
 Think how he *lay* on that fell tree,
 Think of the boon his passion *gave*,
 Think of the *grave* that gapes for thee.

King of the Graces who was (raised) upon it, Think upon that and
 on His passion, Think for ever of thy going into the tomb.

Cuimníḡ t'up' ar mhac Dé. an uair
 Do cuimneá é ar an g-crois rin fuair,
 Nuair éirís a éiríse é go léir
 Aet a máeari do bí ag sol go truaig.
 Cuimníḡ go dtuicparó aingeal Dé
 'na fíadnuirfe geur ar an t-aoib ó doar,
 A'r go mbéir an diabhal ar an t-aoib éiré
 Ag cur ar gac don do péir a beairt.
 Cuimníḡ i n-írruonn go bfuil an gleó
 Agus cur ar an bhróm naé t-agtar ar.
 Cuimníḡ an aithrige deit mar i' cón
 A'r ní raépari 'ran gcoirfe nime arteaé.
 Cuimníḡ ar an g-coirfe atá bjeán,
 Cuimníḡ go bpuánn ré gan ríe,
 Agus ar an anam malláighe daor
 Ag sol a'r ag éighe 'ran iocraí ríor.

Think thou upon the Son of God, in the hour He was placed on
 the cross on high, When His friends forsook him altogether, Except
 His mother who was weeping pitiably.

Remember that the angel of God shall come, A sharp witness on the
 right-hand side, and that the devil shall be on the left side, Putting
 upon (i.e., controlling) each one according to his actions.

Remember that in hell there is the strife, And the pit of grief, out of
 which men cannot come (*literally*, "it is not come"), Remember repent-
 ance to be as it is right, And thou shalt not go into the poison-cauldron.

Remember the cauldron that is foul, Remember how it boils with-
 out rest, And the cursed condemned soul Weeping and howling at
 the bottom below.

Remember thou, and do not do (tell) a lie, Remember and leave
 by thy strife, And let not great oaths be in thy mouth, Remember
 that the death shall come to silence thee.

Remember that the one Son of God came, Remember that He was
 crucified for thy sake, Remember the sharp nails That went through
 His limbs for thy sake.

Remember the spear that was sharp, which went through His
 side, Remember the foul gall, Remember that it was with it He
 quenched His thirst.

Think of the Son of God,—His state
 Put off, the fate of thieves to share—
 By friends forsaken, betrayed, alone,
 His mother only weeping there.

Think how an angel shall alight
 Hard by thy right, in death's dark hour,
 Think how a devil shall come and stand
 At thy left hand to work with power.

Think upon hell, the house of woe,
 And the pit below whence none return,
 Think—and thy tears for grace shall flow—
 Whoso repents shall never burn.

Think of the cauldron, foul and great,
 Set in hell's gate, that boils for aye,
 Think of the souls that far below
 Howl in their woe from day to day.

Remember how Christ was crucified, Remember the blood of His heart which gushed, Remember that it was in a flood (running) down with (i.e., from) Him, And that we were saved by the deed.

Remember good repentance in time, And that the time is going by, Remember that the Death shall come truly And shall cast his arrows through thy body.

Remember constantly the conditions of death. Remember, that hard is the case, it's coming, Remember that thou shalt lose thy force, Thy strength, thy memory, and thy power.

Remember the shape of the (winding) sheet, Remember that the body was laid out, Remember that the teeth were blackened, Remember that the eye was broken.

Remember the shape of the grave, Remember that thy body is ashes, Remember that thou shalt be placed in the clay, Remember that the beetle shall gnaw thy body.

Remember the Judgment of God, And the Day of the Mountain (i.e., Judgment Day) overtaking thee, Remember Repentance at end of every day. Remember, and forsake completely every evil.

Remember on going to thy bed of repose The tomb in which thou shalt early be, Give thyself up to the one Son of God, And forgive each one what he has done against thee.

Cuimníz túra, 'r ná veun bheuz,
 Cuimníz, ar léiz v' iomaibháir éoré,
 Agus ná bíod mionna móra i v' beul,
 Cuimníz do dtiocfaid an t-éas do v'éoré.

Cuimníz go dtáinig don m'ac Dé
 Cuimníz suir céaraó é ar do fion,
 Cuimníz ar na cairmshuib zéur'
 Cuaid t're n-a zéasaid ar do fion,

Cuimníz ar an t'reis bí zéur,
 Do cuaid t'rio a t'adé ar t'ead,
 Cuimníz ar an noombair b'eadan,
 Cuimníz suir leir do m'ac a t'air

Cuimníz mar do céaraó Chioré,
 Cuimníz ar fuil a éoride do r'zairé,
 Cuimníz go raib 'na r'rué leir r'ior
 'S suir raoraó rinne leir an mbeairé.

Cuimníz ar diéiríze m'air i n-am
 Agus ar an aimpir ag dul éairé,
 Cuimníz go dtiocfaid an b'ar go r'ior
 S go z-cait'ir a f'aoi'zeava* t're do éoré.

Cuimníz do z'nát ar éor an bháir,
 Cuimníz suir cruaid an c'ar a t'eadé,
 Cuimníz go z-caill'ir tu do b'iré,
 Do éail do éimne a'r do neairé,

Cuimníz ar éuma na b'airéline,†
 Cuimníz suir r'inead an coiré,
 Cuimníz suir v'ubad‡ an v'ead,
 Cuimníz suir r'eadad an poré.

* Sai'ir, no r'airéava.

† Tá muo éigin amúza ran line réo óir éiríneiréair z'ac line
 eile le focal aom f'iolle-

‡ "Go v'ubaid" 'ran MS.

Think of the future ; speak no lie ;
 Think, and put by ambition's strife ;
 Speak not with oaths lest angels sigh,
 Think that to die means naught but life.

Think of the Son of God, how He
 Died on the tree our souls to save,
 Think of the nails that pierced Him through,
 Think of Him, too, in lowly grave.

Think of the spear the soldier bore,
 Think how it tore His holy side,
 Think of the bitter gall for drink,
 Think of it,—think for us He died.

Think upon Christ who gave His blood
 Poured in a flood our souls to win,
 Think of the mingled tide that gushed
 Forth at the thrust to wash our sin.

Think of repentance timely made,
 Think like a shade our time flits, too,
 Think upon Death with poisoned dart
 Piercing the heart and body through.

Think of that hour of coming death,
 Failure of breath and ebbing life,
 Vanishing strength and failing power,—
 Think of the hour of final strife.

Think of the grave-clothes wrapped around
 Our bodies bound in cere-cloths white,
 Think of the blackening teeth, and sigh,
 Think of the eye that sees no light.

Cuirinnig ar cuma na h-uais',
 Cuirinnig gur luaithe do doirp,
 Cuirinnig go g-cuirfeair tu 'ran g-cré,
 Cuirinnig go g-créimfid an daol do doirp.
 Cuirinnig ar bheiteamhar Dé
 A'g ar lá an t-rléide ag bheir oir,
 Ar an aitéige i gceann gac laé.
 Cuirinnig; a'g t-réig go léir gac oic.
 Cuirinnig ag dul ar do leaba fuain
 Ar an uais mar a mbéidir go moé,
 Tadair tu féin do don m'ac Dé
 'S mar do gac don a n-dearnair oir.

Ag ro d'an eile le Donnchad Mór O Dálais do
 bain mé ar r'ghibinn do pinne Seágan O Dálais
 Dharle-at-cliait, ar loig an atar O Caoim. Deir
 an Raigallac mar an gceutha gur b'é Donnchad Mór
 do pinne an d'an ro, aet má 'r ead ni cheirim gur d'a
 taoid féin aet i taoid duine éigin eile do bi pé ag
 labairt. Aet, go deimhin, ni cinnte rin, oir ó
 t'ur an cheirim cheirim d'airde anuar, ir iomda pile
 cráibtead do cuir 'na leit féin na coipeada nac
 n-dearnair pé agur nac n-dearnair pé ar óir na
 cruinne. Ir cineál úmhlacta, gan amhar, do-beir
 ar duine 'dpoct-dail do tadairt air féin mar ro,
 nuair do eir pé go mbeir pé féin com h-oic le cae
 muna mbeir gáirta Dé d'a r'ghrúgadh. Cuirneodair
 an Gaedéal Albanac ann ro ar an bfile diaid ir fearr
 do péir mo bapamla-ra, do bi ariam i n-Albain; ir
 é rin Dúgal do d'annan, do rugadh ran mbliadain 1716
 agur do r'ghrúgadh a "Deata agur iompacadh" féin
 i n-Gaedel ar nór Naomh Aibrtin. Do cumadh an
 d'an ro i Rannigeaet Mór ar o'ur. Buó doir peact
 riollair do beir ann gac line, agur críochnuigear

Think of the grave where thou must stay,
 Turning to clay thy body fair ;
 Soon into dust must change thy form,
 Gnawed by the worm and beetle there.

Think of the awful Judgment mount,
 Think of the fount of grace and rest,
 Think on repentance made betimes,
 Think on thy crimes and beat thy breast

When on thy couch—thy soul to save—
 Think that the grave shall gape ere long,
 Give thyself up to God and live,
 Live, and forgive who doth thee wrong.

Here is another poem by Donogha More O'Daly, which I took from a manuscript which Shawn O'Daly of Dublin copied from one of Father O'Keeffe's. O'Reilly, also, says that it was Donogha More who composed this poem, but if it was he, I hardly believe that it is about himself, but rather that it is about some one else he is speaking in it. Though, indeed, this is not certain, for from the beginning of Christianity down, many is the pious poet who ascribed to himself crimes that he never committed and would not commit for all the gold of the universe. It is undoubtedly a sort of humility which makes a man disparage himself thus, when he sees that he himself would be as bad as any one else if it were not for the graces of God steering him. The Scottish Gael will here think of the best religious poet—in my opinion—who ever arose in Alba, Dougald Buchannan, who was born in the year 1716, and who wrote his "Life and Conversion" in Gaelic, after the manner of Saint Augustine. This poem was originally composed in Great Rannigheacht metre. There should be seven

ḡac líne le focal doim fiolla, aét cá ré nuò-beag
 tpuailigte i n-diceadaib, agus fáḡmaois níor mo 'nd
 na peact fiollaib ann ro agus ann rin.

a naoim-mhuire.

a naoim-mhuire, a mátaim Dé,
 ḡuò liom féin, an peacaé boét,
 'noir agus ari uair mo báir
 ir chuaró an cáir atá anocht.
 ḡuò ḡo víoépac vo mac féin
 fá beir vo o' réir,* a ḡnúir ḡlan,
 m'róimḡin ó ir é vo mian
 ḡuò vo o' réir,* ḡo mbéir vo mac.

ḡuò an t-átaim 'r an spioraò naoim
 ari am' éaoib a ḡrian ban,
 tui peapanna a'r aon Dia
 ḡuò an mḡ-épac ari mo rón.*

Dioḡaltair vubfeirḡe Dé
 ní h-ionḡnaó é 'n a uaimant oim
 le 'm tuitlear pala agus ríó†
 muna otagaó víot a éui toim.§

Seact bpeacaó maibéat' am' éli||
 ruaravari rliḡe—cú cúmanḡ an tpead,—
 a'r cúmaéta ari an méao buó liom
 ḡan tpeán of a ḡ-cionn am' éreat.||

* Vo o' réir = úmál vuit, no ari aon inntinn leat.

† "uaiman" = rḡannnaó. "rlián vom éar"—ms.

‡ "pala agus ríó" = náimvear agus fearḡ.

§ toim = éarim. || éli agus éreat = éliab agus éarim.

¹ This translation is almost in the metre of the original. *Literally*:
 O Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray with myself, the poor sinner,
 Now and at the hour of my death, Hard is the case which is to-night.
 Pray earnestly thine own Son, Him to be of thy mind (!) O clear

syllables in each line, each line ending in a monosyllable, but it is a little corrupt in parts, and we find in the Irish more than the seven syllables here and there.

HOLY MARY.

Mary, mother dear of God,¹
Hear this *clod* that prayeth—I—
Now and at the hour of death,
When the *breath* is forced to fly.

Pray unto Thy Son, that He
Like to thee be minded still,
Thy will is to succour me,
Pray that He be of Thy will.

Pray unto the Father most,
With the Holy Ghost, for me,
They, together with thy Son,
Three in one are, One in Three.

God's avenging wrath I dread,
O'er my head His sword I see,
I have worked its edge to earn,
If thou turn it not from me.

Seven deadly sins ; each sin
Lurks within my aching soul,
All my thoughts are terror-tossed.
I have lost my own control.

countenance ; My succour, since that is thy desire, Pray that of one mind with thee thy Son may be.

Pray the Father and the Holy Spirit, Again concerning me, thou sun of women, Three persons and one God alone, Pray the king-chief for me.

The vengeance of the wrath of God, It is no wonder it to be a terror to me, Considering all the enmity and fierceness I have deserved, Unless of thee there come the putting of it aside.

Seven deadly sins in my breast, Have found room, though narrow the place (*literally* "though narrow the tribe") And power over all that appertains to me [have they wou] Without a strong [master] over them in my body.

uasair, Saint, Criad, a' r' Dhrúir,
 leirge, tñút, fòrmao, fearis,
 luèr-leanaína atá am' deóis
 Dá utuagat ve m' deóin an tpealó.

Deic n-aiteanta uilge Dé
 —Do dhíur mé fad aítne ar fadó,
 Crieveam uaincionn aét amáin *
 Do deit asam má tá glan.

Ainm Dé le h-ádhair paor
 a' r' tairé naom i múr ceall
 ir mionca tús mife miam
 'na muibe liat ar mo ceann.†

níor onómaigeat rinnreap miam
 mair u'óruais Dia, veap an rgeul,
 a' r' ció anópaan bpiš mo lám
 Do díó a lán maib le m' deul.

níor obar (?) caparo na cill
 fá 'n méao air ar cinn mo lám,
 Jan fíor ann ar cuireat uáil,
 a' r' vo fíor an tpuil cuio u'ar fás.

'na líontaid vo fad an Dhrúir
 'S vo fíor mé i utúir mo maé,
 mná cuil, a' r' cómarraim, a' r' cáé,
 Dá utuagat fíor náim uilge mé.

* .1. Dhíur mé an h-aiteanta uile, aét amáin go bpuil crieveam uaincionn asam, má tá an crieveam rin glan.

† Tús mé "tairé" na naom atá faoi mhúir (balla) ann rna rean ceallaid (poiligiú) mar móro, níor minice 'na bain mé muibe liat ar mo ceann, asur rin faoi ádhair (fát) beas.

Pride, covetousness, greed and lust, Sloth, envy, jealousy, anger [Are] the followers that are after me, To whom I have given possession, of my own accord.

The Ten Commandments of the Law of God, I broke every Commandment of them altogether, But only firm faith, To be with me, if it is pure [i.e., that was the only thing I had?].

Covetousness, Lust and Pride,
 Stalk beside me, led by Greed,
 Enmity and heavy Sloth
 Follow both where e'er they lead.

God's Commandments, all the ten,
 From their den they bid me break,
 Only, like a fluttering breath,
 Faith is in my breast awake.

Lightly would I take God's name,
 Take in vain the holy dead,
 Thoughtless as my hand would tear
 Whit'ning hair from out my head.

Parents found not honour due,
 Though I knew their hearts have bled,
 Though my arm is weak and vain,
 Yet my mouth has slain instead.

When I wished to gain my end
 Church or friend I spared them not,
 Greedy looks my fierce eye sent
 Not content with what it got.

Lust did take me in the net
 Which she set for me in youth,
 Women, neighbours, near-of-kin,
 Ah ! my sin hath brought them ruth.

The name of God, for light cause, And the relics of saints within
 the walled precincts of churches, Have I taken [i.e., sworn by]
 more often ever Than a grey hair out of my head.

I never honoured an elder, As God ordained, sure the story [i.e., the
 thing is true] And though feeble is the power of my hands Many
 used to be slain by my mouth.

I did not refuse? [*perhaps read "nior choigleas," "I did not
 spare"*] friend or church For all that my hand seized, Without
 stealing everything to which I took a fancy, And the eye stole a
 portion of what [the hand] left.

In her nets did lust take me And wounded me, at the beginning
 of my career. Women-within-prohibited-degrees, and neighbours,
 and everyone to whom I gave love that I ought not, [suffered].

fiadnuire bhréige faoi d'áit
 Le fonn do m' thait do t'eact lé'
 Oé! ír mairg do rinn fíadhi
 O 'r mire an tí do rinn é.

ni fáca[r] bean áluinn óg,
 Oigheact, óh, no bhrúg* fionn,
 Ag don-neac nac rannródaínn iad
 Dá nteónrao Dia go mbuó liom.

Ír mire ar cáirve do cuir
 An diéirge, ció tuigse faob,
 Ar ióct† mo mae do beic buan,
 Oé! ír truaig mo míoct a naoim.

Ag ro impirde eile le báir ppioraodáil. Fuair
 mé ainm 'Dhonncair Uí Dhálaig of a cionn i rghibinn
 do rinne páorais O pponntair ran mbliadain 1763
 aet b' éirir nac 'Donncair Mór aet Dálaic eile do
 rinne é, óir ni tugann E O Raigallais an d'an ro amearg
 d'an 'Dhonncair Mhóir. Tá ré rghíobda i uotomar
 an veacair "an Rannaisgeact Dheag:" tá react riol-
 lair ann gac line agus cpióchnuigtear gac line le
 focal dá fíolla.

OSGAIL AN DORUS A PEADAIR.
 OSGAIL AN DORUS A PEADAIR‡
 O'í uirt oleagtear a véanam,
 Arteac go uir an colann
 Leig an t-anam 'na donair.

* = teac móir, no pálar bán.

† = ar uet, ar uet, i. ar fon.

‡ Ni cóir níor mó ná react fíollaíre beic ann gac don line, ar an
 áobair rin léig an line mar ro "osgail dorus a peadair." (P)

Lying witness, beneath [specious] colour Through desire of my
 own good to come out of it [did I bear] Och! it is a misery that I
 ever did it, For it is I was the person who did.

Witness, specious but untrue,
 Worked to do myself a good,
 Ah ! how often have I wrought,
 —And the thought is bitter food.

Never saw I woman fair,
 Never heir, nor house, nor gold,
 But my greedy hand has sought
 If it thought that it could hold.

Long, too long, have I put off
 With a scoff, repentance due,
 Not rememb'ring death nor pain,
 —Now in vain my scorn I rue.

Here is another prayer by a spiritual bard. I found Donogha O'Daly's name to it in a manuscript which Patrick O'Prunty wrote in the year 1763, but possibly it was not Donogha Mór, but some other O'Daly who composed it, for O'Reilly does not give this poem amongst those of Donogha Mór. It is written in a very difficult metre, the Little Ranneeacht. There are seven syllables in each line, and each ends with a dissyllable.

OPEN THE DOOR O PETER !

Peter, in at thy *portal*¹
 Let a poor *mortal* venture.
 Let unto Body *waiting*
 Soul through thy *grating* enter.

I never saw beautiful young woman, Inheritance, gold or white mansion With anyone, that I would not covet them, If God would consent that they should be mine.

It was I who put off Repentance, Though it was foolish understanding [made me], Hoping that my career would be lasting, Och, pitiful is my condition O Holy [Mary].

¹This is in the metre of the original. *Literally* :

Open the door O Peter, Since it is for you it is lawful to do it, In, to the body, Let the soul by itself.

Dá bfeudraínn dul arteaó*
 leis an tréighe do m' éumair,
 atáir anoir le tamall
 tréighe do m' éarraigis ó'n doimair.

Ir de 'n tréighe rin an diaabal
 agus miana na colla,
 'S an raogal bíor o' ár milleaó,
 a óé go g-cinnir oirra.

Ó'n tréighe atá 'gam' feiteamh
 ní éis liom teiteamh 'ná cornamh,
 ní fóirar o'feair gan éiríeáó
 dul ar éigin 'ran doimair.

Orsail a mhúiré mátaíir
 fíreagair látaíir an éoragair,†
 má bíonn peadair go fíochmair
 gab an eócaíir a'f forsail.

As ro d'án do rinne fear air ar goill oíomhaíneair
 an tréagail reó, d'án atá as cur i g-céill nac bfuil
 i g-carctanair na nuaíne aó mair ríáile iméigear
 ar raóair nuaíir éuitear duine i mboctanair. Ir
 cúir i rin air a nuaíraíó móráin de na báiríó
 dánta díáó, agus abráin binne bpiogmáir, agus
 mannta no-geurra. Tá a lán de píoraíó ann, as déan-
 aín an gearáin éuóna, i mbíraíraíó eile. Thar-
 raing mé an d'án ro ar ríraíóinn ann mo feilb do

* tá mór éigin amuiga ann ran line reo.

† Ir é rin "bí as an áit a bfuil an troio, agus tabair buille
 a n-aíraíó peadair ar mo fóna?"

If I were able to go in, Leave the way free to me, There are now
 this some time back Three drawing me from the door.

Of those three is the devil, And the desires of the flesh, And the
 world which does be destroying us, O God that thou mayest over-
 come them.

Oh, if it thus may venture,
 Enter let without hindrance,
 For there are three now working
 Jerking it from the entrance.

One of these is the Devil
 Living for evil solely,
 World and Flesh too are vieing
 Trying to have it wholly.

And through these three thus waiting
 In their hot hating malice,
 Hard for a soul to venture
 Or to enter God's palace.

Open O Mary Mother,
 None other have I hope in,
 His keys—if cross—'twere meeter
 Take from Peter and open.

Here is a poem which some man composed who felt keenly the vanity of this world, giving us to understand that in the friendship of men there is only, as it were, a shadow, which passes out of sight when one falls into poverty. This is a subject upon which many of the bards made religious poems, and melodious pointed songs, and very sharp ranns. There exist a number of pieces which make the same complaint in different words. I took this one from a

From the three who are waiting for me, I cannot fly nor guard [myself], It is not easy for a man without armour, To go forcibly through the door.

Open O Mary mother, Be present (!) at the place of battle, If Peter be surly, Take thou the key and open.

rinne Máirtan O Snuóta, gada duib i gCill-Roir i
g-conradé an Chláir, agus leapaig mé an uiriuḡad
beagán. Do cumad an dán ro i Rannaisgeadé Mhóir
adé tá fé truaillighe go móir.

an saogal slim. pite gan ainm cecinit.

De cleapaib an traoḡail flim
U' fcair faidibh naé baogal táir,
má 'r faidibh—adá gan éill,
mair naé uéir^{*} an ceart 'na ceann.

Dam-ra buó fíor an rgeul,
an t-am buó h-aoibinn mo nóir
buó móir-mo cairio 'r mo ḡaol;
—O'f boé, ní eis don uo m' éoir.

Lá raíra ó éirighe na ḡrén'
—Tuis féin cḡad é an fáé—
ní feicim-re mo rḡat féin,
ar rḡat donneic,[†] ní feicim rḡad.

Do éir mé, 'r ní feicir mé.
'S má cíó[‡] mé ní feicir mé
Saoilro ríad, iar noul uo m' rḡié,
ḡir mife mé naé mé é.

* "uérigeann" MS.

† "don nír," fan MS.

‡ "éir." MS.

¹ This is nearly in the metre of the original. *Literally*: It is one of the tricks (peculiarities) of the sleek (or flattering?) world, That to a rich man there is no danger of disgrace. (But) if he is poor, (then) he is without sense, since the right does not penetrate into his head. [*This last line seems corrupt.*]

To me it was true, the story, At the time that my mode-of-living was delightful, Great (numerous) were my friends and kinsfolk.— Since it is poor no one comes near me.

manuscript in my possession made by Martin O Griobhtha or Griffin, a blacksmith in Kilrush, Co. Clare, and I have amended the orthography a little.

THE SLEEK WORLD.¹

(*An anonymous poet sang.*)

Sleek and *unhealthy* this world is,
Where "*wealthy*" means "*wise*" and "*good*"
and "*free*,"

Where if a man is only *poor*
All men are *sure* a fool is he.

I, too, have found the story true,
That wealth means glory, honour, cheer,
Flocks of friends once thronged my door,
I grew poor—and none come near.

These summer days, since coarse my dress,
(Easy to guess the cause at last !)
I see no more my shadow thrown
On shadows others passing cast.

The men I saw, they saw me not,
Or, if they saw they would not see.
They thought, I think, I was not I,
But something different from me.

On summer day, from the rising of sun,—Understand yourself what is the reason,—I do not see my own shadow (falling) On the shadow of anyone (else) (for) I see no shadow (of another).

I see, and they do not see me, Or if they see me they see me not,
They think after the departing of my fortune Though myself am I,
that I am not I.

If I were myself (as I was) My way would be brighter than
brightness (in their eyes) Although now they pay no heed Either
to my death or my life any more.

Ὡά mbyò mipe mipe péin
 Duò žile 'ná žile mo nóř,
 Bíoò anoir naé ž-cuipuro cār
 Am' dār ná am' beata řór.

Ὡά mbyò lionta v'óri mo éřunc
 A'ř mé žan únnřa ve 'n ééili,
 Ὡéarřaró an maít a'ř an t-olc
 in' eazna éar Solam žo vteró.*

ni bpuil azam cput † ná réao,
 ni bpuil azam třeáo ná táin,
 vo claočlao mo éion anoir
 ni bpuil azam řior na řáib.‡

ir é mear an třaožail řódř
 O břaiéio mo řtóri žo žann
 Ὡá vtažřaiinn cearře azur cóřř
 naé bpuil aét žlóri aimiv' ann.

řear vuarře řaróðřř—řáo žan éeilc—
 ař řin bíonn řeile azur řeróm,
 ař řéin a éeann a'ř a tóin
 ař a vřiz řaé žlóri žo třeun.§

* "žo teann," ms.

†=ni'l oipeao azur řiol lín ná řiol řáib azam? "claočlao"
 =claočlaožeo? .i. vo h-étřaižeo, vo milleao.

‡ "cřoð" ms. cput=řaibřear, éallao.

§ "žo teann," ms.

If my trunk were filled with gold! And I without an ounce of
 sense They would say, both good and bad, That my wisdom goes
 beyond Solomon's.

If I myself again were I,
 Bright in their eye myself would be,
 Though now they care not if I rot,
 They heed not what becomes of me.

If I had gold for all their clan
 —And I not man but brute—yet such
 Creatures would swear, and loudly too,
 "Solomon knew not half as much."

Now I have neither herd nor flock,
 Jewel in stock, nor steed in stall,
 And all men think of me, I swear,
 As one not there, one dead to all.

The world begins to gibe at me
 Because men see my store is gone,
 Though I should like an angel speak
 They say, "the weak, the prating man."

The purse-proud churl, the wealthy boor,
 The world is sure with him to bear,
 Praising his boasts and foolish lies,
 "His voice is wise," they say, "and fair."

(Now) I have neither cattle nor jewel, I have neither flock nor herd, My reputation has now been upset, I have neither flax-seed nor rape-seed [neither *rus* nor *rauh*, a proverbial expression meaning I am quite cleaned out. I have no crops of any sort.]

It is the opinion of the great world (i.e., the public) Since they preceive my treasure to be scarce, Though I were to argue (what was) right and justice, That there was nothing in it but the voice of a fool.

A churlish man and rich,—a saying not concealed—On him there is jauntiness (?) and power, (?) His own are his head and his hips From which every sound comes out strongly.

Δ Όια κυρι ιαυ αμ' ηιοετ
 (Δγυρ μipe ran γερυε ατάιμ)
 Οιονη αη έαλλ μέ ve mo ηεαη
 Ιαηηαιμ οηε-ηα m' anam υ'ράζαη.

Δγ ρο τάν εηε αη ηειμ-ηιό αη ηραογαι Δγυρ αη
 ηραιόβηη. Δτά τάν εηε αηη, αη-έοημήηη ηειρ αη
 ητάν ρο. Τοηυζεαηη ρέ μαη ρο,

Τηιύη ατά Δγ βηαέ αη μο θάρ
 Οιό τάρο ve ηηάέ αη' θυη
 'η ηηυαζ ζαη α ηεροέαθ ηε ζαο
 αη Οιαθαλ αη έλαηη 'η αη έηυμ.

Δέε οιό ζο ηεηυαηη Ε Ο Ραζαλλαηζ αη τάν ρο
 αμαηγ τάν Όηόέαθ ηόηη ηειρ ρέ ζο θηυη ράέ αηζε
 ρά α ηερειηεαηη ρέ ηαέ εηρεαη το ηηηηε έ. Δγ ρο
 μο έοηη-ηε θέ. Το έλόβυαι Σεάζαη Ο Όάηαιζ έοηη
 ευγραηαι υέ ι ηεαθαη αβηάη "έαιόζ ζαοηαιζ" Δγ
 ράθ ζυη Όηόέαθ Ο Όάηαιζ το ηηηηε έ. Τά ρέ
 ηζηιόθτα ι Ραηηαηζεαέε ηόηη.

ηα έηυμ, αη έλαηη 'ς αη Οιαθαλ.

Τηιύη ατά 'ς βηαέ αη μο θάρ
 Οιό τάρο ve ηηάέ ηη θυη;
 'η ηηυαζ ζαη α ηεροέαθ ηε ζαο
 αη Οιαθαλ αη έλαηη 'η αη έηυμ.

* This translation is in the metre of the original. *Literally*: Three
 there are watching for my death Though they are always with
 me (?) It is a pity that they are not hanged with a gad [*the Irish*
mode of hanging traitors] The Devil, the Children, and the Worm.

Those who now jeer and mock my word,
 Make them, O Lord, most poor like me,
 But for my honours flown away
 Grant me some day to dwell with Thee.

Here is another poem on the nothingness of the world and of riches. There is another poem very like this one, beginning

Three there be, watching for my death,
 Although they are ever with me (?)
 Alas that they be not hanged with a gad,
 The Devil, the children, and the worm.

Although O'Reilly gives us this poem amongst those of Donogha More's he says that he has cause for believing that it was not he who composed it. The following is my version of it. Shawn O'Daly printed a different copy of it in the book of songs of "Teig O'Sullivan the Gaelic," and says it was Donogha O'Daly wrote it. It is in the Great Rannuigheacht metre.

THE WORMS, THE CHILDREN, AND THE DEVIL.*

There be three—my heart it saith—
 Wish the death of me infirm,
 Would that they were hanged on tree,
 All three, Children, Devil, Worm.

The worms—though unhappy that—When my back is placed beneath the clay, They would rather have my body Than my poor soul and my wealth.

My children would rather my wealth To be with themselves to-night—Though near their kinship is to me—Than that my soul should remain at one with my body.

The Devil, of gloomiest deeds, The man who likes nothing but fault, For the jewels of the whole world He has no desire, nor for my body [only for my soul].

na cuimha, ciú a mhárad rú,
 Tan* cuimtear mo cúl 'ran zhré,
 'Do b'féar leó aca mo córr
 'Ná m' anam doét a'f mo rrré.

'Do b'féar le mo élaínn mo rrré
 'Do deit aca féin anoét,
 —'Dám-ra ciú rogar a ngsol—
 'Ná m' anam mar don 'f mo córr.

An diaðal ir doirbe váil
 An fear me naé áil aét loét,
 An féadaið an deáta cé †
 Ni b'pail a rrréir ná 'nn mo córr.

A Éiríste do choéad i zhrann
 'S do goinead le vall zan rúit,
 O táio ag b'raé ar mo f'laó,
 Ir rrruag zan zao ar an rrruú.

'Do tug mé anoir zo leórí de na vántaið do ví
 cumta le fíor-báiraið maðalta, ann ran 'Dán 'Dinead,
 aghur do máir, (cuir aca) amearz na ndaoine zo rri
 torad na h-aoire reó. Ni ciubraið mé aét don deann
 amáin eile de'n rrróir ro, mar fompila ar an zcao:

*=an t-am.

† an deáta cé=an doíman iomlán.

O Christ who wast crucified upon the tree And who wast wounded
 by the blind without an eye, Since they are watching to despoil me
 Alas that there is not a gad (noose) upon the three !

²The translation of this verso is much more in the metre of the
 original than that of the first verse, for though many of the Irish
 lines, and even whole ranns, may be found composed of trochees
 as *tríúr á | tá'g bráth | ar mó | bhás*, i.e., *Thréethère | bé my | héart it |*
sáith, yet the majority of the Irish lines will not read as trochaic
 ones at all, but the necessary seven syllables are made up of trochees,
 spondees, dactyls, and iambs—if one may use these terms of Latin
 prosody—indifferently, which gives the Irish verses a great deal of
 variety in the scansion of them. Thus the line *The worms | it is |*
zad | thought is an iambic one, while the following line contains
 two spondees and a trochee, and the third of the same rann is a still
 more compound line, to the scansion of which Latin terms of prosody
 are unequal. Though these verses are always written in ranns of

The worms—it is a sad thought—
 When I am brought under clay,
 My body they make their goal,
 For wealth or soul nought care they.

My children care for my wealth
 More than my health, when all's done,
 They'd give, to get its control,
 My body and soul in one.

The loathly devil, I wis,
 Whose business is to sow tares,
 Not for body, not for gold,
 Only for my soul he cares,

Now O Christ, for us who died,
 Crucified upon the tree,
 These three wait for me to die,
 —Swing them high in death all three.

I have now given enough of the poems which were composed by the regular bards of the "Straight Metre," and which survived—at least some of them—amongst the people until the beginning of this century. I shall only give one

four lines with seven syllables in each line, they might perhaps be better read in some such way as this

The worms,
 (It is a sad thought)
 When I am brought
 Under clay,

My body
 They make their goal,
 For wealth or soul
 Nought care they.

My children care
 For my wealth
 More than my health
 When all's done,

They'd give to get
 It's control,
 My body
 And soul, in one.

I have, however, in my translations usually made the lines of these poems either wholly iambic or wholly trochaic. The scansion of Irish Dán Direach metres is a great crux to continental scholars. I hope to examine them more fully in my "Báird agus Bárdúigheacht."

ann a n-dearraid na báirt siartha siarphóipead: ann a gcuid d'án, a' áiríúint, a' caidre, agus a' ciontúgáid púinne an chéirí Rómánais anagáid na d'poinse do t'péis ché a n-aicreac. Uhéarraid mé cuio de'n d'án ro, óir ip d'án é do-beir eólar d'úinn ar innitinn agus ar mód-rmuainighe na cotha ip mó de na h-éireannaisib ann ran am rin; agus ip beag-nao cinnthe mé, go raib cúmaet an-mór a' d'ántaib de'n t'pórt ro na daoine do d'ongbáil ó chéirdeam na Sacpanac.

Do rinnead an píora ro le Siolla Ughighe O h-Eodara do bí 'na b'rádair d' o'ro San P'róinriar a scoláirte Naomh Antóin i Loban. Do bí seircean cósca i r'gailtib na mbáirt pul ar fás ré éire; ip é do r'gailtib an d'án ann mo "báirt agus b'ar-oaigheac,"

"slán agao a f'ip cumta"

ag fágáil pláin a' éirinn, a' filideac, agus a' a'áiríob, ar b'rádair a t'p'e-dúctair d'ó. Do cuip ré an Teagars C'p'ortaisge i gcló 'ran mbliadain 1608, agus ar'ip i n-Antwerp 'ran mbliadain 1611, agus do cuipead an leabair ceudna i gcló an t'p'ear uair ag an Róim 'ran mbliadain 1707. Do cuip ré i gcló i nveirpead an leabair rin d'án f'arua ann a b'fuil 88 rann anagáid capao ionmúin d'ó péin do cuic i n-eiriceac. Uhi an d'án ro an-d'oiticóinn amearg na n'daoine, agus tá ré le fágáil i móran de na láim-r'gailbinnib. Tappainisim cuio beag de ar an leabair do clóbuailéad ann ran Róim, agus ar láim-r'gailbinn atá agam péin ann a b'fuil ré r'gailb'ca n'ior c'p'ite 'na ann ran leabair. Uid d'oilis, d'ar liom-ra, ar'gailnt n'ior com-chuinnne agus n'ior r'narca do cuip i

other poem of this sort, as an example of the way in which the religious bards disputed in their poems, arguing, reasoning, and proving the truth of the Roman faith against those who forsook the creed of their fathers. I give a portion of this poem because it is one which throws much light upon the minds and mode of thought of the greater number of the Irish at that time, and I am almost certain that poems of this kind exercised very much power in keeping the people from the faith of the Sasanachs.

This piece was composed by Giolla Bhrighid (Gilbride) O'Hussey, a friar of the order of St. Francis in the college of St. Anthony at Louvain. He was educated in the schools of the bards before he left Ireland, and it was he who wrote the poem given in my "Bards and Bardism," beginning

Farewell to thee O man who composest,"

bidding farewell to Erin, to poetry, and to his friends, on his leaving his native country. He printed the "Christian Doctrine," or Catechism, in Irish, in the year 1608, and again in Antwerp in 1611; the same book was printed for the third time at Rome in 1707. He placed at the end of this book a long poem of 88 ranns or quatrains against a dear friend of his own who fell into heresy. This poem was very common among the people and is to be found in many of their manuscripts. I extract a portion of it from the book that was printed in Rome, and from a MS. which I have myself, in which it is written out more correctly than it is printed. It would, I think, be difficult to put into verse more compact and neater arguments. There is a note written

béurpaiseaé. Adá nóta (rsgníobta le peann) do rinne S. O h-Arghadáin, ar éaoib duilleóige ann mo éoir-pe u'foclóir na Sgriobhóir Saebertz le E. O Ragallais, as iad sup ar an Maolmhuire Mac Craic,* air ar tpióctar ruar, do rinne O h-Eodara an dán ro. Corais-eann an dán ann ran leabhar clóduailte mar ro,

“Truas liom a cómpáin do éor.”

Adt págaím amad an dá iann corais. Leapaigim an litriuagad beagán.

Dá breicpeá mar do éir cád.

Dá breicpeá mar do éir cád
an troille atá u' earbuir orr,
Dun nooréat do buó léir lid,
Do tuisgeat rid féin dun zcor.

* Éir go maid na báirt diaáa éom zeur rin anaáar an mmaolmhuire peó, n maid an fear boet leat éom h-olc le curo de na daoine do éainz 'na diaiz D'ar Tearmann-Mac-Craic i zconuáe fearmanaé é féin, asur ofan ré i zcómnuiré caréanaé leir na bunnaóaid móra Saebalaéa i zCúiz ulaó. Di earboz Rómánaé Corcaiz 'na éol-éaáar uó, asur do raor Maolmhuireé, trát, nuair bí ré i zcontadairt báir. Rinne ré an nio ceutna le curo de na ragahtairt Rómánaéa nuair bí baógal orra. Nior rzuor, nior zéir-lea, asur nior maird ré uine ar bié. Ir cornúil zo maid a deán 'na Catoilceáé i z-cómnuiré, asur u'iompaiz a éuro mac freirín 'na Rómánaizib, no ir cornúil naé maid riao ariat 'na bproteptúnaizib. Veir curo zo bruar ré féin báir 'na Catoilceáé. Nior u'poc-uine adt uine raógalta é . . ruair ré morán paróbrui asur éongdaiz ré féin, asur a élan 'na diaiz, zheim uaingeann air. Bí ré 102 bliadain u'aoir nuair u'éuz re. Cruyuagad rir náir zóill u'poc-aiznear na mbáir air!

¹ Although the religious bards were always so bitter against this Miller, the poor man was not half so bad as some of the people who came after him. He was from Termon-Magrath in Fermanagh, and he always remained in friendship with the great Gaelic families in

in ink made by O Hargadain or Hardiman, on the side of the page in my copy of O'Reilly's Dictionary of Irish Writers, saying that it was about Maolmhuire or Miler MacGrath¹ of whom I have spoken already, that O'Hussey made this poem. The piece begins thus in the printed book—

"O companion, I pity thy case."

But I omit the first two ranns. I have amended the orthography a little.

SAWEST THOU AS OTHERS SEE.

Sawest thou, as others *see*,
All the light from *thee* cut off,
Thou wouldst know how dark thou *art*,
Thou wouldst *start* instead of scoff.²

Ulster. The Popish bishop of Cork was first cousin to him, and Miler saved his life when he was in danger of death. He did the same thing by several Popish priests when they were in peril. He neither plundered, persecuted, nor slew anyone. It is likely that his wife was always a Catholic, and his sons turned Papist also, or indeed it is likely that they never were Protestants. Some say that he himself died a Catholic. He was not a vicious but a worldly man. He gained great wealth, and he, and his children after him, kept a firm hold of it. He was 102 years of age when he died—a proof that the insults of the bards did not much affect him!

² This translation is in the metre of the original, with the exception mentioned in my last note, namely, that my lines are trochaic, while many of the lines in the original will not scan as composed of trochees. This may be taken as said once for all about "Great Rannuigheacht," and indeed about most of the Dán Díreach metres. Also my lines do not all end in monosyllables, which is, however, *de rigueur* in the original.

Literally: If thou wert to see as everyone sees The light that is lacking to thee, Thy darkness would be clear to thee, Thou wouldst understand thy own condition [*observe the curious change of the verb from the singular to the plural, in this verse, "dú bhfeicfeá," but "do thuigfeadh sibh"*].

Ծօ Էւիցր ԶԵՐ ԶԻԱՆՈՒ ԶԼԱՆ
 Ծօ ՈՒԼԼԱՅ Ի Մ'Ա ԵՈՒԼ ՔԵՒՆ,
 ԵՐՈՒՅ ՆԱՅ ՄԱՅԻԼԱ ԼԻԾ-ՔԵ Օ ԷՒԻՐ
 ԼԻՈՅ ՈՍ ՔՈՒՐՔԵԱԾ ԷՍ Օ Մ' ՔԵՒՆ.

Ծօ Մ'ԲԱՐԵԱԾԵ ՈՍ ՄԱՇԱՅՈՒ ՔԵՒՆ
 ԱԵ ԶՕ ԶՏԼԱՅ ՄԵ—ՄԻՐԵ ԱՐ ՈՍՈՅՑ—
 ՕՏԱՐ ՈՒՄՆԵԱԾ ԼԻԾ ՈՍ Մ' ԷՐԱԾ *
 ՆԱՅ ԼԵՅ ԼԱՄ ԼԻՃԱ Մ'Ա ԸՈՒՐ.

ԱՄ' ԶՈՒՔ Օ ՆԱՅ [Ծ]ՔԵԱՍՈՒ ՄՈՒ
 ԸՈՒՐ-ՔԵ ԸՅՃԱՄ ԱՐ ՔՈՆ ՈՒՅ,
 'Տ ԱՐ ԸՈՒՐՈՒՅԱՐ ԱՐ ՔՈՆՔԵԱՐ ՄՈՒՄԱՅՈՒՆ,
 ԸՈՒՐ Ե' ԵՐԼԱՅՆԵ ՈՒ Մ' ՈՒՅ ՔԵՒՆ.

ԱՆ ՈՒԼԼ ԱՏԱ ԱՆ ԷՒԻՐԵ ՄԻԱՄ ?
 ՈՐ ԱՆ Ի ԱՆ ԵՈՒԼ ԼԵ ՄԻԱՆ ԱՆ ԸՈՒՐ
 Ծօ ԸՈՒՐ ԱՆ ԵՈՒ ՔՕ ԱՐ ՈՍ ԸԵՒԼԼ,
 ՏՈՒԼՔԵ ԱՆ ԸՐԵՈՒՄ ՆԱՅ ԼԵՐԻ ՍՈՒՄ.

ՄԱՐ Ի ԱՆ ԷՒԻՐԵ, ՄԱՐ Ի ԱՆ ԵՈՒԼ
 ԻՐ ԸՈՆՆԵԱԾ ԼԵ Մ' ԸՈՒ ՏԱՐ ԸԵՒԼԼ,
 ԵՐՈՒ ՕՐՈՒ ԱՆ ԷՒԻՐԵ ՈՍ ՇՈՐՑ
 'Տ ԵՐՈՒ ՇՈՐՑ ՆԱ ԵՈՒՆ ՕՐԵ ՔԵՒՆ.

ՄԱՐ Ի ԱՆ ԷՒԻՐԵ ԻՐ ԸՈՆՆԵԱԾ ԼԻԾ
 ԱՅ ՔՕ ՍՈՒՄ Ա ԼԵՅՏԱՐ ՄՈՒ,
 ԸՐԵՈՒ Օ'Ն ԵՃԼԱՐ ԵՐԱՏԻԱ ՈՒՅ
 ՕՐ 'ՍԻ ՈՒՇԱՐ† ՔԵՒՆ Ա ՄՈՒՆ.

* “ՈՒ ՄՈՒ” ’ՔԱՆ ԼԵԱԾԱՐ, ՆԱՅ ՄԵՒԻՅՈՒՄ.

† .i. ԻՐ ՄՈՒՆ ԵՃԼԱՐ ՈՒՇԱՐ ՈՒԱ Ա ՄՈՒՆ.

Thy sharp sunny clear intelligence It has been blinded of its own will. Alas that there met thee not at the beginning A physician who would relieve thee from pain.

To thy succour would I go myself Except that I hear—'tis surely the worse—That there is a venomous disease with thee destroying thee, That admits not the hand of a leech near it.

Into thy presence since I cannot come, Do thou send me for God's sake And for the friendship of our ancestors before us, The case of thy ailment, of thy own free-will.

Thy intelligence once bright,
 Borne so light on soaring wings,
 Now is clouded; since the Will
 Takes its fill of worldly things.

As physician, I were come
 To thy home with wholesome speech,
 Long ago, but that there are
 Those who bar me from thy reach.

Since I cannot come to cure,
 I conjure by God's decrees,
 By our friendship's holy tear,
 Let me hear of thy disease.

Is it Reason, clouded still,
 Or thy Will with worldly breath
 That hath made thee dark of mind,
 That hath left thee blind to faith?

If thy Reason be amiss
 I for this have cure I hope;
 If to wrong thy Will be prone
 Thou alone with it canst cope.

If at fault thy Reason be
 Let us see what makes it dim,
 Through His Church speaks God. Believe
 What she doth receive of Him.

Is it blind that the Understanding is ever, Or is it the Will with the desire of the body, Which hath cast this mist over thy reason, So that the light of the faith is not visible to thee?

Be it the Understanding or be it the Will That is guilty of leading thy sense astray [*literally*: "of putting thee beyond sense"], Let it fall to me to compel the Understanding, But let the compulsion of the Will fall upon thyself.

If it is the Understanding that is guilty with thee Here is for thee the cure of that, Believe from the Church the words of God, Since it is to her He himself discloses His secrets.

Oí-fe tshát, nochtar a hún,
—Eóin v'á thairbhá vúinn a'r pól—
Spioraio Dó ne a h-air ve shnát
ní bhí ar mearbáil, shá tsháim vó (?)*

An pápa 'r a ngabann leir
ir í an eaglais a veir mé.
ní bhfuil eaglais eile aet reó
asainn a-bor ar iut cé.†

Do sheall Dia v'á thairbhá rin
—iomáa rshioibteúir iad v'á mhó—
eaglais ró-faicionna éiríor
nac gcuirfiré í ríor go bhát.

Do'n eaglais Románta aínáin
Do cóimleat ‡ ro—vái go brior †—
atá anuas o ainmhir éiríor
San élaoclóó, san vit, san rshior.

Shé eiriceaet táinig maíh,
mall vo éiriall no 'r gearr vo maíh,
maí rin, ní eaglais vo éiríor
don éuro viod nac labhann air.

ná h-abhaó, tshát, Caldín élaon
no lúiteir náir élaon ó bhréig,
no cia bé úmang leannar viod
Shir ab eaglais éiríor iad féin.

* "shá tsháim vó" = "cao é air a bhfuil mé as labhairt" i. ní
riactanac é tuilleat vó mhó air rin.

† = ar an dothan iomlán.

‡ = Do cóim-leonad.

§ = Ir shíom rin air a bhfuil ríor as cáe.

|| = "nac," MS.

To her indeed he discloses his secrets, We have John proving that
to us and Paul, The spirit of God by her side ever, Does not be
astray, why say more (?)

The Pope and those who hold with him That is the church I speak
of, There is no other church than this For us on-thia-side [the grave]
in the whole world.

God doth keep her free from smirch ;
 With his Church his spirit is ;
 John hath said it, Paul hath said,
 Thou hast read it, well I wis.

By the Church I mean the Pope
 And the group by him that hold,
 Ye shall find no other Church
 Though ye search till ye be old.

God hath promised—thou hast read
 What he said, and thou must know—
 Christ's church visible to all
 Ne'er shall fall nor be brought low.

Of the Roman Church alone
 This is shown the truth to be.
 Since the death of Christ, it stood
 Unsubdued, self-acting, free.

It hath stood, but where are gone
 All the spawn of lies and strife?
 Every heresy that came
 Brief its fame and short its life.

Let not Calvin dare to say
 — No nor Luther self-enticed—
 That the men who follow them
 Are themselves the Church of Christ.

God promised in proof of that—There is many a passage of Scripture with you which says so—The visible church of Christ That it would not be put down for ever.

Of the Roman Church only Has this been fulfilled—a well-known thing—It is from the time of Christ down, Without change, without want, without destruction.

Every heresy that ever came Slowly it travelled or short it lived, Consequently they are not a church for Christ Any portion of those who do not speak of him. [*Perhaps u- should read cura vobis ponit a labijis aut, i.e., "Some of those who speak about Him are not of His church."*]

Let not indeed Partial Calvin say, Nor Luther who swerved not from a lie, Or whatever people cling to them, That they are themselves the Church of Christ.

Cia bé eaglaisí leanaí ríad
 ní táinig siam nómpa féin,
 má 'r í rin an eaglaisí fíon
 Cionnar fearraíó Chríste ar dhéirí.*

Do méir a n-áiméla féin
 Cúis ceo bíadain tar éir Chríste
 An eaglaisí Románda éirí
 Duó h-í áiméin an eaglaisí fíon.

Ionann óí an uairí rin 'r anoir
 Iúdaire fearraíé, móó, á'r beir,
 Crieveam, teagair, cómaet, bhuí,
 Níon áiríáí rí a ríáíó do gheirí.†

Fá 'n am rin do bádaí ann
 Aíre naoméa, clann do óia,
 Scá a bfuil aghainn anoir
 Ir íad-ran do teagairí íad.

Fá 'n am rin táinig ó'n róim
 Páiríáí naoméa ar cóir-ríúdal,‡
 Scá a bfuil aghainn anoir
 Ir é rin do teagairí uíinn.

An crieveam do teagairí uíinn
 Páiríáí duó óiríóbal ué,
 Má do éirígeam § fionnaim uairí,
 Cia h-í an uairí do éirígeam é.

* Aliter, "cionnar fearraíó Chríste ar dhéirí."

† Do-ghéir = go bháde, siam.

‡ "ar cóir-ríúil," MS. "reairí cóirí ríúil," leabair. má'r ceairí
 an léiríad ro ir ionann é aghair "Páiríáí aír ar cóirí ríúil (.i.
 meair) do bádaire."

§ = Sean-foirm = "éirígeamair." fionnaim = fearraíúim.

Whatever the church be which they follow It never came [into
 existence] before themselves, If that [church of theirs] is the true
 church How shall Christ stand upon a lie?

According to their own admission For five hundred years after
 Christ The chaste Roman church It alon - was the true church.

How of them can that be true?

They are new—of mushroom growth—
Christ ye make untrue I trow
If ye now accept them both.

For the first five hundred years
—It appears themselves admit—
Christ's (our Roman) church was still
Free from ill, with saints in it.

As it was, so it is, pure,
Sacramental, sure, and true,
One in doctrine, faith and power,
For one hour no change it knew.

Holy fathers all this time
Lived, sublime in deed and thought,
All of what we teach to-day
It was they who brought and taught.

Then it was, from Rome, like flame,
Patrick came, our souls to save,
All that we believe to be
It was he who taught and gave.

Now that faith which Patrick brought,
Brought and taught, which we did take,
If you say that we forsook
When I pray did we forsake?

The same for it at that time and now [are] the offering of the Sacraments, manners and customs, Faith, teaching, power, force, It has not changed its state ever (?).

At this time there were in it Holy Fathers, children of God, Everything which we now have, It was they who taught it.

At this time there came from Rome Holy Patrick with favourable journey, Everything which we now have, It was he who taught it to us.

The faith which he taught us [I mean] Patrick who was God's disciple If we had forsaken it, I ask of you what was the time at which we forsook it?

Sighe trát ran eaglais Dó
 Ar ár n-eaglais, léir vo éac,
 Atá ar loig na n-easbal, raon
 donua, coitcionn, naomh, ve ghnát.

Ar loig na n-easbal* atá
 —ní beag dam d'á deasbaló ró—
 A nuairearó céar eaglais éiríor
 Gac níó díoh vo ghuó rí fóir.†

Atáir easbuig inné fóir
 —Deasbaló eile a'r lóir ar rúo—
 Ar loig a céile ve ghnát
 Ó lá deasbaló gur an lá anuú.

Atá ár n-eaglais donua, leir,
 don éor cumairg gan ceile inn,
 don éeann ar an g-corr po atá,
 na baill, trát, vo méir an éinn.

Coitcionn, aet cíó seanmhuíde í,
 Gabair rí gac neac me n-a éoil,
 Atá ann, gac aimirí ann mian,
 Vo bí ann gac tír, tríd a'r troir.

naomta fóir ár n-eaglais raon,
 beata naomh as teagarz uínn,
 tomua a míoibúil a'r a fáir,
 —lóir vo éac d'á deasbaló rúo.

* i. abtall.

† "ní ré anoir," MS. ní't an rann po ann ran leasbal clóduaitte
 aet tá ré ann mo láim-rghibinn féin.

Signs [notes] too [that] are in the church of God [are] in our
 church, plain to all, It is on the track of the apostles, free, One,
 catholic, holy ever.

On the track of the apostles it is, No small [arguments there are]
 for me proving this. All that the first church of Christ did, Each
 thing of them she [our church] does still.

There are bishops still in her, Another proof and plenty for that,

In the Church of God are notes,
 And these notes are in our own,
 Apostolic 'tis, and free,
 Holy, Catholic, and One.

Apostolic is our Church,
 Those who search both see and say:
 All our early Church observed
 Is preserved with us to-day.

We have bishops—each one knows,
 And our foes themselves allow—
 Bishops in unbroken line
 Down from Peter's time till now.

One our Church is; see in it
 Many members knit in one,
 One our body, one our head,
 One when all is said and done.

Catholic she is, though chaste,
 All who haste to her, the fair,
 She receives them. She is blest
 East and west and everywhere.

She is holy, free from taints,
 Lives of saints attest the truth,
 Many miracles she wrought,
 Prophets taught her from her youth.

On each other's track constantly [following] From Peter's time
 until to-day.

Our church is unified[one] moreover. One composite body without
 concealment are we, One head there is over this body, The members
 too are according to the head.

Common [Catholic] but yet chaste is she, She takes every person
 by his will, She exists at each time and ever, She was in every
 country, east and west.

Holy moreover is our free church. The life of saints is teaching
 us [that]. Many her miracles and her prophets, Plenty [of proofs]
 for everyone proving that!

na rigne-re*—mar̃t a g-cisl—
 'G̃ápi n-eaglaip-ne miañt a-táio,
 Si g̃ne co-daip-na† ip ole bpi g̃
 'G̃ ápi n-eapcáip-toib̃ díop ve g̃nát.

iom̃da veap̃bað nað iao rin
 —mun[a] buð f̃ava beit v'á míoñ—
 Veap̃bað gup ab í peó am̃áin
 An eaglaip éar̃o vo tós críost.

Ip breá g̃ ró-tuig̃riona an ṽán ro, agup ip puo-beag
 cor̃m̃úil é leip an ṽán vo r̃g̃níoð an Dub̃t̃aig̃eac
 ana g̃ar̃o m̃aol̃m̃uip̃e mic épaít. Tráct̃ann an file
 ap̃i áðbañ ioml̃án na diaip̃p̃óip̃eac̃ta iop̃i an ṽá épiro-
 eam̃. I ṽtaoib̃ lúiteap̃i veip̃i ré gup ṽup̃i ré ap̃i an
 móio vo t̃us ré map̃i m̃anað nuap̃i p̃óp̃i ré.

Vo minne breá g̃ le Dia mópi
 m̃aip̃i vo épiropeað ṽó v'á éip̃,
 breá g̃ le vaoiñib̃ am̃laip̃i rin,
 Cor̃m̃úil p̃up̃i go ñveup̃eð ré.

Vo ṽup̃i ré “na t̃pi móioe t̃us vo Dia.”

t̃us voct̃aet̃ ap̃i f̃ar̃oðip̃eap̃i voet̃,
 Vo épié g̃ úh̃laet̃ ap̃i a t̃oil̃ f̃éin,
 Caill̃eac̃ ṽuð aige 'na m̃naoi,
 'na m̃anað g̃ið vo dí ré.

* Tá an file ag labair̃e ann ro ap̃i “nótaib̃” na h-eaglaip̃e, map̃i
 g̃laod̃ann bell̃ap̃imin op̃ia.

† = conp̃álda.

All these notes and signs have we,
 Plain to see that they are there;
 Signs the opposite of those
 All our foes are found to bear.

Other proofs could I give too,
 But these few may have sufficed,
 Proving that our church alone
 Fills the throne set up by Christ.

This is a fine intelligible poem, and is rather like that one which O'Duffy wrote against Miler MacGrath. The poet goes over the whole ground of the dispute between the two religions. About Luther he says that he broke the vow which he took as a monk when he married.

He has told his God a lie;
 Why should I believe him then?
 He has lied to God, we see;
 Why should he not lie to men?

He broke "the three vows he made to God."

He gave up poverty for poor riches,
 He forsook humility for his own will.
 A black *Cailleach* (nun) with him for a wife,
 Although a monk he was.

These signs—good their meaning—With our church they ever are, Signs contrary [to them] of evil import Have our adversaries constantly.

There is many a proof that not they [are Christ's church]—If it were not too long to enumerate them—Proving that it is this [church of ours] alone Which is the chaste church which Christ built.

Ma'r olc láitear leir an bpile, ir meara leir "Cail-
bin." Veir ré u'd éalóib:—

úgðar gac uile vo gnó ped,
De Dia glórimhar—olc an éiall—
[Ir] ionnann uó-ran ar roin
A máó naé bfuil Dia na Dia.

Caitéann ré ahrar ar beupaiú Cailbin, ašur cuipeann
ré i gcéill níor mó 'nā veir ré—

ní abhaim go nvearnaró roin,
adaltarnar a'r goio go leór,
áct gíbé vo déanfaó iao
meara:m naé cneote ar Dia a glór!

Ašur cuipeann ré i leir uó an éoir ir gnánna ašur ir
mi-náóúiró, ann ran mann leannar rin, aš máó—

ní faorfaínn naé nvearnaró mian,
'S naé nvearnaró fóir iao vo gnát!

Tā, a-veir ré, a lān de neitib bainear leir an
gceirdeam naé bfuil le fášail 'ran Tionna Nuáó.
Caitrimir iao rin cneirdeamaint ar fiaónuir na
h-eašlaire mar vo cneir na uoaine iao pul ršriobad
leabair ar bit.

Vo bí fóir an Tionna Nuáó,
Sealao anuar tar éir cneir,
Šan ršribne ar cuinne vo gnát,
'S u'd cneirdeam aš cāt vo fóir.

If the poet dislikes Luther, he dislikes Calvin more. He says of him :—

This man makes an author of every evil
 Out of glorious God—bad the sense—
 It is the same for him consequently
 As to say that God is not God.

He throws doubts upon Calvin's morals, and leaves us to infer more than he says—

I do not say that he did that,
 Adultery and theft in plenty,
But whoever would do such things
I do not deem that his voice is to be believed
in the matter of God,

and he imputes to him a most abominable and unnatural crime in the verse which follows, saying—

I would not acquit him of never doing it,
 Or even of not having done it constantly.

There are, he says, many things concerning the faith which are not to be found in the New Testament. We must receive these things on the witness of the Church, as people received them before any book was written.

The New Testament was moreover
 Down for a while after Christ
 Without writing, in remembrance constantly,
 And believed by each one ever.

Síó bé doeiḡ naḡ gceirveann ré
 déḡ do'n Sgḡiortúirí féin aḡáin,
 fiafraíḡim do an Sgceirveaḡ leir
 má ré an rḡḡiortúirí rin 'na láim.

* * * *

An bḡacaíó 'ran Sgḡiortúirí miam
 no má do ḡonnaíḡ, cia an bail ?
 Soirḡéal lúcaír do deit fíor,
 Soirḡéal ḡomáir gan bḡiḡ ann ?

Deir ré fá deirveaḡ—

má'ḡ í an toit ir cionntaḡ mib
 slán lib, ní dainim-re ví,
 a leigear ní geit re h-air,
 aithe naḡ-rá go maíḡ í.

Agur cḡiḡcnuigḡear an vān leir an pann ro anaḡaíó
 raḡḡaltaḡḡa a ḡaraḡ—

An t-aíḡbneap-ra, ḡa vāim do,
 ḡearḡ mairḡear, ní móḡ a bḡiḡ,
 an pían ḡuillḡear ar a fon
 mairḡiró reo tḡe díḡḡa fíor.

Ní'ltear i n-aḡḡar naḡ nveaḡaíó an vān ro, agur
 vānta eile cḡḡmíil leir, amaḡ ḡo pḡḡḡḡḡ amearḡ na
 nḡaoine, agur naḡ pḡaíḡ cūmaḡḡ mōḡ aca le vāoine
 do ḡongbáil ḡo pḡearmāḡ i ḡ-cḡeirveam a n-aíḡveaḡ.
 Agur buḡ anaḡaíó vāoine do rḡḡiḡó agur do léig
 vānta mar iāḡ ro, do cūir Saḡrana an pḡiméio vout-
 ter agur a cūirveaḡḡa—agur ví ionḡantap uirri 'na
 vāiḡ rin fá náḡ feut rí na vāoine o'iomḡóó! An
 vāiḡḡiró an tíḡ rin cōirḡe aon nioḡ vaineap le h-éir-
 inn agur le muinntir na h-éirveann!

Whoever says that he does not believe
 Except in the Scripture itself, only,
 I ask of him is it believed by him
 That that is the Scripture which he has in his hand.

Did he ever see in the Scripture
 —Or if he did see what is the place?—
 That the Gospel of Luke is true
 That the Gospel of Thomas is of no value !

Finally he says—

If it is the Will which is guilty with you
 Farewell to you, I do not touch her,
 Her cure she doth not receive willingly (?)
 Well do I know her.

and the poem ends with this rann against the worldliness
 of his friend—

This delight—why say more—
 Short shall it last, not great is its worth,
 The pain that is earned on its account
 This shall last through eternal ages.

There is no doubt at all but that this poem and others
 like it went out widely amongst the people, and that they
 were very powerful in keeping them steadfast in the path
 of their fathers. And it was against people who wrote and
 who read poems like this that England sent Primate Boulter
 with his company—and was surprised that he was not able
 to convert the people !

Tá na dánta do tug mé go dtí seo cumtha ann ran
 trlige riasalta rin air ar glaothó Dán Dípead, eir
 go bfuil an "Dípead" ró cam i gcuid aca, leir an
 méad do bí ríad truaillighe. Ir corinnil ó na com-
 araid atá ionnta, go bfuil ríad árra agus gur
 tángadair anuair eugainn i mbéal na n-daoine mar
 do éainis cuir móir de dántaib Dónéair mhóir
 Uí Dálaig, do rghrób níor mó 'ná pé ceud bliadhán
 ar dá píeir ó foim.

Aéir tap éir do na sean-báirdaib do beir imtighthe,
 do éoraig an rgoil nuad, d'éirig ruar ann a n-áit,
 comair eile do tábairt arcead, agus, i n-áit na riol-
 lair féin do cómhairdeán ann ran líne, níor cómhairig
 ríad aéir na riollair ar ar éir bhuig an gotha, agus
 d'fág ríad dánta 'na n-áit ann a bfuil naoi, deid,
 don-deug, agus dó-deug de riollairuib ionnta, ann
 ran líne.

Fágmaoir ann ran gcuid ir mó de na dántaib
 nuad ro go mbionn a dó no a trí d'foclair i lár gac
 líne, ag deunam "cómháirde bhuirte" no cómhairde
 mi-riasalta leó féin, no le a dó no a trí d'foclair
 eile i lár na líne leana; agus ni bionn don uimhir
 éinnte ann rna riollairuib atá 'ran líne.

D'fág na nuad-báird a lán de na dántaib seo 'na
 n-áit, ann ran reachtmaó agus ann ran oéctmaó doir
 deug; agus ni maid don éineál filideadta diaó buó
 coitcinne amearg na n-daoine agus buó mó do éairnig
 leó 'ná píorair fáda rpioradálta rghróbta ar an
 gcuma ro, mar atá "An Báir agus an Duine," no
 "Comrád ior an gColainn agus an Anam," no

The poems which I have given up to this are composed in that regular manner which was called *Dán Díreach* or "Straight Verse," although the "Straight" is crooked enough in some of them, on account of their being so much corrupted. It is probable, from the measures in which they are composed, that they are decidedly ancient, and that they were handed down from their being in the mouths of the people, as some of Donogha Mór O'Daly's poems were handed down, who wrote more than six hundred and forty years ago.

After the ancient bards were gone, the new school which rose up in their place began to bring in other metres; instead of counting the syllables themselves in the line, they only counted the syllables upon which fell the stress of the voice, and they left poems behind them in which are ten, eleven, and twelve syllables in the line.

We find that in most of these new poems there are two or three words in the middle of each line, making "broken co-arda" or irregular vowel rhyme, either with themselves, or with two or three words in the middle of the following line or lines, and there is in the line itself no certain number of syllables.

The new bards left a great number of these poems behind them in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There was no kind of religious versification more common amongst the people, or which pleased them better, than long spiritual pieces written in this manner, like "Death and the Man," "Dialogue between the Body and the Soul," "The Final End of Man," "Death and the Sinner," or "The Adventures of Death." There were a great number of these poems

"Críóc Déigeannac an Duine," no "An Bár agus an Peacac," no "Eactra an Báir." Bí a lán de na vántaib reo ar beul na ndaoine, agus tá rias le fágail ann fad "bolg an traláchair," go móir-móir i gcúige Múman. Bíonn na vánta ro, beag-nac uile go léir, ag cur i gcéill dúinn díomhaoinir agus neimh-ní an traošail reo. ag tairbeant nac bfuil ann aet "fad a ršaoiltear no plám de'n ceó," ag ríor-páó nac bfuil aon ní ar fíú bpeacnušad air, aet Dia agus an "beata talh."

Ag ro pompla ar "Críóc Déigeannac an Duine" ván do bí com coitcéionn rin i nÉirinn sup cuiread i gcló é i mBaile-at-Cliať 'pan mbliadain 1818 le Éamon o Sealbair éigin. Šaoil cur de na daoine sup Donncaó Móir O Dálaig do rinne é, aet ní féidir rin. I r pollurac ó'n comar agus ó'n béairraigeaet sup ván ó'n Šgoil Nuair é.

CRÍOC DÉIGEANNAC DE'N DUINE.

A duine, cuimnig do érioc déigeannac,
A'r ná cait v'aoir le baoir ná breugaid,
Cumann an traošail élaoin go vtréigir,
Ció sup doidinn rmuain sup baogalac.

Ció tá tu láoir, lán de tréitib,
Lán de pláinte, lán v'áille a'r ršéime
Ná bain cáil ar blát beag bréige,
'S sup táire í 'ná ršáile gan éireaet.

¹This is pretty nearly in the metre of the original, a metre which with its many variations quite supplanted the various forms of "Straight Verse." Such vowel-rhyming as we find in "time" "lies," or "world" "troubled," or "first" "worse," or "sorrow" "hollow," is quite good enough even for most modern Irish ears. Whoever doubts this, let him examine the various "In Memoriam" verses published in our daily papers.

in the mouths of the people, and they are to be found still in every "Miscellany," especially in Munster. These poems, almost all of them, impress upon us the vanity and nothingness of this world, how there is nothing in it but a "sun-beam let loose, or a handful of mist," and how there is nothing worth looking to except God and the "life beyond."

Here is an example out of the "Final End of Man," a poem which was so common in Ireland that it was printed in Dublin in the year 1818 by one Éamon O'Shelvy. Some people thought that it was Donogha Mór O'Daly who composed it, but that is impossible. It is evident from the metre and versification that it is a poem of the "New School," as I have called it.

THE FINAL END OF MAN.

Remember, *O friend*, thy *end* of sorrow,¹
Spend not thy *time* with *lies* and folly,
Forsake the *world* troubled and hollow,
Sweet at the *first* but *worse* shall follow.

Though strong thou art and *smart* and smiling,
Full of *wealth* and *health*, most lively,
Make no *boast*, the *whole* are lying
Unsubstantial *shadows* flying.

Literally—O man, remember thy last end, And do not spend thy age with folly and lies, The love of the deceitful world, that thou mayst forsake it, Although it is delightful, remember that it is dangerous.

Although thou art strong, full of accomplishments, Full of health, full of handsomeness, full of beauty, Do not strike fame out of (i.e., be proud of) a little lying blossom, And sure it is more despicable than a shadow without substance.

ná géill-re vo maíomar no maítear an traozail reo,
 ar a ghéitib ná veun iomao rgléipe,
 feuc zuri vo'n éiré atá tu veunta.
 'S an tpat éasrair zuri éiré óiot óéanrair.

Ciú zuri móir vo éuro óirí a'r zréitíre,
 vo éuro aigirí báin, rráir, a'r réatoirí,
 vo bat, vo éapailí, a'r vo éaoirí,
 vo éairleáin buó nó breáí le feucáin,

vo luét ealaóan bíor as taitíge o'feucáin,
 vo luét eólaí a' úime, ó'r clírte i zcéill tu,
 vo éócairíre bíor as totuzaó zác déile
 [as] veunam a coirreazta ar boir leatán euraín.*

vo éonairt bíor zo conairé, béul-binn,
 vo bairreáó claité ar an eirí oá géirí,
 ar fáo ná coille, coir coirreaz no pléide,
 le n-a mipe cum vo zailte vo veunam.

zác a noibíar o' éirí 'ran méao-ra
 ionnra rúo raí mo éúar ní'l éiréat,
 ciú atáir i z-cúram oirí, oé ní leat réin íao,
 cuiríro a z-cúl leat tpat múcraí 'ran zéiré tu.

Tá leat-éuro rann eile 'ran ván ro, asur ir cor-
 múil zo bfuil ré rean zo leóir, marí buibíro zuri cumao
 an ván ro le Donncaó O'Dálaí vo fuairí báí raí 1244.
 Ir cinnte ó'n mioráir asur ó'n z-canamáin nac é vo

* Cf. "pléirí mártain mhe ziorra" ann a bfuil an focail
 "boir euraín": fuairí mé i n-adhánaib eile é marí an zceuna,
 asur eiríroim zuri b'é an b'éarla atá air side-board.

Do not submit to the affluence or the goodness of this world, Of
 its species (of wealth) do not make much boast, Behold that it is of
 the clay that thou art made, And that when thou shalt die it is clay
 which shall be made of thee.

Though great is thy share of gold and jewels, Thy share of white
 silver and brass and pewter, Thy cows, thy horses, and thy sheep,
 Thy castles that were very fine to see.

Take no heed of the creed or the wealth of the world,
Do not boast of its host or its banners unfurled,
Thou art made out of clay, into clay to be turned,
And into the room of the tomb to be hurled.

Though plenty of gold thou hold and jewels,
Silver white, brass bright, and pewter,
Sheep and kine, with swine ground-rooting,
Castles and holds of untold-of beauty.

Men of science to ride beside thee,
Men from college, of knowledge like thee,
Cooks for roasting, toasting, frying,
Costliest wines on side-board shining ;

Though at thy back the pack be crying,
Chasing through lawns the fawns swift flying,
The loudest to call of all the riders,
Pressing to speed thy steed untiring,

Yet this is all to fall and leave thee,
Hounds and lawns and fawns and deer too,
All must fall, for all is fleeting,
Churchyard walls rise tall between you.

There are some fifty more quatrains in this poem. It is likely that it is old enough, because it was reputed to have been made, as I said, by Donogha O'Daly who died in 1244. It is certain, however, from the metre and language that it

Thy men of science who are making-a-custom of visiting thee, Thy men of knowledge, O man, since thou art clever of sense, Thy cooks who do be flavouring (?) every meal, Getting it consecrated (arranged ?) upon a broad side-board.

Thy hound-pack which are hound-like (?) sweet-tuned, Which would win the game from the fawn no matter how swift, Throughout the wood, beside curragh or mountain, In their fleetness to rouse thy valour.

All that I have mentioned from the beginning to this In them, by my conscience, there is no worth, Although they are a care to thee, alas ! they are not thine own, They shall turn their backs upon thee when thou shalt be quenched in the clay.

pinne é, aót ip uóiz gur b' é ceann de na ceud-uán-
taib do pinnead leir an Sgoil Nuaid tar éir do'n
Dán Uipead do dul ar g-cúl. Ip pollurac rin ó na
lincib daineap le reilg na n-eilit agur le taitige luét
ealaðan. As ro píora rimpliðe de'n tróit ceudna
do fuair mé o ðaraid, do ðualaid é as rean fear ar
Cill-Connail, readt mile taob íoir de tuaim i gcon-
taé na Gaillime.

an fear noim bás.

Δ íora Cníort 'gur a miz na ngráa,
Δ épuéaizteóir neime, talman, a'r páiréair,
Do uóirte do éuro fola ar ériann na páire,
Le mire do fáðail ó'n uioð-dár * cniáirte.

Éug mire uioð-éútiugad uuit reat mo beata,
As forgailt do loite le neart mo peacair,
Níor rnuain mé gur tu do éug dam pláinte,
Mo beata laéteamail, talam a'r táinte.

Cia an máit dam anoir mo fáidbhear faozalta
Mo éairte breága, cómluadar,† ná gaoilta
Tá an dár i láitair 'r mo darrántar rgríodta,
'S gan pároun uait-re táim caillte éoróce.

ni deapnair mé faoiruin le fagar na bráitair,
'S níor íairi mé congnam mhuire do mháitair.
Do na boétair ni éug mé veod ná véirce,
Aot le uioð-cómluadar éait mé na ceudta.

* Ó gac don dár cniáirte," uidaire an fear. Tá an ceud riann
ro ar don focal beag-naé leir an gceud riann ann ran "Cholepa
morbur," le Rairteiríð.

† "Cúmluadar" i gConnaéctair.

¹ This is pretty much in the singularly unornate metre of the
original, which scarcely differs from English. *Literally*—O Jesus
Christ and O king of the graces, O Creator of earth heaven and para-
dise, who didst pour thy share of blood on the tree of the passion to
save me from the destroying evil death.

was not he who composed it, though it is probable that it is one of the very first poems which were made by the New School after the "Straight Verse" began to lose ground. This is evident from the lines about the hunting of the fawns and the visiting of the "men of science." Here is a simple piece of the same sort that I got from a friend who heard it from an old man in Kilconnell, seven miles east of Tuam, in the County Galway.

THE MAN, BEFORE DEATH.

O Jesus Christ, O light of graces,¹
Ruling in heaven and earthly places,
Who pouredst thy blood on the tree to save me
From Death and the Devil who would enslave me.

Alas ! how badly did I requite thee !
Ready was I to hurt, to smite thee,
To open thy wounds by unbelieving,
Forgetting that all things are of thy giving.

What profit me now—my case is piteous—
All friends, companions, worldly riches ;
For Death is upon me with warrant written,
Oh ! pardon ! pardon ! or I am smitten.

I confessed not to priest nor to any other,
Nor asked I for aid of Mary Mother,
No alms to the poor has my hand been giving,
I have spent much gold in riotous living.

I gave to Thee a bad requital during my life, Opening thy wounds
by the strength of my sin, I did not consider that it was Thou who
gavest me health, My daily food, land and flocks.

What good is it to me now my worldly riches, My fine friends, com-
pany, or kindred. The Death is present and my warrant written And
without pardon from Thee I am lost for ever.

I made no confession to priest or friar, And I asked not the help of
Mary Thy Mother, To the poor I gave neither drink nor alms, But
with evil company I spent the hundreds [of pounds].

O God, thou art the almighty Pather,
 Grant time my mind and my sense to gather,
 Till I give to the poor like the dew—not counting—
 That their prayers may praise Thee in incense mounting

Answer.

I accept; and allot thee one short space,
 Make use of it wisely, and earn grace,
 Go seek a confessor, priest or friar,
 And pray unto Mary with prayers of fire.

I found in America a copy of a long poem, amongst the manuscripts preserved by the Gaelic Society in New York, in which there are about five hundred lines, called "Death and the Man," in which there are a few verses that may be given here, as they shed some light on the opinion the Gael had formed of that wonderful nose-talking psalm-singing crew which Cromwell planted amongst them. The man, it appears, is trying to keep the hand of Death off him by putting questions to him, and at the last he asks him in this fashion :

DEATH AND THE MAN.

What sayest thou Death—my last breath is speaking¹—
 Of Quakers, Anabaptists and Presbyterians,
 And all others who rant and cant unceasing,
 With no understanding and less teaching.

Make a good use of it, earning grace, Make a good confession to priest or friar, and ask aid from Mary Mother.

¹ This poem of about 500 lines, was beautifully transcribed apparently about 60 years ago, but there was no name to show who composed it or who transcribed it. It was a Connacht composition, if one may judge from the dialect, or certainly a Connacht transcription. This first verse shows the metre of the original, but I have not versified the rest.

Τά αν Ὀάρ cineálta go leór, ašur téirdeann ré aš
aršúint leir an Ὀ'fear ašur veir ré go cúirtéiread.

Deimh gac uine nac s-cneveann, go n-eusparó
go ríorparde putain gan cumann an naém-r'puro,
Chíomh nac fearr pašar eum teasairš go úeanam
'ná rríopac dooaiš lobéaiš breusaiš,

Šreuparó, elóirdear, ršinnéar éille,
Tailliúir, búirdear, cuirdear clonac,
Ceannurde hpaod, ršacair meirorš,
Sean-éaillead šallva ladmar beapla.

má aitrnišio riolla no liciir i deupra,
Šan rcurdear diaó ná ciall léižinn,
Šan lairionn eadmar fšaincšir no špéižir,
Tpaš dídeann a ngoile aš feudaint le feupra.

má veir an rriopao leó teasairš go úeanam
šearao i bpuirio mar éailliž* šan éifeadé,
Ari éré, ari paioir, ní i mear aca ari don éor,
Rinneadair nuad-paioir buó éaitneamác Ὀ'á méadal.

Ir mallaižte an obair ašmionn Ὀ'éirteadé,
Ir mallaižte an teasairš tporšad go úeanam,
Naom Ὀ'agallad ir mallaižte an deup rin,
Óéie nó ašmionn le h-anam ari n-éasaid.

Veir an Ὀár leir, paor veiread, nac n-éirteiró ré leir
a tuillead, 7 go bpuir ré uol Ὀ'á bualad. Topaižeann
an uine ršannraižte ann rin a paioirion go úeanam
ašur go šuirde:

A atair na nšrár tabair ršár ó'n éas oam,
'S ná leiš an tuat bualad i m' éadon
De nóir puice muice no caomác,
Go doenpao m'úmladé a' m'aéirige déižeannac.

* "éailrú" ran ršpíidinn.

Death is good enough to argue with him, and says courteously :

I say that every person who believes not shall die,
Eternally and for ever, without love of the Holy Spirit,
I see that [they think] a priest no better for teaching doctrine
Than a *streepack* of a putrid lying clown.

A cobbler, a clothier, a thong-skinner,
A tailor, a butcher, a deceitful cutler,
A thievish merchant, a harlot extortioner,
A foreign old hag who speaks English.

If they recognise a syllable or a letter in a verse [it is the
most they can do]
Without godly study, without sense of learning,
Without Latin, Hebrew, French, or Greek,
When their appetite is looking for a feast.

If the spirit tells them to teach doctrine
They stand up in a pulpit like ineffectual hags (?)
For creed or for paternoster they have no respect at all,
They have made a new paternoster that was pleasing to
their stomachs.

It is a cursed work [they say] to hear mass,
It is a cursed doctrine to observe fasting,
To intercede with saints, cursed is that practice,
Or alms or a mass for a soul at the point of death.

Death says to him at last that he will not listen to him any more, that he is going to strike him. Then the terrified man begins to make his confession and to pray :

O Father of the Graces, grant me respite from Death
And do not let the axe strike in my face
After the manner of [slaying] a goat, a pig, or a sheep,
Until I make my submission and my last repentance.

Τι ομνηαίξιν μ' ἀνὰ μο'ν Τριονόρο ναομήτα
 ἄρ' το ναομή-ἀβρεαίλ' ἄρ' ο' αἰνγλιῶ ἰ ν-ἐίηφραετ,
 'S μο ἐορρ το β' ο' ε, οὐ οὐ ἰ το πέριτιδ,
 'Οο μιννε ο' αἰρ ἄρ' ἐνύτ ἄρ' ἐίςσεαρε.

Ἀν τραε δι [ρέ] ὅς νίον ἰμόν α' ὑέιξ-θεαρε,
 ἄετ clampar, παλλραετ, ιομαυ ἐίτιξ,
 'Οά παυ α' ὅλ ἄρ' πόιτ—βυὸ ἰνέιν λειρ,
 'Οο δι ἀρ' μείρζε 'ρ' ἀρ' οἰρεαρδαὺ ἐέίλλε.

Οὐ ἰ ρέ [ἀν] πλέινο (?) ἐυιρ μέ παοι ἐέιτε (?)
 παε παυθ beann ἀρ' οἰβριδ 'Οέ 'ζαμ,
 μῖ παυθ beann ἀρ' παυιρῖ νά κρέ 'ζαμ,
 μῖ ἐυζαρ παίσε νο ταυα* λε 'οαονναετ.

'Οά βρειερῖνν ἀν βοετ ἱρ μαζαὸ λειρ ὕευνφαινν,
 'Οο β' φεαρμῖ λιον ργίλλινγ το ἐείλγεαν παοι ἐέιτε
 'Νά ρίξιν το ἐαδαίρε το ὕινε μαρ ὕέιρσε,
 'Οο δι μέ ταυὸβρεαε υαυὸβρεαε πλέινοεαε.

βυὸ ἰμόν μο ἰμεαρ ἀρ' μο ργέιμ ζιλ,
 μῖ ἐιυθραινν υρῖαμ το ὕινε ἀορτα,
 'Οά φεαδαρ α' βρολα α' μολαὸ α' ο' τριέιτρε
 μῖ ὕεαρναρ μαίε ἀρ' φλαίε ζαν ζαολ λειρ.†

νίον ἐόξβαρ ἀν ρόξμαρ 'ραν λό ζρέινε,
 Τηός μέ ἀν κοζαλ, ἀν ἐμυίετνεαετ νίον λέαρ ὕαμ,
 Chuipirinn μο ἐόμαρπαυὸεξ τριό α' ἐέιτε,
 'Οο ζυιὸνν φεαρμζ 'ρ' ἱρ παυα ζο μείξῖνν.

Ὀόμαρλε μ' ἀταρ 'ρ' α' τεαζαρζ νίον λέαρ ὕαμ,
 νίον βρεαρμῖ λιον α' beannaeτ 'νά α' ἰνάλλαετ ἀρ' ἀον ἐορ,
 ἀν νιὸ ναρ ζοιρ μέ ζοιρῖνν § ὀά βρευορῖνν,
 ἀν νιὸ το ἐμυιρννίξ μέ βυὸ ἰνιτ μέ 'ζα φευέαιν.

* .1. ναοαῖν. Λαδαίρεαρ μαρ "ταυα" ἰν ἀραινν ρόρ ἐ.

† ἱρ ρίον-ζαοὺαλαε ἀν παὸ ρο. μῖ 'ἰ μόρῖνν ἀνν ἀνοιὸ το
 βειὸεαὺ ο' ἄ αζαίρε ριν μαρ φεααὸ 'νά ν-αζαίρ πέιν!

I recte, "ἐυιρῖνν μο ἐόμαρπαυα."

§ "ζυιὸ" αζαρ. "ζυιὸνν" 'ραν λεαδαρ.

I bequeath my soul to the Holy Trinity,
 And to holy apostles and angels together,
 And my body which was evil, och ! och ! to worms,
 [My body] which practised lust, envy and injustice.
 When it was young, its good-deeds were not great,
 But cheating, falsehood,¹ much lying,
 No matter how long its drinking and carousing—it liked it—
 It was drunk and in want of sense.

Alas ! it was the spite (?) that confused me (?)
 So that I had no regard for the works of God,
 I had no regard for pater or creed,
 I never gave a rag or anything through humanity.
 If I were to see the poor man, it is mockery I would make
 of him,

I would sooner have a shilling to add to another,
 Than a penny to give to a person for alms :
 I was showy, proud, disputatious (?)

Great was my regard for my own bright beauty,
 I would not give reverence to an aged person.
 No matter how good his blood, his renown, his accomplish-
 ments,

I never did good to a chief without that I was of kin to him.²
 I did not take up the harvest on the sunny day,
 I took up the tares—the wheat I did not see—
 I used to put my neighbours into confusion,
 I used to act [in] anger and it was long before I would make
 peace.

The counsel of my father and his teaching were not plain
 to me,

I did not care more for his blessing than for his curse, at all,
 • The thing I stole not, I would have stolen if I could,
 The thing which I collected I was often regarding (gloating
 over ?) it.

¹ Thus my old friend, the late John Fleming, translated these words when I showed him the poem, but in Connacht they would rather mean, "quarrelling, laziness."

² The making this a reproach of conscience is a very characteristic Gaelic trait, and seems to me to show that the poem is of earlier date than the language would lead one to expect.

le corpainte tálam faoi báor-bhuio.
 aS an airmionn Dóinnac Shéine,
 an tairia glúin fám ní élaonpáinn,
 *An na páiríe buó cómpáó deunpáinn.

Sé anonn 'r anall do dhéinn aS feuchaint
 cia aca buó h-innealta veise i n-euadé,
 cum go meallpáinn gac óig o'feupáinn,
 do fáorleap feallad le ceatgaird an tpaogair.†

Úeapáiré me rompla eile no do ar na dántaib
 fada ro, a bfuil cuio aca cumta ar móó cómpáó
 ioir an gcorp aS ar an anam no ioir an mbár aS ar
 an duine etc. Tá fíao iomaíamail aS ar fuo-beag
 liorta do péir mo bapáimla-ra, aet do cuir na daoine
 rpéir móó ionnta. Ní'l fíor aS am cia an áit i n-éipunn
 pinnead iao; ví fíao le fágar ann 'r gac áit ví,
 aet cperuim go mbaineann an cuio ip mó aca do cúige
 mánan. Do veip Seágan O Dálais dá ceann de'n
 tróirt ro "Aighear an Pheadais leir an mbár,"
 aS ar "Siorma an anama leir an gcoláinn" ann a bfuil
 níor mo 'ná ré ceuo líne, aet veip O Dálais go fáir fíao
 ro cumta le páorais Denn i g-conuadé Phoptláirge
 timcioll ceitpe fícto bliadán ó join. Ní'l don eólar
 aS am péin ar a n-úgápaib, aet meapáim nac nveap-
 naib páorais Denn aet iao do learuad aS ar b'éoir
 do meutuad, aet ni feudáim veit cinnte de roo.

Tá cuio máit ann rna dántaib reó cuipéar lab-

* "An na páiríe buó cómpáó deunam" ran MS.

† Tá an líne ro ceartál, ruS me ar mann eile é.

¹ *Literally*: "on a Sunday of Sun." The sun is universally supposed to dance on Easter morning. This used to be the belief in England also. Cf. Suckling's lines in his ballad of The Wedding—
 "But, oh, she dances such a way | No sun upon an Easter day | Is

With a body of (*i.e.*, through dint of) greed I am in captivity :
 At Mass on a sunny Sunday¹ (*or perhaps* on Easter Sunday)¹
 The second knee under me I would not bow (*i.e.*, I would
 kneel upon one knee only).

At the time of prayer, it is conversation I would make.

It was this side and that I used to be looking
 [To see] which of them was the neatest and prettiest in dress.
 That I might deceive every maiden if I could,
 I thought to deceive with the deceits of the world.

I shall give another example or two of these long poems composed after the manner of a dialogue between the Body and the Soul, or between Death and the Man, etc. They are numerous, and to my thinking a little wearisome, but the people took great delight in them. I do not know in what part of Ireland they were composed ; they were to be found in every part of it, but I believe that the most of them belong to Munster. Shaun O'Daly gave us two of this sort, "The dispute of the Sinner with Death," and the "Conference of the Soul with the Body," in which there are more than 600 lines, but O'Daly says that these last were composed by Patrick Denn in the county Waterford about eighty years ago. I have myself no knowledge of their authors ; but I think that Patrick Denn did nothing but trim them up, and perhaps lengthen them, though of this I cannot be certain.² There is a good deal in these poems which reminds us of a Wesley or a Whitfield. The peasant in Connacht thinks, so far as I know him, that God is merciful and that he will save

half so fine a sight." *Cf.*, also Cleveland's poem of the "General Eclipse"—"Ladies that gild the glittering morn | And by reflexion mend his ray | whose beauty makes the sprightly sun | To dance as upon Easter day | What are you now the Queen's away?"

²My friend, Father P. Power, ascribes the poem to Denn. He has just edited it with a short life of Denn.

arfa Werley nó Whitfield ann ar g-cuimhne. Meapann an tuine-tuaithe i gConnacetaib, com fao asur aithnigim-re é, so bfuil Dia trócaireac asur so rábálfaid ré faoi deirlead na daoine, aet amáin tuine ar bit atá cionntac i n-oroé-cóir ar fao, aet damnaigeann cia bé rsgriob an dán ro, iao, ar eudan. As ro cúpla mann mar pómpla, crutaigear feabhar a teagairg o'd cómaipannaiib. Nuair éis an bár as bagairt ar an bpeacac as ráb leir so bfuil an t-irpionn i noán oó, toraigeann an peacac 'sá coraint féin, asur as ráb náir cóir a cup ann ran áit rin, óir nac raib ré níor meara 'ná móran daoine eile. Deir re so náóúirda so leór.

aiġneas an peacais leis an mbás.

Do faoil mé maí ná pinn me* don nio,

Do tuillfead panta píoipuide éactac;

"ní pinn mé goir bpoir ná éisear,

"muproer" ná feall don am ve'm faogal.

Do tuzainn lóirtin do zac veóirio tréit-las,

Diab 'sur veot do'n té éirinn i n-eugmair,

Díolaiġeact éeart le fear an éilim,

Oí nac epuair é iora má ġnir [ré] mé óaorai[ó].

An bár [as pteagairt].

ni'l vobac nac píoir zac nio ve'n méao rin,

aet éirt so póil so 'neópaó féin oit,

Oréao iao na neite tá do'coinne 's an don-mac,

'na g-cúir móir éroim le fonn tu óaorad.

Do bí tu páirúnta, oroé-ladairta, bpeugac,

óitac, imeairta, píoimaéac, rsléipeac,

barbarac, glagairac, 'r a' veapbuġ' éitig,

a'r tuig so oitilleann an róit rin tu óaorad.

* = "nac nveairiairó mé," mar vearpamaoir i gConnacetaib.

: This verse will show the metre of the original.

: I follow here the translation given me by my friend the late John

people at last, except only a person who is guilty of an entirely evil crime; but whoever wrote this poem damns them out of a face (*i.e.*, wholesale). Here are a couple of verses, for example, proving the excellency of his teaching to his neighbours. When Death comes threatening the sinner, saying that hell is laid out for him, the sinner begins defending himself and saying that it was not right to put him there, because he was not worse than many other people. He says naturally enough—

THE SINNER'S DISPUTE WITH DEATH.

I never did aught that I thought deserving
Of very much blame or of pain eternal,
I did never commit a sin like murder,
Treachery, lechery, theft, or burning.¹

I used to give lodging to every feeble outcast,
Food and drink to him whom I would see in want,
His proper payment to the man requesting reckoning,
Oh! is not Jesus hard if he condemns me.

DEATH [*answers.*]

There is no doubt but it is true, everything of all that [you
have said]
But listen yet, till I tell you myself,
What are the things which the One-Son has against you,
A cause great and heavy, desiring your condemnation.

You were passionate, evil-spoken, lying,
Drunken, gaming, disputations, quarrelsome²
Loud-talking, boastful, asserting a lie (*i.e.*, swearing falsely),
And understand that that sort [of character] deserves your
condemnation.

Fleming (who had an unique knowledge of the Waterford dialect) of the words *πορνῆται*, which Father Power also translates "back-biting," *εὐτρίπεα*, which he and I would translate "vaunting," and *βαρβαρῆται*, which Father Power translates "immoral."

An peacaí.

má ólaim rḡilinn go minic i dtíḡ an tábairne
i bpoáirí mo cómarpan no mo cómḡuir cáiríoe
íḡ mairḡ uuit cóiríoe rin mhuídeán am' láḡairí,
á'ḡ feabair mo éiríoe-ḡe cum díol ḡairí éác díol.

Do bí mé tamall beag i dtopaí mo fáoḡairí
bhuíḡeantaí barbaráí 'ḡ tabairḡa v'éiríeac,
Do rinne mé faoiríoin fao mo beata 'na díḡí rin,
á'ḡ vo fáoiríear, ḡeallaim, go mairí maíte mo élaonta.

Do éualar faḡairí v'á ḡeagairḡ go fóiríac
go bḡuairíuarí ó éiríort le bḡíḡ, na comácaḡa
Chum peacaíḡ [vo] maíteán vo'n aíteiríeac eóiríac,
nuairí deunraí faoiríoin ann ḡac ḡníóh v'á móirí-olc.

An báir [aḡ fḡeagairí].

íḡ fíoirí é, an peacaí, cíó mallairíḡe a éiríeḡ,
má innḡeann* a peacaíḡ le voilḡear veuríac
go bḡáḡairí páiríóh fíoirí ó ríḡ na naomáíḡ
'ḡe [i. aḡ] ḡlúin an tḡairíarí á'ḡ beannaíeḡ an aén mḡic.

áeḡ i dtopaí v'faoiríoin-ḡe 'ḡ vo ḡeallamain bḡeugac
ní'ḡ ionnta aon tairíbe cum v'anam vo fáoiríac,
mairí naí mairí oirí voilḡear tḡe v' peacaíḡ éacḡaí
ná fonn ceairí fíoirí an aíteiríḡe [vo] v'éanain.

ná tuig a ḡrairíḡe go mairíró mairí v'é díuḡ
ḡairí éirí a rinneirí ve éurípeacḡ élaontaí,
'S aḡ bḡuirí v'á díḡíḡe, ḡan ruim 'na éiríeacḡaíḡ,
áeḡ v'á ceuríac aḡirí ḡan rḡíe le h-éugceairí.

Deir an peacaí boíe naí mairí r'é níoirí meairí na
vaoine eile aḡuir

má'ḡ fíoirí ḡac a vḡuirí tu go mbéiríeac-ḡa vaoiríeḡ
aḡ ríon na ḡ-oiríeḡ vo 'nnuirí t'í v'ḡeul v'am,
íḡ é mo tuigiríe ḡuirí beag 'ḡan tḡeagairí rí
naí bḡuirí cóh vóna líom 'ḡan méac rin.

* "niríonn," i ḡ-convairíe fíoiríeḡ. Tabairí r'á vḡairí an fíoirí
ínnuiríeac "na naomáíḡ" i n-áirí "na naom," 'ḡan líne leanaí.
† = "innuirí" no "innuirí tu."

THE SINNER.

If I often drink a shilling in the tavern house
 Along with my neighbours or my near friends,
 It is a shame for thee to ever boast that against me,
 Considering the excellence of my heart in paying, beyond the
 rest of them.

I was [it is true] for a little while, at the beginning of my life,
 Quarrelsome, loud-talking, and given to lies;
 I made confessions throughout my life after that,
 And I thought, I promise you, that my transgressions were
 forgiven.

I heard priests teaching forcibly
 That they had got from Christ, with effect, the power
 To forgive sins to the conscious repentant one,
 When he would make confession of each deed of his great evil.

[DEATH answers.]

It is true that the sinner, though cursed are his ways,
 If he tells his sins with a tearful sorrow,
 Shall get true pardon from the King of the Saints,
 At the knee of the priest, and the blessing of the One Son.

But as for *your* confession and *your* lying promises
 There is no profit in them to save your soul,
 Because there was no sorrow in you for your dreadful sins,
 Nor any true proper desire to make repentance.

Do not think, you clod, that the Son of God shall forgive you,
 After all that you have done of deceitful corruption,
 And all that you have broken of his law, without heeding his
 wounds,
 But crucifying him again unrestingly, with injustice.

The poor sinner says that he was not worse than other
 people, and

If all that you say is true, that I shall be condemned
 Because of the crimes you mention in your account to me,
 It is what I understand, that there are few in this world
 Who are not as bad as I am, in all that.

má bío uile mar mife gan faoi[ó]
 Tar éir gac maiteir do cleáctair le daonnaét,
 Ir beag le rábáil lá na n-daor-bheá,
 Mar atáir uile 'ran g-cuir-peáct deuna.

Tis reanmóir fáda ó'n mbár ann rin, mar fheas-
 airt, as cur i g-céill cia an daoi a bfuil na daoine
 meallta.

nasir ir méin leó filléat ó cuirpeáct sáctain
 Deir ré 'nir leó 'na g-cioróe go láin-élic,
 nac bfuil Dia éom dian a'r tráctair,
 a'r nac n-daor-fair éirge* an tuine macánta.

Piarruigeann an Peacac faoi deiread cad é an
 róir daoine bérdear damanta, asur beir an bár
 fheasairt fáda dó arip. Ir in-bheátnuighe nac bfuil
 don focail 'ran bheasairt reó anagair na n-daoine
 de'n cheideam fállda, eir go bfuil na daoine dam-
 naigear ré éom h-íomadaimail rin go n-abrann an
 Peacac.

Oé a bár, éir, ir deimín gur bheas tuir!
 Go leóir o'á noubairt tu beir i g-cuir daoréa,
 mar ir beas, faolm, do éiríom 'ran tráoáil
 nac bfuil cionntac mar bheam éigin.

Damnaiigeann an bár—ac ní abrann ré gur ar pon
 a g-cpeiríom é—"An bheam dub fállda parmar na
 mór-cuir, tá deigilte o Dia, 'r leir an n-íabail do
 geobair fáda."

Deir an Peacac faoi deiread :

Ir minic, go deir reo, minnear gníomharéa éactac'
 Déir a'r capéanaét 'r ana-éir† daonnaét'
 An bfuigheav don luádeáct‡, im' móir-máit ar don éom,
 Tar éir gac ar éirge de guréal an tráoáil uaim?

* "éirge" = "ar don éom" i áiteácaib i gCúige Muinan.
 † = an-éir. i. móir-éir. Deir na Muinmí "ana-móir," "reana-
 dean" etc, i n-áit "an-móir" "rean-dean," etc.
 ‡ "a bfuigheav don luáct" 'ran g-cló.

If they [too] are all like me, unsaved,
 After every goodness which they practise with humanity,
 Few are they who are to be saved on the day of the con-
 demning judgments,
 For they are all in the same wickedness.

Then there comes in answer a long sermon from Death
 explaining how people are deceived.

When they desire to return from Satan's wickedness
 He says to them again in their heart, full-cunningly,
 That God is not as severe as is said,
 And that the decent person will not be condemned at all.

The sinner asks at last what kind of people are damned,
 and the Death again gives him a long answer. It is worth
 observing that there is not one word in this answer against
 the "foreign faith," although the people he damns are so
 numerous that the sinner says—

Och ! O death, whist ! it is surely a lie for you
 [To say] that plenty of whom you have spoken are in the
 state of condemnation,
 For it is few, I think, whom I see in this world
 Who are not guilty, as some set [or other] of them.

Death damns—but he does not say it is for their religion—
 "The black foreign fat lot, the great wild-boars who are
 separated from God, it is with the devil they shall go."

At last the sinner says—

Often, up to this, did I do considerable [good] deeds,
 Alms, and charity, and much humanity !
 Shall I get any reward for my great goodness at all ?
 After all I have given away of the affluence of this world.

Δεῦτε τὰ ἀνὴρ τοῦ-λύβδα, τοῖς γὰρ καὶ ἔφυγε ἀπὸ
μαῖς τοῦ ἱερὸς μέσῳ τῆς

1 n-erinaigib, 1 n-aipionn, 1 uerogad, na 1 uerinear,
 1 uerier, 1 g-aritanaet, na 1 n-an-euro uonnaet,
 ni 'l ionnta don tairde, an peacab muna uerigreair,
 'S beir 1 ngrao le Criorc am an eirni do deunain.

Cio maie i an caritatenae, mari ir pudalice naon i,
 ir i psait a'r teapmon an anam' Zan lreig i,
 Act ma gniteap deapmar de'n aiteuge deupad
 At'a 'n uile maiteap eom marb 'r ir reioie

Ácét ní'l aon máit i mbriatúraib an peacaig, agus
 tar éir ápsúinte fada de'n tróirt ro, buaileann an
 bár é agus rin deireadh leis !

Tug mé an giota fada ro ar an dán Muimneach le
n-a cúp i g-compráid leir na píopaib eile de'n éineál
ceudna, agus mar fáoil mé gur b'fíú a tabairt mar
fompla ar baramlaib na n'aoine féin i n'aoib dia-
déta, nuair labhair riad Gaedheil agus nuair bí
baramla aca. Aét, mar ttabairt mé, ní h-é díogaltar
Dé aét a t'pócaire san críó, an cáilíveacht ip mó air
a b'péadann an Connadtaé, mar veir an iug-fíle rin
páopaig O b'poin go binn.

Tá Rí na bPláitear ann a ghló 'r a maítear
 Go ríonpuróe ag peiteam leir an bpeacá páin,
 d'r tá páilte óilear agus vualgar mílir
 Do luét an aiteacáir amearg na plán.

Atá b'pá'n coit'c'ionn eile ann, ann a b'p'uil fearn-dail-
leac a's cur anagair a mic a'sur a's n'á gur fear'n 'Dia
'n'á tuine. Creao fá't mbeir'ead fear'n go f'io'p'uir'de
ar 'Dia leir an tuine cionntac? Nac atáir 'u'inn
'Dia? ni bíonn fear'n f'io'p'uir'de ar atáir.

But Death is inflexible and says that there is no good for him in all that.

In prayers, in mass, in fasting, or in abstinence,
In alms, in charity, or in much humanity,
There is no advantage, unless sin shall be forsaken,
And you to be in love with Christ at the time of doing the action.

Although good is charity, because it is a holy virtue,
(It is the defence and refuge of the soul without lie,)
Yet if forgetfulness be made of tearful repentance
All goodness is as dead as it can be.

There is no good for the sinner in his words, and after a long argument of this kind Death strikes him and there is an end of him !

I have given this long piece, out of the Munster poem, to compare it with other pieces of the same sort, and because I thought it worth while to give it as an example of the opinions of the people themselves about theology, at the time when they spoke Irish and had opinions. But, as I have said, it is not the vengeance of God but his unbounded mercy which is the characteristic which the Connacian most looks to. As says melodiously that king-poet Patrick O'Byrne.

The King of Heaven, in his goodness, even
Waits for the sinner who is still depraved,
Welcome shall meet him and the angels greet him,
A lowly penitent amongst the saved.

There is another common poem in which we have an old hag opposing her son and saying that God is better than man. "Why should there be anger eternally on God with guilty man? Is not God a father to us? There is not eternal anger in a father."

Náiríaró feara ar an scoill go bráðairó ré ríúirra
 'S mbuailíró a leanb, cur rmaét ašur ríúir arí,
 'S gearr an ašaró * anuairí a fearš vo múcaó
 Šur míle meara leir an leanb 'ná an ríúirra.

Ašur i n-ait eile veir pí naó fíoirí fearš veit ar
 Óia go buan

Ir móir an fearš í, 'r veacairí a ríóteaó,
 'S buó míteo uó cararó uá breuoráó † ré ar don éor,
 'S go bfuil ré ruište veairbtea aš Sacpanairí' éiréann
 naó bfuil vneam ar an talam ir meara na "papirer,"
 Tá šráó aš na Sacpanairí' uile u'á éile
 'S an té óiol Cníoirt naó uíob péin é?

Má tá šráó aš na Sacpanairí' millteaó ar a
 éile, caró pát naó mbeirdeaó šráó aš Óia ar a
 élainn péin.

Aét tá an éuir ir mó ve na vántairí viraó vo
 fuair mé o na vaoimí i ŠConnacairí aš tabairt
 cómairle dúinn oibreaó mairte vo vneam, ašur
 aš ráó naó bfuil don vealaró eile ann aét rin a vciš
 le vuine vut go plaitear Dé air. Aš ro, mar šompla
 ván vo ršríob mé ríor o veul rir i Šconvaé na
 Šaillíne. Mártain Ruaró O Šiollairnát an r-ainm
 vo bí air. Va ar lior-an-uirge láim le Muine-an-
 mearaó é. Mí raib don véarla aige.

TEAGASŠ BRIGIO.

Teagars Šbrigio ar a lear vo'n peacaó
 veannaét a átar 'r a cómairle vo šlacaró,
 muiré máearí go brát vo tagairt
 Reult an eólar aš an óirpeaó ašainn.

* = tamall.

† "vtegaró" 'ran MS. mearaim naó é an éailleaó aét an mac
 acá aš labairt ann ro.

"A man will go to a wood till he get a scourge.
Till he beat his child, putting obedience and manners on him.
Short is the time after quenching his anger
Till he thinks a thousand times more of the child than of the
scourge."

And in another place she says that there cannot be anger
lastingly on God.

Great is the anger and hard it is to pacify it,
And it were right for him to turn, were he able at all.
And sure it is settled and proved with the Sassanachs of Ireland
That there are no people in the world worse than Papists,
[Still] the Sassanachs all love one another,
And [yet] he who sold Christ was he not of themselves.

If even the wicked Sassanachs [Protestants] loved one
another why should not God love His children?

But the most of the religious poems which I have got
from the people in Connacht are giving us advice to do
good works, and saying that there is no road but this by
which a man may go to the heaven of God. Here for
example is a poem which I wrote down from the mouth of
a man in the county Galway. Martin Rua O Gillarná
(Forde! in English) was his name. He was from Lis-
anishka near Monivea. He had no English.

BRIDGET'S COUNSEL

The teaching of Breed for his good to the sinner,¹
To take his father's advice and blessing,
To plead for ever with Mary Mother,
A guiding-star to our foolish women.

¹ This translation is nearly literal, and at the same time almost in
the very rude metre of the original. My friend, Mr. John MacNeill,
took down a different version of this poem from the mouth of
máirtín mairiú O póbláin in Inismaan. See *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. iv.,
No. 46, p. 213.

mac na mná úr^{*} náí tuill an rḡannall
 aḡur ḡo brát náí ḡearmao an t-aḡair,
 'Sé rin péin vo rinne ár ḡceannaḡ
 maí ir tpe na ḡaoib éuaró ráit na rleige.

ḡeir an ḡán ro i ḡtaoib na ḡroinge naḡ raib ḡúil
 aca i nḡéiric ná i ḡtrócaire.

An oirḡe ir buide 'ran raoḡal ḡ'á mbionn aḡainn
 ḡan ceó ḡan reulta ḡan ḡealaḡ,
 ir ḡile í 'ná láí an laé díor aca.

ḡá ḡtiucpá liom-ra aḡur rúo ḡ'ámaic,
 b'ḡearri leat rḡóla ḡeunnaí ḡíot 'r vo ḡearmaó,
 ḡo bhuie ḡo ḡóḡaó a'r vo loḡḡaó,

ḡo éur i mbácuir ḡo mberḡeá caḡḡaḡa,
 ḡo meit ar bḡó 'r an rḡóḡ† ḡ'a caḡaó,
 ḡo mḡearri leat rin 'ná beit i bḡeacaó maḡḡeáḡ.

ḡeir an ḡán ro ḡúinn a láí ḡe ḡeaḡ-ḡómaire. aḡ
 ro rompla.

nuaíir éireóḡar tu ar maíoin tḡó i n-aírrinn‡
 reuḡ ar an alḡóir maí ir ceairt buit,
 reicirḡ tu íora cḡíorḡa ann rúo 'na feaḡaí
 aḡur a ḡoir naomḡa i láíí ḡaḡ raḡaíre.

nuaíir déirḡear tu réitḡ teirḡḡ a-baile,
 taḡaíir lóirḡín vo ḡeómaí' ḡo ḡe maíoin,
 biaó 'ḡur ḡeoḡ ḡo'n tḡ déirḡear palam.

má bíonn vo cáirḡe tinn ar a leabaíó
 má bíonn aon nio aḡao, bíóḡ ré aca.
 maílaḡ na baítrḡeabaiḡe§ ná bíóḡ aḡao.

aḡ buí vo luirḡe buit ar vo leabaíó
 teirḡḡ ar vo ḡlúnaí aḡur ḡaó vo páoir,
 'S an cuma ceunna aḡíḡ ar maíoin.

* "úr" = úr.

† "an rḡḡ" buḡaíre an fear, aḡ ni éuḡim rin.

‡ i.e., cum an aírinn.

§ baítrḡe "buḡaíre an fear.

The Son of the Woman who earned no scandal,
 The Son who never forgot the Father,
 It was He himself who made our purchase,
 And through His side that the lance's thrust went.

The poem goes on to say of those who have no pleasure
 in alms or in mercy:—

The darkest night in this world at present
 Dark without mist or stars or moonlight,
 Is brighter than their day when brightest.

Could you come with me but once, and see it,
 You would sooner be hacked in little pieces,
 Be boiled, be burned, and be roasted,

Be put in an oven till you had perished,
 Be ground in a quern with hundreds grinding,
 —Sooner than live in a sin that is mortal.

Go to Mass when you rise at morning,
 As you should do, regard the altar.
 See, Christ Jesus is thereby standing,
 In the priest's hand is His sacred body.

Go home again when that is finished,
 Give wanderers lodging until the morning,
 Food and drink to him who is empty.

Is your friend ill, or on sick-bed lying,
 Bring him whatever will give him comfort,
 —Never earn the curse of widow.

When to your bed you get at night-time
 Go on your knees your prayers repeating,
 Do the same when you rise next morning.

Ir é an nír i'r mó t'easgarstair ann, veasg-ghníomhartha
 do deunairh.

Deunairó veasg-beairt san dhéirí san mhasaó
 Deunairó veasg-beairt san dhéirí ar an talaíh.
 Sin í an t'rlíge dhíreac agus leanaígríde é,
 Sin é an bóirínn a'r [na] págaró amuis é.

As ro curó veasg de dhán fada eile do r'ghríoib mé ó
 beul an mháirtain Ruairó ceurona.

IS MAIRIS.

Ir mairis a díor ceann ar a fáogal gearr
 'S san fíor agairn c' fada uairnn ceann ar "léar"
 San orrainn aet r'méiríeacó ó'n mbár
 agus cairtíró an t-anam* beir* i látarí Dó

Súo fiarríócar Ghíorta ve'n anam
 Cao do bí ré a dhéanaim ag cairteam a laé,
 "Cus mé duit r'áit le tu féin do fadail,
 'S a amadain feuc marí damain tu [tu] féin."

[An peacac].

"[Do] leir mé fairsíge ann ran scár
 agus fáoil mé fillacó arís ro't do r'gáit
 no go t'áinig (ar f'eiréan) an dhár
 agus ius ré orim arí beul."

Nuairí macar an t-anam i dhíadhuir na t'ghríoib
 agus faoi dhíreacáinnar mhóir-mhic Dó,
 ní déirí nír ar bí le curí ann a leir go cnearta,
 aet t'ghríoib uiríagíte agus dhéirí.

* "An t'anam boet f'heasairt" t'ubairt an fearí.

† fó=faoi.

¹ Literally—Alas for him who is stiff out of his short life, and we without knowing how far away from us is the head (end) of our lease; with nothing but the beckoning of Death to us, and the soul must be in the presence of God.

What the poem chiefly teaches is to do good deeds :—

Do good deeds without lie or falsehood,
Do without lie good deeds on earth here,
That is the one straight way to follow,
That is the road, and go not off it.

Here is a small portion of another poem which I wrote down from the mouth of the same Maurteen Rua.

THE MAN WHO STANDS STIFF.

The man who stands stiff in a short-lived world
He knows not how long is the lease of his clod.
With Death he must reckon, when Death shall beckon
The soul must knock at the door of God.¹

Then Christ shall come and shall ask of the soul,
"O Soul say how hast thou spent thy day,
I gave to thee power and self-control,
Thou fool hast thou given thyself away?"

[*The Sinner answers.*]

"I thought I had time before me still,
And space to return beneath thy shield,
But Death came first, and against my will
E're I knew it, to Death I was forced to yield."

* * * * *

To the Trinity's presence the soul must mount,
To the judgment it comes, and its sins it bears,
And nought that it pleads for itself shall count
Save fastings, and givings of alms, and prayers.

Then Christ shall ask of the soul, what it was a-doing while spending its day. "I gave thee a state (power) to save thee, and thou fool see how thou hast damned thyself."

"I used neglect in the case, and I thought to turn again beneath thy shield, until"—said he—"Death came and seized me by the mouth."

When the soul shall go into the presence of the Trinity and under the judgment of the great Son of God, there shall be nothing to honestly allege for h'm but fasting, prayers, and alms.

muna tucspá áct gloine de'n uirge fuair,
(an níó ir fura fáigail t'á bfuil faoi 'n ngréin.)
So bfuigfíó tu a luac ar rdaio na ngráirca,
áct é vo éadairt uairt i n-onóiri dé.

Tu luac raotairi atá agaimn
Ar vo deit ag marluagó dé,
mar tó mi-áó mói, agur giorruí * raogail
agur pianta ifmunn 'i éir ar lae.†

"Ní'l don uair gearrphamaoio fuil Chríofca gan don
áóóar, nac gcráiríó pé trí h-uairc oirainn a lámh,
'tá aitéuul mói oim an creutúir úoi vo cumadó atá
vo mo éur aríir éum báir.' áct [a raib] de úroó-
rmuáirteadaió aige, agur [de] deag-ghnóimaircaib,
raófairí ríao i n-aibíó (?) uilear (?) ríála leó féin,
agur pé ar bit téiró leir an teilgean an uair rin, ir
aige-rean beiró re.†"

Déarparíóear ar an anam boct
'S cairíróear go teaglaig ifmunn é,
'S buó méara leir 'ná deit ann rna piantaib
Sgaraimaint le rubáircear breáig míc dé.

Deir an dán, tar éir rin, go raib an raogal iomlán
i nroircaóar agur nac nveadó le tu míle bliadóan
don anam go flaitear, agur go raib na h-aítreaca
naomta "i nroircaóar doib féin,"

* "Seircaó raogail" tuidair an fear. ní éuigim rin.

† "Le linn dé" tuidair an fear.

‡ ní éig liom deupairí vo úeunam de'n méao ro, atá pé éom
tmuáirlište rin, áct ir curó de'n dán é.

If you were to give but a glass of the cold water, the thing easiest
to be got that is beneath the sun, sure you will get its price in

If you gave but a glass of the water cold,
 (The simplest drink on the green earth's sod)
 Your reward is before you, a thousand-fold,
 If the thing has been done for the sake of God.

Three things there be, the reward of man
 For offending God—'tis a risk to run—
 Misfortune's fall, and a shortened span,
 And the pains of hell when all is done.

"There is no time that we shall cut [draw] Christ's blood without any cause, that he shall not shake his hand three times against us, [and say] 'I am sorry for creating yon creature who is putting me to death again.' But all the evil thoughts he had and all the good deeds [he did] they shall go in a . . . [?] scale by themselves, and whosoever the casting [of the scale] goes with, at that time, [devil or angel] it is he who shall have him."¹

The soul shall be seized and with cries be hurled
 To the threshold of hell where it now must stay,
 But worse than the pains is the thought that remains
 That it parts from the presence of God for aye.

The poem says, after this, that the entire world was in darkness, and that for three thousand years not one soul went to heaven, and that "the holy fathers were in darkness for themselves,"

the estate of grace, but only you to give it from you in the honour of God.

Three rewards for [our] labour we have, from [our] being abusing God, namely, great misfortune, and shortness of life, and the pains of hell after our day [is done].

¹ *This is meant to be part of the poem, but is so corrupt that I have printed it as prose.*

no gur glac an t-ionóir tuisi
Do'n éine daonna beiríoul i léig,*

asur gur tuisling mac na ngráta
i mbroinn mhíre, málaí Dó.

Dá noeunfáó do cómarra oic oir
níorí mian leat maiteam dó go h-éag†
áet feuc marí minne mac na ngráta
Do'n té do roinn, trát, ‡ rópóla Dó.

An ciorde bíor go h-oic 'd'á cómarraí
béirí re 'na meall bhrírtóin i láir a éleir,
'S an teanga tá [as] luad na mionna móra
béirí rí 'na bhrannha fíar 'na beul.

Lá an bhréteáinnair ar an rliad
Caitrímo cnuinnuáó i lálaí Dó,
Caitríó na ragaíre rreagaíre as an bpoal
aríon § an éogal uile go léir.

Béirí cloca na n-altóirí asur cloca na gcealteaca
teact as veunam ríadnuire i lálaí Dó,
Béirí na cáirveara-críort ann as teact 'na mbannair
[as teact] aríon a noálta réin.

[Caitríó na cáirveara-críorta rreagaíre
aríon a noálta uile go léir]
Ar gac banna aríon gac gaeleamain
D'á teugadair amain do'n éleir.

* "i léig" = go léir-réir?

† "go h-éag" uadair an fear.

‡ "na rópóla" uadair an fear, áet ní féirí gur ceart rín.

§ "cao do feól aríon gogal" uadair an fear, muo nac
teugim go maí.

² Literally—Until the Trinity took pity upon the human race that was going to destruction (?), and until the Son of the graces came down in the womb of Mary Mother of God.

If thy neighbour were to do thee an evil thou wouldst not desire to forgive him till death, but see how the Son of the graces acted to him who divided once the limbs of God.

Till the Trinity thought, and thinking pitied
 The race that was lying beneath the rod,
 And the Son of Grace came down through space
 To the womb of Mary Mother of God."

If thy neighbour offend thee, O passion's slave,
 Thou wilt not forgive him, through spite and pride,
 Yet see how the Son of Grace forgave
 The person who pierced God's holy side.

The heart that abhorreth its earthly neighbour
 As a brimstone lump in the breast shall lie,
 And the perjured tongue, that is loosely hung,
 Like a salted flame in the mouth shall fry.

At the hour of doom, on the awful Mount
 We all must gather beneath God's eye,
 And the priest for his flock give a sharp account,
 And account for the tares in his wheat and rye.

When the stones of the cells and the stones of the altars
 Arise and bear witness, let man despair !
 God-parents must come who went surety once
 And account for their own god-children there.

A reckoning-day for the sureties comes,
 The winnowing day of the wheat and chaff,
 They must strictly account for each pledge and promise
 They made to the clergy on their behalf.

The heart that is evil-disposed towards its neighbour, it shall be a lump of brimstone in the middle of his breast, and the tongue that is giving utterance to oaths, it shall be a [boiling] cauldron back in his mouth.

On the day of the judgment on the mountain, we must gather in the presence of God ; The priest must answer to the people on account of the tares altogether.

The stones of the altars and the stones of the churches [or cells] shall be coming bearing witness in the presence of God ; The god-parents [*literally* "Christ's friendship "] shall be coming as bailsmen, on account of their own god-children.

The god-parents must all answer for their god-children altogether, for every bond and for every promise that they ever gave to the clergy.

ní le blaodair, ní le bhréis,
 ní le uadair,* ná le plé,
 ír cóirí tuit do búl ann do éairdear Éiríorta
 áct le ghrád díleas Dó.

marí éis polas ar an ngealaig,
 marí éigear tear ar an ngréin,
 marí éigear an féar trío an talamh
 [Tiucparó lá breiteamair Dó].

Do bí a lán eile ann ran d'án fada ro áct níor
 rgríob mé ríor é. agus fágaim amac ann ro cuio
 d'á' rgríob mé, óir ní maib ré nó foiléir.

Má deapmaoir 'nár otimcioll ar talam na
 Cnórtuigeacta anuú, éirpimio ar éigin áit eile
 a bfuil níor mó ghrád as na daoimib ar an
 tSagaract 'ná i nÉirinn. Ní'l mé as trídect anoir
 ar don adubar impearáin éainis eatorria go déis-
 eannaó, áct má rgrúdaigmio rtair na h-Éireann ar
 fearó an éupla ceud bliadán cuairé earraimh, fág-
 maoir go maib an sagairt díleas u'a pobal agus an
 pobal u'a sagairt.

Ír iad na bliadanta fada, lán de érad agus de
 boctanar, o'fulaing na h-Éireannais (tarí éir daime
 uairle na tíre, a luco coranta féin, do beir leagta),
 agus iad san don tuine as fearam ar a ron áct a
 rsgairt féin, do éangail cpoirde an náirúin dóib go
 daingean olúct oó-rsgailte. Do éonnairc na daime,

* Labairt re an focal ro mar "boúar" wow-ar, as veunam com-
 fuaimle leir an mbéupla Bower. Tá átrugad toimair an 'ran
 line seo. Ír mé féin do éap an line déireannaó óir níor féao
 mé a léigead, tarí éir a rgríobta!

Not with flattery, not with lies,
 Not with pride nor haughty tone,
 Is it meet for a man to become "Christ's friendship"¹
 But with the love of God alone.

* * * *

As a light comes over the rising moon,
 As a heat comes over the settled sun,
 As the grass steals up through the fields of the world,
 The day of the judgment of God shall come.

There was a great deal more in this long poem, but I did not write it down, and I leave out here some of what I did write, because it was not very clear.

If we look around us, over the lands of Christendom to-day, we shall scarcely see another place in which the love and respect of their people for the priesthood is greater than in Erin. I am not now speaking of any cause of quarrel that may have lately come between them, but if we examine the history of the country during the last couple of hundred years we find that the priest clung to his people, and the people to their priest.

The long years, full of ruin and poverty, which the Irish suffered after the downfall of their natural protectors, the native nobles, without anyone to stand up for them but their own priests, bound to them the heart of the nation, strongly, firmly, inseparably. The people saw during two

Not with blather (flattery) not with lies, not with pride, not with dispute (?) is it right for thee to become Christ's-friendship, but with the sincere love of God.

As a light comes upon the moon, as a heat comes upon the sun, as the grass comes through the ground, (i.e. silently ?) the day of the judgment of God shall come.

¹ "Christ's-friendship" is the Irish name for god-parent or gossip. There is a change in the metre of this verse.

ar feadh dá ceud bliadan, a ragairet féin i mbochtanar
 agus i n-anró, as dul i mbeannain an badothail, as
 iarraid a n-oifis naomhta do d'éanamh, as dul arthead
 agus as teacht amach ann a meary, as cur ola ar an
 oing do bí i ngeim an báir, as ceangailt na
 lánamán ós, as breugad bpoín na mbocht, agus as
 friteolaó raicriméir na h-eaglaise, eir gur pianais-
 ead gur géar-leanaó agus gur caillead iad féin, so
 minic, ann fan obair rin. Má'r fíor an nio d'ubairt
 mé, gur ar éigin tá don tír eile 'ran eóirp ann a
 bfuil réim agus cúmaet na ragairet Rómánaó com
 mór agus tá ríad i n-éirinn, agus má téirimio as
 lonraireadé cia an fáit, tuigimio so rúartha gur
 mar gheall ar éir do beir as cuimniugad fór ar an
 méad mi-áda agus géar-leanta d'fulaing ríre agus a
 ragairet le céile, tá rí com ceannamail oppa d'r atá.
 Níor dearmaid rí rin fór, agus má tá áit com maic
 rin as ragaireadé na h-éireann i gcóimóirp le
 ragaireadé Rómánaig na tír eile, ní h-é mar gheall
 ar fuil Ceilthead do beir ann rna daoineib, ná mar
 gheall ar don nio eile d'a fóir, aet mar gheall ar an
 gcómpóir, ar an fáruad, ar an gcabair, agus ar an
 ríor-cóingnam do fuair daoine bocta na h-éireann ó
 na ragaireadé ann fan dá doir éuar tarrainn, nuair
 naó raib don duine léigeannta eile le dul i bpairet
 leó aet iad-ran amáin.

Cuimniugimio fór ar na cleairib do d'éigin do
 ragaireadé na h-éireann d'imiret, le na n-anam do
 fáthail, aet tá na sean rgeultha ro as dul i n-oi-
 cuimne ó coraig an ragairet agus an tuata a g-cuir
 Gaedheilge, ann ar innread iad, do caiteam uata

hundred years their priests in poverty and misery, standing in the gap of danger, seeking to fulfil their sacred office, coming in and going out amongst them, anointing those who were on the point of death, tying young couples, assuaging the grief of the poor, and administering the sacraments of the church, although they themselves often met suffering and persecution and death in doing so. If what I have just said is true, namely, that there is scarce another country in Europe in which the respect for and power of the Roman Catholic priests is as great as it is in Erin, and if we seek what is the cause, we shall easily understand that it is because Erin has not yet forgotten all the misfortunes and persecutions which she and her priests suffered together during the penal laws. She has not yet quite forgotten it ; and if the priesthood of Erin has so good a position, in comparison with the Roman Catholic priests of other countries, it is not on account of Celtic blood being in the people, nor on account of anything else of the sort, but on account of the comfort, the satisfaction, the aid, and the continuous-help which the poor people of Erin received from their priests in the last two centuries, when there was no other person of education taking their part, but they only.

The wiles which the priests of Erin had to practice in order to save their lives are not yet forgotten. But these old stories are passing into dis-remembrance since the priests and the people began to cast away from them the Irish language, in which they were told. There were people at one time in Ireland who had no other business than to find out

Do bí daoine i n-Éirinn an t-am rin naó rair shó
 ar bit aca aet na ragaire o'fágaíl amaó agur luac
 o'fágaíl ó'n tlighe marí gheall ar a n-obair fálaig,
 mar éiríomíó ó'n rann ro do éualair an t-ádaire O
 laogaire ó duine éigin.

níl maré óam beir o'á labaire,
 's do ghaol le Donncaó an t-ragaire,
 le h-éúgan na gcáraitó, a ádaire,
 le lué na g-ceann do ghearraó,
 le cur i málaib leadaire,
 do bheir leó ríor do'n ádaire,
 's an óir do ádaire a-baile,
 mar éóugaó ban a'r leand.

Ag ro rgeul, mar rompla, do fuair mife ó p'róinriar
 O Concúbaire i mB'U'ácluaín, do éualair é ó fean-
 mnaoi, do áiníis ar baile-an-tobair i gcontae
 mhuig Eó. Com fáda agur do bí an gaebeilg o'á
 labaire, agur na rgeulta ro o'á n-inniric innri, ir
 beas an t-ionghaó mear do beir ag na daoínib ar a
 geuro ragaire.

TOBAR mhúire.

A b'ao ó foim do bí tobar beannaighe i mBaile an
 tobair, i gcontae mhuig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran
 áit a b'fuil an tobar anoir, agur ir ar loig alópa na
 mainirtre do b'fir an tobar aimaó. Bí an mainirtir

¹ This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar

priests and gain from the law a reward on account of their dirty work, as we see from this rann which Father O'Leary heard from some one.

"There is no use in my speaking [encomiums on you]
 Seeing your kinship with Donogha-of-the-priest,
 And with Owen-of-the-cards, his father,
 With the people of the cutting off of the heads,
 To put them into leather bags,
 To bring them down with them to the city,
 And to bring home the gold [they got for them]
 For sustenance of wives and children."

Here is a story, for example, which I got from Próinsias O'Connor, in Athlone, who heard it from an old woman who was herself from Ballintubber, in the County Mayo. So long as Irish was spoken, and these stories told in it it was small wonder that the people should have a regard for their priests.

MARY'S WELL.

Long ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (i.e., town of the well),¹ in the county Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill,

Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Évilly Í]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My friend, Major Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

ar éaoib énuic, aét nuair táinig Críomail agus a cúir
 ríghoradóir cum na tíre reó, leagadair an mianiríur,
 agus níor fágadair cloé or cionn cloíde de'n altóir
 náir éaiteadair ríor.

Buadain ó'n lá do leagadair an altóir, 'ré rin lá
 féil mhuir 'ran earrac, 'read búr an tobair amac ar
 loig na h-altóra, agus ip iongantac an ruid le ríó
 nac raib bpaon uirge ann ran ríut do bí ag bonn an
 énuic ó'n lá do búr an tobair amac.

Bí brátair boét ag tuit na ríge an lá ceirna,
 agus cuair ré ar a bealac le páirir do ríó ar loig
 na h-altóra beannaigíte, agus bí iongantac mór air
 nuair connairc re tobair breá ag ann a h-áit. Cuair
 ré ar a glúnaib agus éoraig ré ag ríó a páirir nuair
 cuair ré ríut ag ríó, "cuir díot do bpaon, tá tu
 ar éalac beannaigíte, tá tu ar bpaon Tobair mhuir,
 agus tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Búir tuine
 léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anagair gac uile
 tuine d'éirí airíonn i látair na h-altóra do bí ann
 ran áit ann a bpaon an tobair anoir, má bíonn ríat
 tuinca rí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an átair an míle agus
 an Spioraio Naomh."

Nuair bí a páiriréac páirte ag an mbpátair d'feuc
 ré ríat agus connairc colum mór glégeal ar éiríonn
 glúbaí i ngar dó. Búir h-i an colum do bí ag caint.
 Bí an bpátair gleurta i n-eudaisib-bpéige, mar bí
 luac ar a éann, com mór agus do bí ar éann
 maopa-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bí d'fuaigair ré an ríeul do dáoinib an
 baile big, agus níor bpaon go noeacair ré ríat an
 tír. Búir boét an áit i, agus ní raib aét boéain ag

but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this country, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate, he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had

na daoimib, agus iad lionta le deatac. Ar an árbhar rin bí curto mairt de daoimib caoča ann. Le clarpfolar, lá ar na mairac, bí or cionn dá picio daoine ann, as tobair mhuir, agus ní raib fear ná bean aca nac otáinig ar air agus raðarc mairt aca.

Cuairt clú tobair mhuir eirio an tír, agus níor bfaota go raib oiletreaca ó gac uile conuac as teacót go Tobair mhuir, agus ní deacairt don neac aca ar air gan beit léigeara; agus faoi ceann tamail do bídeat daoine ar tíortair eile féin, as teacót go tci Tobair mhuir.

Bí fear mi-éireomeac 'na cómnuidé i ngar do Baile-an-tobair. Duine uaral do bí ann, agus níor éireo pé i léigear an tobair beannairgte. Dubairt pé nac raib ann acót pírtreóga, agus le masat do deunam ar na daoimib tug pé aral dall do bí aige cum an tobair agus cum a ceann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-aral a raðarc, acót tugat an masatóir a-baile comh dall le bonn do bhróige.

Faoi ceann bliadna tuir pé amac go raib ragaite as obair mar gairdadóir as an duine-uaral do bí dall. Bí an ragaite gleurta mar fear-oibre, agus ní raib fíor as duine ar bít go mbur ragaite do bí ann. Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral breóirte agus o'iarra pé ar a fearbóganca é do tabairt amac 'ran ngáirída. Nuair táinig pé cum na h-áite a raib an ragaite as obair, fuir pé fíor. "Nac móir an truaas é," ar reirean, "nac otis uom mo gairda bréas o'feiceal!"

Glac an gairdadóir truaas óó agus dubairt, "Tá fíor asam cá bfuil fear do léigreócat tu, acót tá luac ar a ceann mar gcall ar a éireomam."

nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were above forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured ; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. " Isn't it a great pity," says he, " that I cannot see my fine garden ?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, " I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"Deirum-re m'focal nac n'oeunparò mife rprò-
easóirneac ari, agus iocparò mé go maic é ar ron a
t'rioblóirde," ar ran duine uasal.

"Aét b'éirir nár maic leat dul trío an t'rlige-
rlánaište atá aige," ar ran gárðaoir.

"I' cuma liom cia an t'rlige atá aige má t'ugann
ré mo radarc dam," ar ran duine uasal.

Anoir, bí t'roc-clú ar an duine-ualas, mar b'raic
ré a lán de radarcasí poime rin; B'ingam an t-ainm
do bí ari. Ar éad ar bí glac an radarc meirneac
agus dubairt, "Bíod do cóirte réir ar maoin
amárac, agus tiomáinirò mife tu go t'at áit do
léigir, ní t'is le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beic
! l'atair aét mife, agus ná h-innir t'aon duine ar bí
cá b'uil tu as dul, no f'ior cao é do gnaicte (gnó)."

Ar maoin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte B'ingam réir,
agus éad ré péin arceac, leir an gárðaoir t'a
tiomáint. "Fan, t'ura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,"
ar pé leir an t-cóirteoir, "agus tiomáinirò an gárð-
aoir mé." Bí an cóirteoir 'na b'iteamnac, agus bí
éad ari, agus glac pé nún go mbeirdeac pé as f'aire
opra-ran,, le f'ágail amac cia an áit raib r'at le dul.
Bí a g'leir beannaicte as an radarc, taob-aricg de'n
eudac eile. Nuair t'angadair go Tobair m'uireoub
airt an radarc leir, "I' radarc mife, tá mé dul le
do radarc t'f'ágail uic 'ran áit ar éail tu é."
Ann rin tum pé t'ri uaire ann ran tobair é, i n-ainm an
átar an m'ic agus an Spioraid Naomh, agus t'ainis a
radarc cuige dom maic agus bí pé ariamh.

"Deirparò mé ceo púnt uic," ar ra B'ingam,
"dom luac agus radarc mé a-baile."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode of curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

Bí an cóirteodóir a5 faise, a5ur com luat a5ur con-
naisc ré an ragaic ann a gleur beannaigste, cuairé ré
go luat an tligé a5ur bpaic ré an ragaic. Do gabad
a5ur do crocad é san bpeiceam san bpeiceamhar.
D'feutpad an fear do bí tap éir a raóaisc d'fágail
ar air, an ragaic do faopaó, aet níor labair ré focal
ar a fon.

Timcioll míora 'na diais reó, táinig ragaic eile go
Dingam a5ur é gleurta mar gárdadóir, a5ur o'iair
ré obair ar Dingam a5ur fuair uair i. Aet ni raib
ré a bpaó ann a feiribir go tóarla tpoó-puo do Ding-
am. Cuairé ré amac aon lá amáin a5 riúbal trío na
páirceannais, a5ur do carad cailín mairead, ingean
fir boict, air, a5ur pinne ré marluad uirri, a5ur
o'fág leat-marb i. Bí triúr deairbriácar a5 an
scailín, a5ur tugaóar mionna go marbócad riao é
com luat a5ur geobairóir gneim air. Ni raib a bpaó
le panamaint aca. Gabadair é pan aic deunta ar
marlaig ré an cailín, a5ur crocadair é ar ériann, a5ur
o'fágadair ann rin é, crocta.

Ar maroin, an lá ar na márad, bí milliúiníó de
míoltógaib cruinnigste, mar énoc móir, timcioll an
ériann, a5ur níor feut tuine ar bit out anaice leir,
mar gail ar an mbolad bpean do bí timcioll na
h-aite, a5ur tuine ar bit do raóad anaice leir, do
dallpad na míoltóga é.

Tairg bean a5ur mac Dingam ceut púnt d'aon
tuine do béirpad an corp amac. Rinne cuir máit
daoine iarrair rin do deunam, aet níor feutadair.
Fuair riao púdar le crataó ar na míoltógaib, a5ur
geuga ériann le na mbualad, aet níor feutadair a

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him ; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and anyone who would go near it the midges would blind him.

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor

ṛṣaraṁ, nā tūl cōm paṁa leir an ṣṛann. Ūi an
ḍreuntar an éirige níor meara, aṣur bī eaṣla ar na
cōmarrannaib ṣo tciubraṁ na miolcōṣa aṣur an corp
ḍrēun plāig orra.

Ūi an tapa ṛaṣarṭ 'na ṣāṛḍaṁḍir aṣ Ūingam 'ran
am ro, aṁt ni raib fīor aṣ luṁt an tige ṣur ṛaṣarṭ
ḍo bī ann, ōir ḍa mbeirḍeaṁ fīor aṣ luṁt an ōlige no
aṣ na ṛṛiḍeaṁḍirib, ḍo ṣeḍḍaṁ ṛiaṁ aṣur ḍo ḍroṁṛaṁ
ṛiaṁ é. Cuaṁ na Catoilcig ṣo mnaoi Ūingam aṣur
ṁḍarraṁaṁa lēi ṣo raib eḍlar aca ar ōuine ḍo
ḍibṛeaṁ na miolcōṣa. "Ṭaḍairi cūṣam é," ar ṛire,
"aṣur mā'ṛ fēiṁir leir na miolcōṣa ḍo ḍibṛṭ ni h-é
an tuiar ṛin ṣeḍḍar ṛe aṁt a ṛeaṁt n-oirḍaṁ.

"Aṁt," ar ṛiaṁ-ṛan, "ḍā mbeirḍ' fīor aṣ luṁt-an-
ṁlige aṣur ḍā ṛṣaḍaṁaṁir é, ḍo ḍroṁṛaṁaṁir é, maṛ
ḍroṁ ṛiaṁ an ṛear ḍo ṛuair ṛaḍarṭ a ṛūl ar air ḍó."
"Aṁt," ar ṛire, "nac ḍreunṛaṁ ṛé na miolcōṣa ḍo
ḍibṛṭ ṣan fīor aṣ luṁt-an-ṁlige?"

"Nī'l fīor aṣainn," ar ṛiaṁ-ṛan, "ṣo ṛṣlacṛamaṁo
cōmairle leir."

An oirḍe ṛin ṣlacarṁ cōmairle leir an ṛaṣarṭ,
aṣur ḍ'innir ṛiaṁ ḍó car ṁḍairṭ bean Ūingam.

"Nī'l aṣam aṁt beaṁa ṛaḍaṁa ḍo caillearmairṭ,"
ar ṛan ṛaṣarṭ, "aṣur ḍearṛaṁ mé ṛuar i ar ṛon na
ṛḍaṁe ḍoṁt, ōir ḍeirḍ plāig ann ṛan tīṛ muna ṣcuiṛ-
ṛiṁ mé ḍibṛṭ ar na miolcōṣaib. Ar maṛoin amāṛaṁ,
ḍeirḍ iarṛaṁ aṣam i n-ainm Ūé iat ḍo ḍibṛṭ, aṣur
ṁā muiniṣin aṣam aṣur ḍoṁcar i n'Ūia ṣo ṛāḍaṛaṁ
ṛé mé ó mo cūro nāṁaṁ. Ṭeirḍ cūig an ḍean-uarail
anoir, aṣur aḍair lēi ṣo mbeirḍ mé i ṛṣar ḍo'n ḍṛann
le h-éirige na ṣṛéine ar maṛoin amāṛaṁ, aṣur aḍair

to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew, they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

léi rir do beit réir aici leir an gcorp do cup 'ran uais."

Cuair ríao éum na mná-uairle, agus o'innir ríao ví an méao ouðairt an ríagart.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "béir an ouair réir ašam uó, agus oruócair mé móir-íeiréar fear uó beir i látar."

Cair an ríagart an oiróce rin aš guiré ué, agus leat-uair roim éiríge na gréine cuair ré éum na h-áite a rair a gléur beannaigte i bpolac. Cuir ré rin air, agus ví cpoir ann a leat-láir agus ví uirge coirreagta ann ran láir eile, aige, uul éum na h-áite a rair na míoltóga. Tóraig ré ann rin aš léigead ar a leabair agus aš cpaat uirge coirreagta ar na míoltógaib, i n-ainm an átar an míe agus an Spiorait Naomh. O'éiríge an enoc míoltós, agus o'eitill ríao ruar 'ran aéir, agus rinneadar an ríer com uorca leir an oiróce. Ní rair ríor aš na uoimib cia an áit a nbeadar, áet ríoi éann leat-uairé ní rair éann uíob le peiceál (feicrint).

Uí lútgáiré móir ar na uoimib, áet níor bpaia go bpaadar an ríreadar aš teáet, agus glao ríao ar an ríagart ríit leir com rapa a'r ví ann. Tug an ríagart uo na boinn, agus lean an ríreadar é, agus ríian ann gac láir aige. Nuair náir feiré ré teáet ruar leir, cáit ré an ríian 'na uiaig. Nuair ví an ríian aš uul tar gualaín an ríagart, cuir ré a láir éle ruar, agus gab ré an ríian, agus cáit ré an ríian ar air gan féacaint caob-ríar ué. Uuail rí an fear, agus cuair rí ríir a éiríde, gur cuir ré marb, agus o'iméig an ríagart ríor.

They went to the lady and told her 'all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy-water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

* *This is an absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. Donn means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."*

Fuair na fir corp Úngam, agus cuireadar ann ran uais é, aét nuair éadar corp an rribeadópa do cuir, fuairadar na mílte de luógaib móra timéioll air, agus ní raib gneim feóla ar a cnámaib nac raib itte aca. Ní corrócaó ríao de'n corp agus níor feuo na daoine iao do ruagaó, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáma ópágbáil or cionn talmán.

Cuir an ragaic a gleur beannaisíte i bpolac, agus do bí ag obair 'ran ngaróda nuair cuir bean Úngam fíor air, agus o'iair air an duair do glacaó ar fon na míoltóga do díbiric, agus í do tabairc do'n fear do díbir iao má bí eólar aise air.

"Tá eólar agam air, agus tubairc ré liom an duair do tabairc cuige anoét, marí tá nún aise an tír o'págbáil pul má gpoéfairó luét an oisge é."

"Seó dúit í," ar ríre, agus feacaio rí rporán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, o'iméig an ragaic go coir na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí ag dul cum na ffraince, éadó ré ar bopio, agus com luac agus o'pág ré an cuan cuir. ré air a eudais ragaic, agus eug buideacáir do Dia faoi n-a tabairc raor. Níl fíor agaimn cao tápla dó 'na diais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeao daoine daila agus caoča ag tigeaét go Tobair míuie, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beic léigearta. Aét ní raib ruo maic ar bit ariam ann ran tír reo, náir míleao le duine éigin, agus míleao an tobair, marí ro.

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí rí ar tí beic pópta, nuair táinig sean-bean caoé cuici ag iarriaró oéirce i n-onóir do Dia agus do míuie.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. They would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to rout them away, so that they had to leave the bones over-ground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbour he put his priest's-clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honour of God and Mary.

"Ní'l don ruo agham le labhairt do sean daoibh an caillege, tá mé bodairghe aca," ar fan cailín.

"Ná faibh fáinne an póirta ort a-coinche go mbéid tu comh caoic a' r' tá mire," ar fan trean-bean.

Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, bí fáile an cailín ois nimneac, aghur ar maroin 'na diais rin bí rí beas-naic dail, aghur dubairt na comharanna go mbuó dóir bí dul go Tobair Mhuir.

Ar maroin go moe, o'eirig rí, aghur éuaró rí cum an tobair, aic éreuo o'feicfead rí ann aic an trean-bean o'iarri an o'eirc uirri 'na ruidé as bhuac an tobair, as ciarad a cinn or cionn an tobair bean-naighe.

"Leir-rghior ort, a cailleadh ghránna, an as palacac Tobair Mhuir atá tu?" ar fan cailín; "imtig leat no bhirpíó mé do muineul."

"Ní'l don onóir ná meaf aghad ar Dia ná ar Mhuir, o'eitig tu o'eirc do tabairt i n-onóir doibh, ar an adóir rin ni cumfáid tu tu féin 'ran tobair."

Fuair an cailín gheim ar an gcaillig, as feudaint i do rtreacailt ó'n tobair, aic leir an rtreacailt do bí eatorra do tuit an beirt arceac 'ran tobair aghur báitead iad.

O'n lá rin go oti an lá ro ni faibh don léigear ann ran tobair.

* * * * *

Tá aic móir as Mhuir Mácar i birlideac o'iaid na nGaedeal. Ir i do éuir léigear na noail ann ran tobair, ir i do cairbeán i féin do'n brácar boet faoi épuic coluim, aghur ir i do beir léigear do boctair an traogail tre na h-accuinge ar a mac. Ni h-iongnad

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the marriage ring may never go on you until you're as blind as myself," says the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's well you are?" said the girl, "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honour nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honour of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

Mary Mother bears a great part in the religious poetry of the Gaels. It was she who put the curing of the blind in the well, it was she who showed herself to the poor friar under the form of a dove, and it is she who gives a cure to the poor of the world through her intercession with her Son.

go tciubrao cpoide na nḡaeḡeal—cpoide an náiriúin
rin buo mó eus meap asur onóiri u'á mbantpaet—é
féin do múire go móir-móir.

"Ir maic an bean, múire mhóir,"

ar eógan O Dubḡaig,

"bean do beir maḡarc do ḡall."

múire mhóir.

Ir maic an bean múire mhóir,
máḡair áirio-miḡ na rloḡ ríoir,
ir iao a ḡrára ir ḡnát lán,
bean do euir pál ro ḡae tír.

bean í u'á ḡclaonann ceap,
bean ir mó neapic a'ir bpiḡ,
bean ir buige pá óir deapḡ,
bean le ḡcoirḡḡeap reapḡ an miḡ.

bean do beir naḡarc do ḡall,
bean ir tpeire ḡall ar neam,
bean do éóis mo náimḡe óiom,
bean ir uíon dam ar ḡae cat.

* * * *

ní corḡúil múire le mnáib,
[múire mhóir ir maic ḡníom],
ní corḡúil balpam le mioḡt,
le liunn goḡic ní corḡúil ríon.

ní corḡúil domlur le mil,
's ní corḡúil úma le h-óir.
ní corḡúil lil leir an rpinn,
's le máis mhin ní corḡúil móin.*

* "ní corḡúil móin le máis mhin," 'ran MS.

It was no wonder, then, that the heart of the Gaels, the heart of a nation that especially respected and honoured its women, should give itself up particularly to Mary.

"Good is the woman, Great Mary,"

says Owen O'Duffy,

"A Woman who gives sight to the blind."

GREAT MARY.

Good is the woman, Great Mary,
The mother of the High-king of the eternal hosts,
They are her graces which are ever full,
A woman who put a hedge round each country.

A woman to whom right inclines,
A woman greatest in strength and power,
A woman softest (*i.e.*, most generous) in red gold,
A woman by whom is quenched the anger of the king.

A woman who gives sight to the blind,
A woman who is most powerful beyond in heaven,
A woman who has taken away my enemies from me,
A woman who is a defence to me in every battle.

* * * * *

Mary is not like women,
[Great Mary of good deeds],
Balsam is not like to myrrh,
To salt ale, wine is not like.

Gall is not like honey,
And brass is not like gold,
The lily is not like the thorn;
And to a smooth plain, bog is not like.

Ní féidir a gcómaireadh, méadó na n-án do rghíob
 Donnadó Mór agus na sean-filíde i n-onóir do
 Mhuire. As ro rgeul-adhán airtead ar an mlaigoin
 do fuair mé ó Mac Uí Cearnaigh oide-rsoile i mbeut-
 mhileadó, siar i gconradé Mhuig-Éó, do fuair ó beul
 sean tuine é. Glaoó ríad air, "Caoineadó na trí
 Mhuire." I r luachán an píopa é, dar liom-ra, óir m'l
 móran de'n tróir ro i nGaeóeilg as innpint rgeil,
 agus leir an "gcuir-fá" i nveineadó gac leat-ruinn.
 I r corínúile, i n-a tairíó seo, le píopa Albanac 'na
 le píopa Éireannac é. I r píop-simplíde é san
 "comarda" ná comfuaim. Ní corínúil go nveairadó
 an file féin an rgeul ro adt i r tóig go tóimig se o
 éirp Gaeóeilg de ceann de na poirgéalair-bhéise.

CAOINEADÓ NA TRÍ MHUIRE.

Racamaoio éum an tpléide

Go móé ar maroin amárac,

(Oéón agus oé ón ó.)

"A beairí na n-abracal

An bparó tu mo ghráó geal?"

(Oéón agus oé ón ó.)

"Maireadó! a mlaigvean,

Connairic mé ar ball é,

(Oéón agus oé ón ó.)

¹ This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original "Agus," =
 and" is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece,
 which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá*,
 ran most curiously, *dech dech agus dech uich an*, after the first two lines,
 and *dech dech, agus dech ón ó* after the next two. Thus:—

leasadó anuar i n-úto a mátarí é,

(Oé, oé, agus oé ué an)

Sabair a leir, a dá mhuire, agus caoinigíóe,

(Oé oé, agus oé ón ó.)

It is impossible to count all the poems that Donogha Mór and the old bards composed in honour of Mary. Here, however, is a curious ballad on the Virgin, which I got from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, in the west of the county Mayo, who got it from an old man there. They called it the "Keening of the Three Marys." It is, in my opinion, a valuable piece, because there is not much of this kind in Irish, telling a story, and with the *cur-fa* or refrain at the end of each half verse. It is in this respect more like a Scotch-Gaelic piece than an Irish one. It is exceedingly simple, without *cu-arda* or complex vowel-rhyme. It is not likely that the poet himself invented the story, but it may be that it came from some Irish version of one of the apocryphal gospels.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

Let us go to the mountain

All early on the morrow,

(Ochone ! agus ochone, O !)

"Hast thou seen my bright darling,

O Peter, good apostle?"

(Ochone ! agus ochone, O !)¹

"Aye ! truly O Mother

Have I seen him lately,

(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Literally.—We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone O ! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone, and ochone, O.

Musha O Mother I did see him just now, ochone, and ochone, O ! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone, and ochone, O !

Δῦρ δὶ γέ γὰρτα σο χμαρὸ
 ἰ λάρ α νάμναυ,"
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)

"Ὅι λυθάρ 'να αἶσε
 Δῦρ ηυξ γέ γρημ λάρμ' αἶμ,"
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)
 "Μαιρεαὸ α ἰυθάρ θμαυαῖξ
 χρευο το ηιννε μο ξηρό οητ?"
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)

"Ἡι θεαρηναὸ γέ αηιαῖμ
 Ταυα αη λεανθ νά πάητε,
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)
 Δῦρ νίση εἰμη γέ φεαηξ
 αηιαῖμ αη α μάταημ,"
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)

Ἡυαηι φυαηι να θεαῖμαιν αμαδ
 Σο μθυὸ ἰ φέιν α μάταημ,
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)
 Ἐόξαυαηι ρυαη
 αη α ηγυαηληδ σο η-άηο ἰ,
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)

Δῦρ θυαηλεαυαηι ρίση
 αη ἐλοθαῖδ να ηηάηο ἰ
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)
 Ἐυαὸ ρί ἰ λαῖξε
 Δῦρ δὶ α γλῦνα γεάηηετα
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)

"Θυαηληὸ μέ φέιν
 Δῦρ νά βαιν λε μο μάταημ."
 (Οὐδὸν Δῦρ οὐ ὄν ὁ.)

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc.
 "Musha O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he
 put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

Caught by his foemen,
 They had bound him straitly,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O.)

"Judas, as in friendship
 Shook hands, to disarm him,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Oh Judas ! vile Judas !
 My love did never harm him
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

No child has he injured,
 Not the babe in the cradle,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Nor angered his mother
 Since his birth in the stable,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
 That she was his mother,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They raised her on their shoulders,
 The one with the other ;
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
 On the stones all forlorn,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And she lay and she fainted
 With her knees cut and torn,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,
 But, oh, touch not my mother,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"Duaifimio tu péin.

A'f maibócamaoio vo mátaí,"

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

Stídiceavai an bhaíḡ leó

An lá rin ó n-a látaí,

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

Acé vo lean an maigvean

Iav ann ran b'ápaé

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

"Cia an bean í rin

'náí nuaíḡ ann ran b'ápaé?"

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

"Ḣo veimin má tá bean aī bié ann

'Sí mo mátaí,"

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

"A éoin, feuc, fáḡaim oīc

Cúnam mo mátaí,

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

Conḡbaíḡ uaim í

Ḣo ḡeríocnócaíḡ mé an páíḡ reó,"

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

Nuaíḡ éuaíḡ an maigvean

An ceileadhaíḡ c'ráíḡte,

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

Ḣuḡ rí léim éar an ngáíḡa

Agur léim* Ḣo éman na páíḡe

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

Cia h-é an rearí b'ieáḡ rin

Aī éman na páíḡe

(Ocón agur oc ón ól)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

* "Agur an uapa léim ḡo," maí vo éuaíḡ é, acé ḡníḡ ré an líne mó fáḡa.

" Yourself,—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

But the Virgin pursued them
Through the wilderness going,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

But Oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

" What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognize your son, O mother, ochone, etc.

an é naé n-aitnígeann tu
 Do mac a mátaí?
 (Océon aḡur oc ón ó!)

an é rin mo leaib
 a d'ioméar mé trí máite,
 (Océon aḡur oc ón ó!)

no an é rin an leaib
 d'oileadó i n-uéir máire?
 (Océon aḡur oc ón ó!)

* * *
 Caiteasair anuas é
 'na rpbólaib geárréa
 (Océon aḡur oc ón ó!)

"Sin éugaid anoir é
 aḡur caoinisíó dui ráit air,"
 (Océon, aḡur oc ón ó!)

Slaoó air na tri mhúire
 So geaoimíúiró air ngráó geal
 (Océon, aḡur oc ón ó!)

tá do éirí mná-caointe
 le breit fóir a mátaí
 (Océon, aḡur oc ón ó!)

béir tu liom-ra
 So fóir i ngáiríóin párréar,
 (Océon aḡur oc ón ó!)

So maib tu do dean'iomráó(?)
 i gcátaí gíl na ngrára
 (Océon aḡur oc ón ó!)

Ir iongantac an cuimne maic atá aḡ na d'aoiniú gan
 léigean, aḡur aḡ d'aoiniú naé péirí leó léigead ná
 rḡríobad. Ir ḡnátac cuimne dúbaila, 'reao cuimne
 deic n-uairé níor fearr do beit aca 'ná aḡ na rḡol-
 áirib leat-múinte leiríoeada, rḡeitear na rḡolta mi-

Is that my child that I carried for three quarters of a year, ochone,
 etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary,
 ochone, etc.

"And do you not know him,
 He is your son, O Mother."
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 "Oh, is that the child whom
 I bore in this bosom,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 Or is that the child who
 Was Mary's fresh blossom" !
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 They cast him down from them
 A mass of limbs bleeding,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 "There now he is for you,
 Now go and be keening,"
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 Go call the three Marys
 Till we keene him forlorn.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 O Mother thy keeners
 Are yet to be born,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 Thysel self shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)
 To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling,
 (Ochone agus ochone, O !)

It is wonderful the good memory that people without book-education have, and that people have who are able neither to write nor read. They usually have twice, aye, ten times

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born O Mother, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces ochone, and ochone, etc.

náirpúntaí a mac uata. Bí mé aon uair amháin i gceart-
láir condaé na Gaillimhe ag tóirgeadé rean-rgeul
ó na daoineib. Cualaíó mé caint ag mórlán go raib
rgeulta ag fear dar b'ainm Mártain Ruad o Siol-
larnáé, agus dubairt gac uile duine do labair liom
o'a éaoib, "bí cinnte," adubairt ríad, "agus fás
uair an Dainríogain áluinn." Saoil mire sup rgeul
do bí ann. Fuair mé an fear rin amac pá deiread
agus tar éir cuir o'a rgeultaib o'fágail uair,
dubairt mé leir. "an Dainríogain áluinn do éabairt
dam, sup cuir muinntir na h-áite ppéir mhór ann,
agus go raib meapaca air." Éorais pé ann rin agus
fuair mé nac rgeul aet dán do bí ann. Bí iongantap
orm sup cuir na daoine an oipead rin fuime ann.
Tá pé com maic dam a élobualad go h-íomlán, mar
fompla ar na dántaib fada atá fór ann ran tír.
Do labair an fear ceudna laoi fiannuigeadta dam, lá
eile, a raib ceitne ceud line ann, agus creidim go
raib na mílte line aige. Bí pé gan béarla. Is é an
fear ceudna é ó a bfuair mé "Teagars Úngio" do
tug mé fuar.

Tá a lán de dántaib-teagairg agus o'abpánaió
cpáibteaca de'n tróirt fo ag na rean daoineib labrap
Gaedilg, agus 'rí mo bapamail sup b' iad-ran na
píopair is iomaóamla i g Connactaib tar éir na n-
abpán gíad. Cíó sup fada an dán-teagairg reo is
o'ois nac bfuair me an t-íomlán de.

an Dainríogain áluinn..

A dainríogain áluinn is áille cpud fo 'n ngréin
fás do beannaet ag vo éáiruib go bpáé agus ag vo éine go léir,
Cailliró tu ar an áit re vo pláinte vo deire 'r vo rgréin,
agus béaparáó mire báp ouit gan ppár na h-oróde reo féin.

as much memory as the half-educated uppish scholars that the un-national schools send forth. I was, once, in the middle of the County Galway, looking for old stories from the people. I heard a good many people talking about a man named Maurteen Rua O Gillarná having stories, and every person who spoke to me about him said, "be sure," said they, "and get the 'Beautiful Queen' from him." I thought it was a story that was in it. I found out the man at last, and after getting some of his stories from him,¹ I asked him to tell me the Beautiful Queen, because the people of the place appreciated it highly, and had a great opinion of it. He began then, and I found that it was not a story but a poem that was in it. I wondered that the people thought so much of it. It is as well to give it here in its entirety as an example of the longer poems that are still in the country.² He is the same man from whom I got the "Teaching of St. Bridget," which I gave above.

THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.

Most beautiful *queen* ever *seen* 'neath the beam of the sun,
Say farewell to thy *friends* e're life *ends* and thy day be done,
Thy life, thy *health* and thy *wealth* and thine all is done,
For thou art now in my *power*, thy *hour* is come,

¹See *Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.

²Other poems of the same nature, all more or less known in Con-nacht, are "The Last Ends," i.e., *na Críocha Déigheannacha* 68 quatrains, a different poem of the same name 38 quatrains, "Death and the Sick Man," 97 quatrains, Dialogue between the Body and Soul (a very long poem), and some others of different names but of the same nature. They can mostly be found in MSS., but the 'Beautiful Queen' appears never to have been written down before, so I print it here as a type of them.

Cia hé tura, i r ghuasac * 'o fhuas r 'o dāt
 A pceitúir i r ghánna 'o táinig ann mo nóm arceat,

mire an bár, (ar peirean) sió gur ghánna m'ainm dar leat.
 Tá a bhuil pó'n ngréin faoi ghuir-maet a sam i gceairt.
 Déarfai mé tura a látair m'ic Dé san rtao,
 Déirí tu a r-gairta go b'iat le páirt an traoḡail ar fao.

An é rin an fát le (sic) go tpeirginn-re talam ná maoin
 ná mo cairleán áluinn tá lán de tacaí an traoḡail,
 mo tairiúg (bheáḡ) bána, ní áimúgim mo rtao a' r mo maoin
 Deirí aḡ aon neac, mo ghuiréal (?) 'r mo dá láim talam san riḡin.

'S oic an rgeul liom (ar peirean) an méao a tudaire tu ar fao,
 Déirí máirgriúe tpeuna aḡ feurta ar mo maoin go glan.
 Déirí roinnt ar an euaac naé leirgeá ar córraió' glair
 a' r 'o colann o'á reubao aḡ péirtib 'r aḡ oalaid i gcear (?)

A m'uire díleap, (ar ríre) cao 'o tpeunfar me le capall no bo
 le mo móir-cúro de'n traoḡal ro atá páirring go leór,
 An é faoileap tu mé fíneao go roimín faoi an b'fó
 'S naé tóainis rmuáintuḡ' ar bié ann mo émoiré'-rtaḡ ar tóul
 leat go fóil.

Deirim-re liom (ar ran bár) na riḡte 'r na rmuonnraió tpeun
 O i r é mo ceirto go ghinn deirí oú ó baile go éile,
 Deirim liom na h-iarlaió 'r na tigeairnaió ar na cairleánaió
 glégeal',

An aḡ iarraió, deiríteá-ra, 'o deirí beó 'na n'péirg-rean f'

O! a b'ár (ar ríre) ní féirí go n'p'eunrá gnióim doim móir rin,
 a' r go tóḡfá ar mo móir-cúro † de'n traoḡal go fóil mé,
 aḡur a liacetaíó óḡánae ró bheáḡ tá lán de maoin 'r de r'óir
 aḡ r'úil gac aon lá deirí cionáirt (?) le m'ingín óis.

* "Sió gur ghánna" tudaire an r'ear, aet tá an focal "ghánna"
 ann ran líne leanar.

† "Ar móirán" tudaire an r'eandúro.

QUEEN.

Who art thou apparition, appearing thus in my room,
Most dreadful of mien to be seen, with thy brow of gloom ?

DEATH.

I am the Death, though awful my name to thee,
All who are not in their graves are slaves to me,
To the Son of God's presence must thy soul now flee,
Parted for ever and severed from the world by me,¹

QUEEN.

Is that the reason that I should forsake lands or wealth,
Or my beautiful castle which is full of the stores of the world,
My fine white sheep, not to speak of my stock and my goods,
That any one should have them, my woe ! and my two hands empty
without a penny !

DEATH.

I think the story bad, said he, all that you have said throughout,
Strong masters shall be feasting upon your goods clearly,
There shall be a division made of the clothes that you would not
allow out of locked coffers,
And your body shall be being torn by worms and beetles in . . . ?

QUEEN.

Oh, dear Mary ! what shall I do with horses and cows,
With my large share of this world, which is plenty enough,
Is it what you think, to stretch me deep beneath the sod,
And sure no thought at all came to my heart-within of going with
you yet.

DEATH.

I bring with me (said the Death) the kings and the powerful princes,
Since it is my trade with exactness to be going from one town to
another,

I bring with me the lords out of their bright castles,
Is it seeking you would be, to be alive after them ?

QUEEN.

O Death (said she), it is not possible you would do so dreadful a deed,
And that you would take me away from my great share of the
world yet,

And all of the very fine youths full of wealth and goods
Hoping every day to be married (?) to my young daughter.

¹ The translation of these verses is pretty much in the metre of
the original. I have not versified the rest.

ρᾶς, ἔυρα, ἀν ἰνῆαν μαρ τὰ ρι, ἀς κατὰ ἃ λαέ,
 ἀσυρ CIA ἀρ διτ φαρ τὰ ἰ νοάν αἰσι γεοδαῖο ρί é,
 τιυδαῖο * μῖρε ἔυρα (ἀρ ρεῖρεαν) ἰ λάταιρ ἡῖσι Ὁέ,
 ζο τυζαῖο τυ cύνταρ cῖμαῖο cαο é 'n ἐαοι ἀρ ἐαῖτ τυ το ραοζάλ.

Ο! (ἀρ ρῖρε) ἃ βάρ ταδαῖρ ρράρ ναμ ἀρ ná bí cῖμαῖο,
 ná ταδαῖρ leat ζο lá mé, no ράσφαῖο τυ μ'ἰνῆαν φαοι δυαῖρε :
 seó mo lám̃ vuit (ἀρ ρῖρε) μά' ρ ἄλ leat ἃ ζλαcαὸ ναμ,
 ζο μβείρ mo θεανναcτ ζο βηάτ ἀζαο ζο υτέῖρ me φαοι' n ναῖς.

ηἰ ἡ-ἄλ liom , (ἀρ ραν βάρ) το θεανναcτ ná το ἐοήμῖαὸ βῖνν,
 'sé ἀν ἄτ ἀρ cῖμῖ τ'αταῖρ μέ ἰ υτεαcταιμεαcτ τυ ἐόζβᾶλ liom,
 ζαc ἀρ ζλαc τυ ἀμᾶν ὠαῖμζῖου ἀσυρ ὠόμ ζο cam
 βείρ ρé ὠ'ά ρζαμᾶο ἰ υτεαc ἀ' leanna 'ρ ὠ'ά ὀλ ζαν ἡαῖλ.

τά mo ῖναῖομ cῖμῖτα ὠά ῖῖμῖ ζο cῖμαῖο ἀρ το ἐνάμῖαῖο,
 ηἰ ρζαμῖαῖο μέ [leat] ἀ-cοῖυcε no ζο τυζαῖο μέ βάρ υῖτε,
 νευβῖαῖο μέ το ἐμοῖυc ἀσυρ ζαc ρéτ ὠ'ά ζᾶμῖα
 βείρ † mo θεαcταιμεαcτ νευτα νυαῖρ ρεῖcρεαρ μέ τ'ανάμ 'ραν
 ρζάλα.

's iom̃a vaine boct ἰ mbonn boctán ἰ ζceam̃e-lám̃ na móna,
 ἀσυρ vaine boct ἀρ ρεαcῖάν ζαν ὠά ρῖζῖν 'na póca,
 γεοδαῖο τυ το ράῖτ ἀσυρ το ἡῖαν νε' n τρῶμτ ρῖν,
 ἀσυρ leiz m̃ire ἀρ ἀν ραοζάλ ρο ἃ βῖαῖ compóμo ann. ‡

* Ὁυδαῖρε ἀν φαρ ρο ἀσυρ μῖνντῖρ na ἡ-ἄτε ρῖν ἰ ζcóh̃nnuῖοc
 "τιυδαῖο μέ" ἰ η-ἄτε "βέαμῖαῖο μέ," ηἰ μαρ ρῖν é ἰ η-ἄτεαcαῖο
 eile.

† "ἀσυρ ann ρύο βείρεαρ mo θεαcταιμεαcτ" etc. το ρέῖρ ἀν
 τρεανcῖοc, αcτ το μῖννε ρῖν ἀν líne ῖό ραοα.

‡ "ἀν ραοζάλ ρὸ ἀν cόμταρ," ουδαῖρε ἀν ρεανcῖοc, αcτ ηἰ
 τυζῖμ é.

DEATH.

Leave, you, your daughter as she is, spending her day,
 And whatsoever man is destined for her, she shall get him,
 I shall bring you (he said) before the Son of God,
 Until you give a sharp account of what way you spend your life.

QUEEN.

O Death (said she) give me time, and do not be hard,
 Do not take me with you till day, or you will leave my daughter
 troubled,
 Here's my hand to you (said she) if you like to take it from me
 That you shall have my blessing for ever till I go into the tomb.

DEATH.

I like not (said Death) your blessing nor your melodious discourse,
 The place to which your father sent me was on a message to take
 you with me,
 All that you ever crookedly gained of silver or of gold
 It shall be a-scattering in the house of the ale, and a-drinking right
 soon.

I have my knot indeed drawn fast upon your bones,
 I shall never part from you until I give you death,
 I shall rend-asunder your heart and every muscle from its guard,
 My message shall be completed as soon as I see your soul in the
 scale.

QUEEN.

Many's the poor man at the foot of a hovel in the middle of the
 bog,
 And the poor man who is on the shaughraun without two pennies in
 his pocket,
 You will get enough and your desire of that sort of people,
 And leave me on this world in which for me there is comfort,

ní h-áil liom, ar* an bár,
 ír iomóda duine boét riubal an bótaíri [an lá ro]
 gan uiríad gan máoin gan feunta(?) gan ámar
 tabair-pe iao rin leat tá v'á eugmaí a pláinte
 o'í iao maíar go méid leat ašur nac n-iarraíad aon rpar oir.
 ní h-áil liom (arí ran bár), táio rin faoi riantaib,
 ní'l a vteuima caíte a'í ní'l baínt ašam oíobta,†
 ní táinig mé ariam gan mo bairántar ríriobta,
 i gcoinne aon duine fóir v'áí crioataí gíriorta,
 a éailín caíteí tu glaapaét, tá vo éoinneall caíte,‡
 ní feairí liom-ra an miz ašam 'ná feairí an leatíriom,
 níoi gíill mé ariam oíobta v'á méao a n-acruinn,
 aét bí párt ašur bhoirtaí oir a damríogain áluinn.§

V'at a ceann ašur émar a cora,
 bí an crioite ann a éliad arciš v'á lořaó,
 an teanra mílir—cailleaó inni goa,
 [tabairí rí faoi v'eiíreao aš tarraing ořna.]

a vóetúirí an áio, ír feairí teagars fá'n nšreín,
 taíř vao vo "éaríoiat," ašur tarraing mé o'n bpeín,
 v'éaríreao mé ói vuit 'na mámaib, || ašur a n-iarraíar vo beul,
 ašur táiríreaiš ar an mbár mé, feairí-námaio v'feairíad an traé-
 řail.

ní'l an vo vóetúirib aét ršáile tá aš caíteam a laé marí tu réin
 ašur go v'eiubraínn-pe bár v'óib gan rpar ¶ aét oíreao leat réin
 cia an maíe an "éaríoiat" nuair éuiríreao mé an trleao ann vo
 taéb.

ašur vo léigear go bíat ní'l aš lán na cnuinne go léiri.

* Dubairt an reanóiríe "arí an bár" ašur "arí ran bár," rí
 an vama caoi ír mó atá cleaétaiřte.

† Dubairt an reanóiríe reó "oíobta" no "oíora" i n-áit "oíob."

‡ An deuo leat v'e'n líne reó, éuirí mé i n-áit na vama leíte
 í, óir ír binne marí rin é.

§ V'fás mé amaé an líne reo "ašur vao mo láim vuit ní v'éarí-
 reao mé ve rpar vuit v'arí a éloř," óir ní tašann rí arteaé
 go ceairt.

|| "'na mámaib vao mo láim," v'arí reo.

¶ "Gan rpar na h-oíobte reo," vubairt ré,

DEATH.

I am not willing (said the Death).

QUEEN.

Many's the poor man walking the road this day
Without furniture (?) or goods, without blessings or dwelling,
Take them with you, who are in lack of health,
For it is they that will go with you readily and will not ask of you
any delay.

DEATH.

I am not willing (said the Death), all those are under pain,
Their term is not expired, and I have no right to touch them,
I never came without my warrant written,
For any person yet of all Christ created.

Girl, you must move, your candle is spent,
And I do not prefer the king to the man of misfortune,
I never obeyed them, no matter how great their riches,
But be satisfied and hasten yourself, O beautiful queen.

Her head swelled, her feet contracted,
Her heart in her breast within was burning.
The sweet tongue—sounds were lost in it,
She spoke at last drawing a moan.¹

QUEEN.

O noble Doctor of best knowledge beneath the sun,
Offer me your cordial, and draw me from the pain,
I shall give you gold in handfuls, and all that your mouth shall ask,
And save me from the Death, the enemy of the men of the world.

DEATH.

There is in your doctors nought but a shadow, who are passing their
day like yourself,
And sure I would inflict death on them with only as much delay as
I give yourself.
What good is your cordial when I shall put the lance through your
side,
And the full of the entire world shall not have a cure for you for ever.

The metre is changed in this verse to express the narrative.

[Α βασιριοῦσιν] εἰς ἀν' ἡαῖε οὗτε ἀν' ἰαυόθρεαρ μόρι ἀν' υαῖρι ῖν
 ἡυαῖρι βεῖθρεαρ πέ ο'ά ἀααὸ λε ζαῖρζε ἀγυρ λε υαβερ,
 ζαν ῖμυαῖντιυς' ἀμ' βιτ' ἀνν ἀ ζερυόε-ῖτις εἰς ἀν' βυαυόθρεαὺ
 βεῖθρεαρ ἀμ' ο'ἀναμ βοετ ἀς εαβαιρε οἰοζαλταῖρι ἐμυαὺ ἀνν.

Pígin ní iacáir (ar píríean) le t'anam zo h-éuga,
 ná pílilinn le aipíonn [éum miz] na zíríeácta,
 do déarráto cabair no póiríeáct ó'n b'éim vuit,
 cia* an éaoi, a éailín, ar éait tu do íaoéal?

Στιόχαιτε το ριννε δια όιός αη Δ ευτο πέιν,
 ηι ευν σιόχχαιρε το όευνάη αη αον νόρ† έ,
 Σαέ αη έλαε τυ αηιαν ό' αηησιον αη θάρραιθ το μήαη.
 [Ιαηραιθ δια ορε αν εύνταρ γευη].

[illegible]

ΠΟΙΡ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΜΟ ΛΥΤΕ ΑΓΙ ΛΕΑΒΥΤΙ ΑΝ ΘΑΙΡ (ΑΓΙ ΡΙΦΘ)
 ΔΥΡ ΜΟ ΠΕΑΒΙΟ ΜΟΜΑ ΡΥΜ ΜΑΓΙ ΕΑΟΙΒΕΑΕ,
 ΠΙ ΘΕΑΡΝΑΙΟ ΜΕ ΔΙΕΡΓΙΞΙ· Ν-ΑΜ, ΘΕΙΡΞΙ ΝΑ ΘΑΟΝΑΕΤ.”
 ΟΝΝΑΙΧΙ ΤΙ ΔΥ ΙΜΕΑΕΤ (ΑΓΙ ΡΑΝ ΘΑΙΡ) ΑΝ Τ-ΘΞ 'Ρ ΑΝ ΕΡΙΦΟΝΑ.

ἀν' οὐκ ἔρ' ἀν τ-ἰμπριπ' ὁδ' μέσῳ ἀνεαρτ
 ἔτ' αἰγε || ποδερπαιὸς τοῦ παλλίτζε ἀνν ραν αἰμπριπ' ἔδερτ,
 ἀέτ' ἀνοίρ' τὰ τοῦ μολί, ἀγυρ' ὁἰμ' τῆς ἀν τ-αμ ἔαρτ,
 [ἀγυρ' ἔδερπαιὸς τοῦ κύνταρ ἀνν τὰς ὁμοῖς-ἔδερτ].

'hoir, (ar rife) déarfainn suir tu an t-uine-daral
Dá tuisgrá ríár tam go ceann uaire,
Go nveurfainn aithrige i bpreasó an uadair,
As tui éirí mo páiríín, mar tá mé buairéartha.

* "Θευγατρίό μέ speech λεατ εια αν έαοι," ουδαιμιτ ρέ.

† "Snáp:" an refrain.

‡ = 50 000.

§ = 17 fathoms.

|| "τῆς" = "ἐὰν εἴη," "ἐπεὶ φάτ."

O queen what good for you is your great riches then,
 When it shall be a-spending with swagger and pride,
 Without any thought at all in the innermost-heart [of the spenders],
 what tribulation
 Shall be on your poor soul suffering hard vengeance for it.

One pënnny shall not go (said he) for your soul for ever,
 Nor a shilling for mass to the King of the Wounds,
 Which would give help or relief from the pain to you,
 How is it, girl, you spent your life?

A steward God made of you over his own portion,
 Not to make household-riches by any means was it,
 All that you ever took of money upon the tops of your fingers,
 God shall ask of you for it, a sharp account.

A steward God made of you over his own portion,
 All that you ever took of money on the tops of your fingers,
 Down to the hair furthest back on the forehead of your fair face,
 You must give a sharp account of every single penny of it.

QUEEN.

Now I am lying on the bed of death (said she)
 And my great sins under me for bedfellow.
 I did not make repentance in time or alms or humanity.

DEATH.

Yet you saw departing (said the Death), the young and the old,
 The duke and the emperor, no matter how great their power,
 Why did you neglect it at the right time?
 But now you are late and the time is gone by,
 And you shall give account for every evil action.

QUEEN.

Now (said she), I would say that you were the gentleman
 If you were to give me respite till the end of an hour,
 That I may make repentance for the sin of pride,
 Going through my beads, because I am troubled.

Cug me ceana duit rúpáir láé agus bliathna,
 níor iarra tu ar an fáo rin ghrápa o láimh an tigeapna,
 cáill tu cáill, agus tá bor ar iarrair,
 déir ríobpará mé anoir tu ar do maoin fáogálda.

ní raib fíor agus cá fáo uait ceann do ríhípe
 déir bí tu ar ball (ar feirean) lán de'n oi-mear,
 buó móir do ríró ar do maoin fáogálda.

Do bí níor mó ann ran ván fáda ro, cpeiríom, déir
 nuair tángamair go oti reó bí Mártain Ruad cómh
 tuirpreac rin o'á labhairt, as cuimniugad air, agus
 as uul éirí ann a inntinn féin, gur dúbairt ré go
 h-obann nac raib aige déir an méad rin, agus bí
 mire cómh tuirpreac rin 'gá ríhíobad fíor, agus as
 cup ceirteann air, gur leis me rin leir, ciú gur cinnte
 mé nár b'fíor dó é. Agus ciú go b'pacaí mé é
 uair no do na diais rin, níor éoraig mé ar an ván
 fáda ro arís, óir bí rínn tuirpreac dé! Ní tiub-
 rainn ann ro é ar aon éor, déir ar móó go mbeidead
 ré 'na pómpla ar na vántaib fáda teagarfada atá
 an-éitíóinn amearg na ndaoine. Cualaí mé móran
 víob, déir mí-ádhail go leor, níor cuir mé maí ar
 páiréar iad.

Ciú go ndearnaí b'áitíre, daoine maíalda, agus
 na daoine féin, an oipead rin o' fíhídeac déir áda agus
 o' abhánaib ríoraválda, ní feicim go ndearnaí na
 ragairt-paráirte móran de'n tróir ro, go móir-móir
 ar reó an céud-bliadán cuair éarainn. Déir fuair
 mé ván beag do pinne ragairt-paráirte, an t-ádaí O
 Míodáinn ó Éarraig a' éolt i g Condae an Cláir, ir
 ríú a éadairt ann ro. Ní ván Connaéac é, ó éairt,

DEATH.

I gave you already respite for a year and a day,
 You did not ask during all that time grace from the hand of the Lord,
 You have lost the place beyond,¹ and the other is to be sought for
 [*i.e.*, is gone too]
 But I shall sweep you away now out of your worldly goods.

You did not know how far from you was the end of your course.
 But you were only just now (said he) full of disdain,
 Great was your pride out of [in] your worldly goods.

There was I think more in this long poem, but, when we came this far, Maurteen Rua was so tired repeating it, remembering it, and going through it in his own mind, that he said suddenly that he had only that much of it, and I was so tired myself writing it down and putting questions to him, that I let this go with him, though I was sure it was not true. And though I saw him once or twice after this I did not begin at this long poem again, for we were both of us tired of it. I would not give it here except that it may stand as an example of one of those long didactic pieces which are very common, and of which I have heard many, without unfortunately having taken them down.

Although friars, regulars, and the people themselves composed so much religious poetry and spiritual songs, I have not found that the parish priests did much in this way, especially during the last hundred years. But I found one poem by a parish priest, Father O'Meehan from Carrickaholt in the county Clare, which is worth giving here. It is not, properly speaking, a Connacht poem, but since it comes from the county nearest to Connacht, a county which

¹ I do not know if I have translated this quite correctly; call "beyond," like the German *jenseits* means the future life.

aet mar tiz pé ó'n gconradé ir foisre do Conaéctaid,
 conradé do bí le fada 'na cuio de Connaéctaid, asur
 mar buó tpuas gan a fábdail, cuirim ríor ann ro é.
 fuidir mé é (7 ir oic do rghíobad é), amearg na
 bráiréar o'fás an flait Saodalaé William Sabá
 O Briaín 'na óiaig as Cátairmáol. as ro é.

FÍOGAIR NA CROISE NAOMHA.

O námao mo éireoinn, námao mo tír',
 námao mo éloinne 'r mo éile,
 a tígearna veun mo comairce *
 le fíogair† na Croise naomha.

Le báp na Croise ceannais tu
 Sliocht [mí-] foréúnaé éda,
 ó foín anuar ir beannaighe
 an comairce ro áru-naomha.

Do pleurg an éarraig, do óuib an érian,
 do émoit an toman go h-éadad
 nuair o'áruaigeadó ruar an Slánuigheóir
 ar óruim na Croise naomha.

Faraoir! dá dítin rin, an té
 naé mbéir a émoite o'á meubad,
 a'r veóir aitéirge as ríleat uair,
 Or cómair na Croise naomha!

* "mé cumairg" 'ran MS.

† "ríor" ran MS., ar fad.

for a long time was a part of Connacht, and as it were a pity not to preserve it, I shall give it. I found it written out exceedingly badly, amongst the papers that the Irish leader William Smith O'Brien left behind him at Cahermoyle.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dis sever,
 O Lord preserve me, in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavour ;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade,
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

This is nearly in the metre of the original a very un-Irish and irregular one. Literally :—“ From the foe of my faith, from the foe of my land, the foe of my children, and my consort, O Lord do thou protect me with the sign of the Holy Cross.”

By the death of the cross thou didst buy the unfortunate race of Eve, from that time to this, blessed is that Sign High-Holy.

The rock burst, the sun darkened, the world shook fearfully, when the Saviour was lifted up upon the back of the Holy Cross.

Alas, on account of that, he whose heart shall not be a-riving, and tears of repentance a-streaming from him, in the presence of the Holy Cross.

1ṛ ḡeapṛi é nḡim * an tóime lais
 Síor le rán an t-ṛaoḡail-ṛe,
 , nī t̃aom̃ann (P) an spior̃ao malluig̃te
 Luēt ṛíog̃aili na cṛoipe naom̃ta.

Sḡannṛócar† ḡac̃ aon ṛaoi ḡneim an báir
 D'á t̃ac̃taó ṛuar̃ aḡ eug̃aó,
 —1ṛ uóet̃ b̃eíó lá an anṛa‡
 ḡan ṛḡát na cṛoipe naom̃ta.

Cóim ceanaṁail aḡur uó bī na uaoime ar̃ a ṛaḡ-
 ar̃taib̃ ṛéin, nī bṛáḡmaoio ó ṛḡñuḡaó na ṛean-ab̃r̃án
 aḡur na ṛean-ṛḡeul ḡo ṛaḡaḡar̃ ṛaiteac̃ ṛomp̃a, nó
 'na ṛḡlábuir̃ib̃ uóet̃a, bṛúig̃te ṛaoi na ṛmaet̃, maṛi
 ṁeap̃aro na Saḡṛanaig̃ aḡur maṛi ṁeap̃ann cuio uo
 na h-Eṛeap̃annaig̃ib̃ ain-eólaḡa. Rinne cuio uo na báir-
 taib̃ nuar̃a m̃óṛán u'ab̃r̃ánaib̃-maḡḡa ar̃ na ṛaḡar̃taib̃,
 aḡur uó laḡair̃ ṛiar̃o ḡo ḡéar̃ 'na n-aḡaib̃, óir̃ ñioṛ
 ṁaie leó ḡéilleac̃ uó c̃óm̃air̃le a leap̃a ṛéin. “A
 ṛaḡair̃t na m̃ár,” ar̃i ṛeap̃ aca,

A ṛaḡair̃t na m̃ár tá láir̃oir̃ c̃ómae uoar̃
 uoir̃i m'anam uóet̃ ṛl̃án ar̃i ṛḡát uó m̃óir̃-c̃uir̃ṛ 'ṛteaḡ.

aḡur uoir̃i ṛeap̃ eile aca le n-a ṛaḡair̃t.

“1ṛ olc an t̃aḡair̃i uóinñ mac an t̃áilleúma
 ḡo ṛlaiteam̃nar̃ uó uol̃ ar̃teaḡ.”

aḡur ṛeap̃i eile

A ṁic̃ naoir̃ uī c̃uinne
 A ṁaoir̃i na ḡel̃uig̃in
 uaoṛ̃ta§ ḡac̃ lá.

* “Cape,” ṛan m̃s. ṛuo naḡa ucuig̃im.

† “Sḡannṛaó” ṛan m̃s.

‡ =anṛa, .i. ṛtoir̃im.

§ uaoṛ̃ta = buar̃aṛ̃teaḡ.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,¹
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Loving as the people were towards their own priests, we do not find from an examination of the old songs and old stories that they were afraid of them, or were like slaves bruised beneath their tyranny, as the English think, and as think some of the ignorant Irish. Some of the later bards composed many mocking songs against priests, and spoke bitterly against them, because they were unwilling to submit to advice that was for their own good. "O priest of the hips," says one of them,

Priest of the hips that are strong and portly and fine,
 Bring in my poor soul safe in the shadow of thy big body.

And another of them says to his priest who was the son of a tailor.

A poor help for us is the son of the tailor
 Towards going into heaven.

And another one—

O Son of Aeneas O'Quinn,
 O mayor of the little bells,
 Bothering each day.

¹ Short is the career of weak men going down the descent of this life, but the accursed spirit does not receive (!) those of the Sign of the Holy Cross.

Each one shall be terrified at the clutch of death, choking him when dying, dismal shall be the day of the storm without the protection of the Holy Cross.

asur as ro pann do bain mé ar láimhsguðinn le
duine i gcontae na Míde.

Cuairt an doctúir i mairg a bíor 'na éar
no an éleir má 'r beannuighe níor faroe* 'ná a cuairt pá éarg,
bí éas asur leatrom gac don áit i mbionn a seiréet,
an bár ní coirgeann, a' bérú aca uíol a lám.

Cuireann na pinn reo i gcéill uínn rmuainte na
nuaoiné do pinne iad, amáin, 7 ní cóir a éirveamaint
go gcuireann ríad i gcéill uínn rmuainte coit-
ceannta, na tíre. Cár ríad corpr-fasarg, aet má
cáin, i' r iomda fasarg do molaodair. As ro mar
fompla, asur uall doet do pinne é.†

Do tógfá do glórí ó n-a bpeacá na rlóighe,
a' r tá u'iméaet go móir le Críorta,
's gur seall tu ór ár gcómar i gcéill corpnáin Dia Dómnai
le h-aingeal faoi éleca Críorta.

Asur arís, as molaó péile an trasairt.

'Sé an t-éairi 'liam an teatairt rial
Do múinfead uínn ciall a' r cómarle
Do rgarfá ré an ragoal éom fairring 'r éom rial
Moir laranr an shian 'r an bróghmar.

Aet, ar an taob eile, as ro magad faoi fasarg nuair
faoileadair go raib uíil ró móir aise i neirib an
trasairt. Tarraing mé an gíota ro ar láimhsguð-
inn atá as mo éairio Dáirí Coimin. Do rgníodad
an leabair ann a bfuil an ván ro, timcioll leir-éuro
bliadán ó foim le peadar O Sealaicáin éigin, i Muig-
h-ealta i gcontae na Míde, aet ní 'l fíor asam cis
pinne an t-éair.

* "már beannuig níor faroe" 'ran ms.

† Antoine O Reatúir.

Here is a rann I took out of a manuscript made by some one in the County Meath,

The visit of the doctor, alas for him who has to endure it,
Or of the cleric, if he is blessed any longer than his Easter visit.
There does be death and injustice in every place which they call at,
Death they do not keep off, and they must have payment for their
handiwork.

These ranns give us the thoughts that were in the minds of the persons who composed them, only, and it were not right to believe that they explain to us the general mind of the country. They may have satirized an occasional priest, but many is the priest they praised, Here, for example, and it was a poor blind man who made it.

When you lifted your voice to plead in Christ's cause,
You made sinners to pause, you looked through us,
You seemed in Kilcornin that Sunday morning
Like an angel of God sent to us !

And again praising the priest's generosity,

It is Father William is the generous messenger,
Who would teach us sense and [give] advice.
He would distribute the world [if he had it] as broadly and
generously
As the sun gives its light in the harvest.

Here, on the other hand, is a specimen of how well they could satirize a priest when they were of opinion that he cared too much for the things of this world. I took this piece out of a manuscript in the possession of my friend David Comyn. The book in which this poem is was copied about fifty years ago by one Peter O'Galahan, in Moynalty in the County of Meath, but I do not know who composed the satire.

COHNAO AN T-SAGAIRT AGUS AN DUINE BOICÉ.

Thá éirí an toic * i n-airmionn Dia Dóinnaiḡ
Deannuigeann ré fá dó do'n trasairt.

"Creud é mar tá do éiríam?
Bfuil ríao foláin san bólar agao."

AN SGOLÓḡ.

"Tá ríao do réir † a éirle"
Deirtear fear an trasóidhir thá agao,
"B'fuar nóib uile ‡ bár o'ráḡail
San fíor duic-re le náite a trasairt."

AN SAGAIRT.

"Dair an bpoitúr do ḡlacar i m' láim §
ní abhaim-re thá nā airmionn
nac mbíom ag suide ḡac lá
Ar oirgeo an páirte o'á bfuil agao."

AN FEAR BOICÉ.

"Leir rin táinig an duine boicé
A' r a anál i mbeul a uéa,
Tá mo bean i n-airmionn bái,
A trasairt, a ḡráo, deun deirir."

AN SAGAIRT.

"Téir do éiríao a boidiḡ,
Atá do fearaí i n-airmionn,
ní bfuairtear le thá náite
Ar do o'á láim-re leit'pín."

* = toicead .i. fear raióḡir.

† "A réir," ran MS. Ir mar rin ir ḡnátae a labairt.

‡ "A lḡ" ran MS. Ir mar rin, no mar "eile," labairtear go minic é.

§ "A ḡlacar mo láim," ran MS.

Literally. When the wealthy one goes to Mass on Sunday, he salutes the priest twice. "How are your care? are they in good health with you, without anything wrong?"

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PRIEST AND THE POOR MAN.

He salutes the priest twice on Sunday,
 On going to mass, does the man who's wealthy.
 Says the priest, "And how is your good family,
 And I hope that you're all well and healthy."

FARMER.

Says the man of riches, "Much of a muchness,
 Wife and family, son and daughter,
 But we might be dead," says he, half-jesting,
 "For all you have seen of us, priest, this quarter."

PRIEST.

By this manual in my hand
 I never, I swear, say my masses,
 That I do not pray where I stand
 For yourself, your lads and your lasses."

POOR MAN.

With that there comes panting for breath
 A ragged man, poor and sickly,
 "Och! my wife's at the door of death,
 Oh, soggarth, agra, come quickly."

PRIEST.

"Go and be hanged, you mean churl,
 Hell is your portion, if any,
 I never got for this three quarters
 Out of your pocket one penny."

"They are one the same as another," says the man of riches in mockery; "it was easy for them to die, without your knowing, priest, for this quarter [of a year]."

"By the Mass-book I have taken in my hand, I never say canonical hour or mass that I do not be praying every day for all you have, down to the very child."

With that there came the poor man, and his breath in the mouth of his breast, "My wife is at the point of death, O priest, agra [O love] make haste."

"Go and be hanged you clown, your standing is in hell. I never got for three quarters [of a year] out of your two hands a half-penny."

An Duine boët.

"Tá mé boët, a fásair,
 b' éirí nác mbeirínn boët i gcóinnuíte,
 níorí tuill míre pígin le páite
 nác utasar do na páirtib arí eórna." *

An Sásair.

"Cnéas é dam-ra do éirí eórna
 a boudaig nác bfuil glóir i d' fupáil?†
 Cnéas éannuigear dam gearrán no clóca
 no aigíus le n'ól go minic."

An Duine boët.

"Ma tá mé boët a fásair
 b' éirí nác mbeirínn boët a-éiríte,
 's go bfuilíú oim níú na n-áir
 má beirí pé dam cáirde go oí rin."

An Sásair.

"Déirí tu boët a-éiríte
 marí do tuillí tu díombuairí i d' eazlaír
 's a boudaig ír lobta 'ná 'n t-aoilead.
 náir éasairí fupáit arí do éiríte."

An Duine boët.

"Seo túit bonn oét gróta§
 do tuillí me arí póimí talairí,
 's ar uet móir níú na glóirí
 ná leigí mo bean-póirí gan ola."

* "Órna" ran MS., asur ír marí riní ladairítearí é.

† ní túigim an líne reó.

‡ "Díomab neazlaír" ran MS.

§ ní túigim an focal "cóta" do bí ann ro, aet 'r uóirí gurí
 "gróta." ("groats" no túiríúin) buó éirí do beirí ann.

"I am poor, O soggarth; maybe I wouldnt be poor always. I never earned a penny this quarter of a year that I did not give to the children for barley."

"What's that to me, your share of barley! You clown, in whose command (?) there is no voice, what is it buys me a nag or a cloak, or money to drink oftentimes?"

POOR MAN.

" Maybe I wouldn't be poor always,
 But och ! I'm poor, soggarth darling,
 Each penny I earned the last quarter
 I gave for the childher's barley."

PRIEST.

" What do I care about your barley,
 It's not of your barley I'm thinking,
 But what'll keep me in cloaks and garrons,
 In plenty to eat, and in good drinking."

POOR MAN.

" If I am poor, soggarth darling,
 And sure I mayn't be poor ever !
 God may send me some help this now,
 And lift me out of this slough however."

PRIEST.

" Yes, you'll be poor, and poor ever,
 You've the church's curse on you for a fetter,
 And you vile clown, you foul dung-hill,
 May your hag of a wife get no better."

POOR MAN.

" Here is a piece of eight groats,
 And digging hard in my sweat I coined it,
 Oh come for the sake of the dear Jesus,
 Or my married wife must die unanointed."

" If I am poor O soggarth, maybe I wouldn't be poor always, and that the King of the Graces may relieve me, if He give me respite until then."

" You shall be poor for ever, for you have earned defeat [from] the church, and you clown more rotten than manure, that there may come no relief to your hag."

" Here is for you a coin of eight cóta (perhaps "gróta" or groats) which I earned digging land, and for the sake of the great King of the Glory, do not let my married wife die without the [last] oil."

M

An SAGART.

"FÁS * méirí mo gheallán sa dian dam
 go dtéir mé leis an gCriosťuiriú deannuig,
 'S dá mbeirdeá fíor a gáib-fe a d'aoine.
 Duó nó móir an rgeul é deit folam."

As ro píopa eile as míniugadh dúinn mar do táinig
 an tSaint ann ran eaglaí ar dtúr.

mar táinig an tSaint annsan eaglais.†

Bí ar slánuigtheoir asur naomh beaḁar as rpar-
 veḁraḁt tmatnóna, asur do caraḁ rean-fear oirra.
 Bí an duine boḁt rin go dona, ni raib aip aḁt ceirt-
 eaḁa asur rean-ḁḁta rtrḁicte, asur san fiú na
 mbrḁḁs raoi n-a ḁoraiḁ. D'iarr ré veirce ar ar
 oTigearna asur ar naomh beaḁar. Bí truaig as
 beaḁar do'n donán boḁt asur faoil ré go tciḁḁ-
 raḁ an Tigearna ruo éigin do. Aḁt níor ḁuir an
 Tigearna don trua ann, asur o'imtiḁ ré ḁairir
 san rreagairt ḁabairt do. Bí ionḁantar ar

* "FÁS méirí" 'ran ms.

† fuaip mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oibhe do bí as Revington De
 Róirte, Druim an t-Seagail, aḁt ḁualar go minic e. ní h-iao
 ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuair ear é.

"Get ready my garron for me quickly till I go to bless the Christian,
 and if ye knew it, ye people, it is a very great story (i.e., pity) him to
 be empty (i.e., poor)."

PRIEST.

"Get ready my garron this minute,
 Till I go to bless the good Christian,
 And I tell you all, it's a great pity
 That he hasn't got more,—and no question!"

Here is another piece explaining how covetousness made
 its first appearance in the Church.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

As once our Saviour and St. Peter*
 Were walking over the hills together,
 In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
 Beside the border of Galilee,
 Just as the sun to set began
 Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
 His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
 He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
 Penury stared in his haggard eye
 And he asked an alms as they passed him by.
 Peter had only a copper or two,
 So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
 The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
 With hunger and cold in every limb.
 But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
 He turned away and he nothing gave.

* This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, a workman of Mr. Redington Roche, of Rye Hill, whose name I have forgotten. I have not, however, given here his exact words. I heard a tale nearly identical, only told in English, in the county Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of "St. Peter and the Horse shoe"—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story, will occur to the reader.

Ṗeadaṛi faoi rin, óir faoil ré go tciúṃṡaṁ an
Tigearna do ṡac ainṡeireóir a fiaiṁ oóṛar aṛi,
áct bṛ faitéior aṛi, aon mṁṁ do fadṁ.

An lá ar na máṛac bṛ an Tigearna aṡur Ṗeadaṛi
aṡ pṛairṡeóṛaáct aṛiṛ ar an mbóṁar ceuṡna, aṡur
cia o'ṡeicṡeáṁ fiaiṁ aṡ teááct 'na ṡcoinne ann ran
ṡceart-áit ann a fiaiṁ an ṡean-ṡeairi boáct, an lá
ṡoimṡe rin, áct ṡobáilíṁṁ aṡur cloirṡeáṁ noácta
aige ann a láimṁ. Táimṡ ré fuaṛ éuca aṡur o'iaṛri
ré aṛṡioṁ oṛṡa. Túṡ an Tigearna an t-aṛṡioṁ
do ṡan focol do fadṁ, aṡur o'imṡiṡ an ṡobáilíṁṁ.
Bṛ ionṡantṡar oúbalta ar Ṗeadaṛi ann rin, óir
faoil ré go fiaiṁ an iomaṛcuirṁ meirṡiṡ aṡ áṛ
oTigearna aṛṡioṁ do tábairṡ do ṡaṁuṛṁ le
faitéior. Nuairi bṛ an Tigearna aṡur Ṗeadaṛi
imṡiṡṡe tamall beaṡ ar an mbóṁar, níoir ṡeuṁ
Ṗeadaṛi ṡan ceirṡ do éur aṛi. "Nac móṛ an
ṡeul a Tigearna," ar ré, "nac oṡuṡ tu oadaṁ
do'n oonán boáct o'iaṛri oéirṡ oṛt anóé, áct go
oṡuṡ tu aṛṡioṁ do'n bṛṡeáṁnac ṡaṁuṛṁ do táimṡ
éuṡao le cloirṡeáṁ ann a láimṁ, nac fiaiṁ rinṁ-ne
'n áṛ m-beirṡ, aṡur ní fiaiṁ ann áct ṡeairi aṁáin;
tá cloirṡeáṁ aṡam-ṡa," oeirṡ ré, "aṡur b' ṡeairi an
ṡeairi mire 'ná eirṡan!" "A Ṗeadaṛi," ar ran
Tigearna, "ní ṡeiceann tupa áct an taob amuiṡ,
áct éirṁm-ṡe an taob-aṛṡiṡ, ní ṡeiceann tupa áct
coṛṡ na noaóine nuairi éirṁm-ṡe an coirṁṁ. Áct
béirṁ fíor aṡao go fól," ar Sé, "cṛéuṁ é an ṡáct a
noeáṛṡaṁṁ mé rin.

And Peter was vexed awhile at that
 And wondered what our Lord was at,
 Because he had thought him much too good
 To ever refuse a man for food.
 But though he wondered he nothing said,
 Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
 They both returned that very way,
 And whom should they meet where the man had been.
 But a highway robber gaunt and lean !
 And in his belt a naked sword—
 For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
 "He's a fool," thought Peter, "to cross us thus ;
 He won't get anything from us."
 But Peter was seized with such surprise,
 He scarcely could believe his eyes .
 When he saw the Master, without a word,
 Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
 His wonder Peter could not restrain,
 But turning to our Saviour said :
 "Master, the man who asked for bread,
 The poor old man of yesterday,
 Why did you turn from him away ?
 But to this robber, this shameless thief,
 Give, when he asked you for relief.
 I thought it most strange for *you* to do ;
 We needn't have feared him we were two.
 I have a sword here, as you see,
 And could have used it as well as he ;
 And I am taller by a span,
 For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
 Things but as they *seem* to be.
 Look within and see behind,
 Know the heart and read the mind,
 'Tis not long before you know
 Why it was I acted so."

Tuit ré amac don lá amáin, 'na díais rin, go nbeaíad ar oTigearna agus beaíad amúga ar na pléibí. Bí teinníteac agus toinneac agus fearri-tainn ann, agus bí ríad bárdte, agus an bótar caillte aca. Cia o'feicead ríad éuca ann rin aet an pobáilíde ceutna a tuis an Tigearna aigíot do noime rin. Nuair éainis ré éuca bí truaig aige doib, agus rug ré leir iad go dti uais do bí aige faoi bonn cairrige, amearg na pléibí, agus bain ré an t-eudac fluic doib, agus cuir éudais tihme orra, agus tug neart le n'ite agus le n'ól doib, agus leabuir le luidé air, agus sac uile fórt o'feud ré deunam doib do pinne ré é. An lá ar na márac nuair bí an rtoim éart, tug ré amac iad agus níor fás ré iad sup cuir ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus tug lón doib le h-agar an airtir. "Mo coinriar!" arra beaíad leir féin, ann rin, "bí an ceart ag an Tigearna. Ir maic an fear an gairde; ir iomda fear cóir," ar reiréan, "nac beaíad an oiréad rin daim-ra!"

Mi raib ríad a bpaí imtígte ar an mbótar ann rin, go beaíad ríad fear maib, agus é pinte ar énam a dhroma ar láir an bótar, agus o'aitnig beaíad é, sup ab é an fear-fear ceutna ar díultais an Tigearna an oéiré do. "D'ole do pinneamar" ar beaíad leir féin, "aigíot do díultugad do'n duine boet rin, agus feuc é

After this it chanced one day
 Our Lord and Peter went astray,
 Wandering on a mountain wide,
 Nothing but waste on every side.
 Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
 Peter followed, the Lord went first.
 Then began a heavy rain,
 Lightning gleamed and gleamed again,
 Another deluge poured from heaven,
 The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
 Then when fainting, frozen, spent,
 A man came towards them through the bent,
 And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
 When he knew again the robber wight.
 But the robber brought them to his cave,
 And what he had he freely gave.
 He brought them wine, he gave them bread,
 He strewed them rushes for a bed,
 He lent them both a clean attire
 And dried their clothes before the fire,
 And when they rose the following day
 He gave them victuals for the way,
 And never left them till he showed
 And put them on the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
 "The robber is better than better men,
 "There's many an honest man," thought he,
 "Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
 Above an hour, when, lo, they found
 A man upon the mountain track
 Lying dead upon his back.
 And Peter soon, with much surprise,
 The beggarman did recognize.
 "Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
 To refuse him alms the other night.
 He's dead from the cold and want of food,
 And we're partly guilty of his blood."

marb' anoir le donar agus le anró." "A pheadair,"
 ar ran Tighearna, "céir anonn cúis an bpeair rin,
 agus feuc creao tá aige ann a póca." Cuair
 pheadair anonn cúise, agus corais pé as láim-
 riugad a sean-cóta, agus creud do fuair pé ann
 aet a lán o'airgion seal, agus timcioll cúpla
 piéir bonn óir. "A Tighearna," ar ra pheadair,
 "bí an ceart agao-ra, agus cia bé iuto deunpar
 tu no déarpar tu air, ni iacair mé i o' agair." "Deunpar
 rin a pheadair," ar ran Tighearna. "Glac
 an t-airgion rin anoir agus caic arteaé é ann
 ran bpoll móna tall, ni bíonn ann ran airgion
 go minic aet mallaet móir." Cpuinnis pheadair an
 t-airgion le céile, agus cuair pé go oti an poll-
 móna leir; aet nuair bí pé uil o'a catad arteaé,
 'oéon," ar pé leir féin, "nac airbéul an tpuas
 an t-airgion bpeas ro do cup amúga, agus ip minic
 bíonn ocpas agus cap agus fuact ar an máigir-
 tiri, óir ni tucann pé don aipe oó féin, aet cong-
 bócair mipe cuir de 'n airgion ro ar ron a leara
 féin, a-gan-fior oó, agus b'earpoe é." Leir rin
 do caic pé an t-airgion seal uile arteaé ann ran
 bpoll, i puot go scluinpead an Tighearna an
 copian, agus go pmuainpead pé go raib pé uile
 caicte arteaé. Nuair táinig pé ar air, ann rin,
 o'fiarpuis an Tighearna, "A pheadair," ar pé, "ar
 caic tu an t-airgion rin uile arteaé." "Caicear"
 arpa pheadair, "aet ámhain píopa óir no oó, do
 congbaris mé le biad agus deoc do ceannac uuit-re."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
 Feel his pockets and let us know
 What he has within his coat."
 Peter turned them inside out,
 And found within the lining plenty
 Of silver coins, and of gold ones twenty.
 "My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
 Why it was you acted so.
 Whatever you say or do with men,
 I never will think you wrong again."
 "Peter," said our Saviour, "take
 And throw those coins in yonder lake,
 That none may fish them up again,
 For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
 And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.
 But he thought in his mind "It's a real sin
 To be flinging this lovely money in.
 We're often hungry, we're often cold,
 And money is money—I'll keep the gold
 To spend on the Master; he needs the pelf,
 For he's very neglectful of himself."
 Then down with a splash does Peter throw
 The *silver* coins to the lake below,
 And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
 He had thrown the whole from off the brink.
 And then before our Lord he stood
 And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
 Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"
 "Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
 But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
 Since I thought we might find them very good
 For a sup to drink, or a bite of food.
 Because our own are nearly out,
 And they're inconvenient to do without.
 But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
 And fling the rest of the lot below."

"O! a pheadair," ar ran Tighearna, "cread
pát naé n-dearnair tu mar duháirt mire leat.
Fearr rannacá tu, agus béid an traint rin ort
go bpat."

Sin é an pát a bfuil an Eaglais rannacá ó foim,
mar veir ríad.

Ceathrar ragar naé bfuil rannacá,
Ceathrar fhanacá naé bfuil buíde,
Ceathrar gheupair naé bfuil bheugacá,
Sin dá 'i 'eug naé bfuil 'ran tír.

* * * *

As ro rgeul eile de'n tróirt ceutna. Uí* ragar
ann ran répéal, don lá amáin, agus táinig arteac
fearr ós placámar cíorá, agus fear ré as an doir.
Glaod an ragar air agus duháirt ré. "A giolla
rílocuir úo," ar ré, "gab a leic ann ro go bfeicim
bfuil do teagar ghlortuirde agao. Innir dam cia
meuo peacáó marbáacá ann?"

"Sé cinn," ar ré.

"Mairead! bí reáct gcinn ann anurraig," ar ran
ragar.

"Úi," ar reiréan, "ácc anoir págmaoio an traint
as an Eaglais!"

Ir rean-rgeal é rin, do éualar é o'á innirint níor
fearr as daoinib eile.

* focal ar focal ó innirint mhic Uí Fálamain, rean-fearr ar
baile an Tobair Uí Concubair.

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,
 "You should have obeyed me at my word.
 For a greedy man you are I see,
 And a greedy man you will ever be ;
 A covetous man you are of gain,
 And a covetous man you will remain."

So that's the reason, as I've been told,
 All clergy are since so fond of gold.

This, I think the narrator added, is the reason of the proverbial rann.

Four clergy who are not covetous,
 Four Frenchmen who are not yellow,
 Four shoemakers who are not liars—
 Those are a dozen who are not in the country.

Here is another story of the same sort.

There was a priest in the chapel one day, and there came in a young, fine-looking, well-combed man, and stood at the door. "You sleek lad yonder," says the priest, "come here till I see have you your Christian Doctrine (Catechism), tell me how many deadly sins are there in it?"

"Six," says he.

"Musha, there were seven in it last year," says the priest

"There were," said he, "but now we leave covetousness to the Church," *i.e.*, the Church has monopolised the sin of covetousness *

That is an old story ; I have heard it better told by other people.

* Word for word from the telling of an old horse-breaker, named Fallon from Ballintubber, in Co. Roscommon.

Ní ar don cuma amháin inniurtear na rígeálta ro.
Cuirteann gac don rígeulurde a cpoiccionn féin orra.
Mar veir an rean-rann

Díonn feáct gcuma ar an abhán
Aur vā innirint véas ar an rígeál!

Níor bhuirtear amac mar ro áct i n-áiteadaiú ar
leir, aur go h-annam, aur buú náúurda go leór go
mbeirdeá imreapán aur éad iorí cur to na bárdaiú
nac raib cráibtead ná ríagalta ann a mbeatair—
mar an Mangaire Súgac i gcúige Mumán, no Art
Mac Cobtaig i gcúig Ulaú—aur na ríagartaib do
biread ag déanam a noitcill le iad do tionntós,
ar ríge a leara. Aur áubair eile de'n imreap ro,
.i. go raib na báird go minic níor ríglamta aur
níor léiganta 'ná na ríagairt, aur go raib ríort
mí-rheap aca orra mar geall air rin.

Fuair mé vān rāda i Láimh-ríghibinn do fuair mé ar
iaraect ó cparaid ríghibinn do rinnead i n-áit éigin i
g-Cúig Ulaú ran mbliadain, 1764, dar b'ainm "Cóm-
airle Míe Láma o ácaú na Muilíonn o'áiríú Ruad
.i. Seatain Ruad Mac Bhartaig Míe Dómnail
ghuama, Míe Seatain Míe Toirdealbais," etc."* Tá
Mac Láma, cia be é, ag tabairt cómairle do'n bua-
cail, laiccionn o'rógluim uair-rean, aur do veir

* Áct ag ro an t-ainm fuair mé ar an bpíora ro i Láimh-ríghibinn
eile gan ainm ran áro-sgoil Ríogamail Éireannais. .i. "Cómairle
míe Lámaic o ácaú na Moileann va brádaí .i. ARSAID ruad
LITIS ar chéigean a mna vó ie cuing crábadó do gabáil, eadon.
Sagairtoiread, no an sagairt bata le labhar painín." aur ag
ro áirímar tá ré agam i leabair móriann mo feild féin do ríghíod
lábhár o fuairéain i bpoireláirge 'ran mbliadain, 1786. .i.
"Cómairle míe Cláma o ácaú oí Muilínn ann ro ríor do áiríú
Ruad Mac ábhadaí."

It is not in one way only that these stories are told. Each separate story-teller "puts his own skin upon them" (*i.e.*, dresses them up in his own way), for as the old verse says :

"There be seven different versions of a song
And twelve different ways of telling a story."

But the people did not break out in this way except in occasional places, and seldom. And it was natural enough that there should be quarrels and jealousy between some of the bards who were not religious nor moral in their lives like the Mangaire Sógach (Mangirya Soogach or Jolly Pedlar), in Munster, or Art MacCovey in Ulster, and the priests who used to be doing their best to turn them on the path of their own good. And there was another reason for this quarrel—that the poets were often more educated and learned than the priests, and on account of this they had a kind of disrespect for them.

I found a long poem in a manuscript I borrowed from a friend, copied as I believe some place in Ulster in the year 1764, called the "Counsel of Mac Lava from Aughanamullin (the field of the mills), to Red Archy; that is Red Shahan (Shawn?), son of Brady, son of Fiachra, son of Donal the gloomy, son of Shahan, son of Turlogh, etc." * MacLava, whoever he was, is giving the youth advice to learn Latin from himself and become a *bullaire* (priest or

* In another manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy this piece is headed the "Counsel of Mac Lavy, from Aughynamullin, to his cousin [or brother] Red Arsaith (Archy!) Litis, on his forsaking his wife to take the yoke of piety on him, that is Priestifying; or, the 'Priest of the Stick,' by Laurence Faneen." And, again, in a voluminous MS. of my own, written by Laurence O'Fuarin, in Waterford, in the year 1786, it is called the "Counsel of Mac Clava, from Aughynamullin, to Red Arsaith Mac a Brady."

'na "bullaire"* (.i. ragarar no brácair?) óir ip ann
 rin bérdear an beata rógamail fona aige. Tá
 curd mhór de'n dán ro lán d'foclair nac
 tuigim, agus nac bfuil le fágail i bfuclóir ar bit,
 agus nac bfuil tuine beó anoir, tá raitéir orim, do
 mhineócaó iad, ció go raib ríad coitcéionn, ip tóig,
 ceud bliadain no ceud bliadain go leir ó roin. Glac
 an rann ro amáin agus feuc an méad focal do-tuig-
 reannaó atá ann.

Shó ar tóir ghráó bullaireacht (?)
 Shó an triollaireacht (?) mar éuro éruinn,
 Shó an raíam (?) réite (?) ruain
 'S a' t'romur† (?) go buan do éinn.

Sin rompla ar an méad do cáilleamar nuair
 leigearar do'n Saeóeilg bár fágail amearg na
 nraoine, óir ip iad amáin d'feudraó na dánta ro
 míniugaó. Do beir Mac Láma fomáir mair or cómar
 ar rál, ag cur ríor ar donar an tuine boict ann ran
 nraon ro. Níl an dán ro ceapta i miorúir maíalta,
 aet tá an éuro ip mó de an corrhúil le Rannaigeacht
 mhóir.

† Níl an focal ro 'r na foclóirib aet ip é compóir no páraó
 ip ciall de, crierim.

* *Bullaire* and *bullaireacht* seem to be formed from the word *bull*,
 a [Pope's] bull, and to mean a "bull-promulgator," or priest, and the
 "state of priesthood." *Siollaireacht* probably means "enunciation,"
 from *siolla*, a syllable. *Somus* is not in any dictionary, but it means

friar ?) for it is then that he will have the pleasant easy life ! There is a great deal of this poem full of words that I do not understand, and that are not to be found in any dictionary, and which there is not a person alive now, I am afraid, who could explain, although these were in common use no doubt a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. Take this verse for example and see all the unintelligible words in it.

Conceive, first, a love of *bullaireacht*,* etc.
 Conceive the *siollaireacht* for solid portion,
 Conceive the *samhain?* *siite?* of slumber,
 And the *somus* (comfort!) lastingly therefrom.

This is an example of all we lost when we allowed Irish to die amongst the people, for it is they alone who would be able to explain these poems. Mac Lava brings before our eyes a good image, in this piece, of the misery of the poor man. The poem is not composed in regular metre, but most of it is like Great Rannuigheacht.

"comfort." The other words are complete puzzles. In my Waterford copy, made in 1786, the verse yields even less sense.

* *Saib an t-túr gnáth bullaireacht*
Saib an tollaireacht maí éruinn,
Saib aráimín rioteáin fúaim
Fann comar go buan do dhonn.

Deir pé le "hairsiú" gur forur do bheir 'na fásairt
 san móran lairne aige, go dtis leir úráiró déanamh
 o' focal air bit amearg na ndaoine atá san léigean,
 mar "parva nec invideo," no "hanc tua Penelope,"
 no "tuba mirum spargens sonum," no "ego te teneo.
 Amen!" Ann rin, nuair b'éar ré ag léigead, féarparó
 ré a fuit do éarad agus do m'ead "air reóir
 thannóail binn, agus cuir air chuingiú (?) ríona
 agus cuir air m'ead carócta, agus déarparó dubtuata
 mór-donnaig lán-ainéiríoraéa an pobail, gur mór
 an truaige an-ghiorra anála, an cumhac cléiré agus
 an doctaét compair a buairear a n-aimirí na
 reirbire air an trasairt beannuigte mór-ghlórad
 áro-foclad." Toraigean pé mar ro.

CÓMAIRLE mhic LÁMHA.

A hairsiú (?) éiríde [a] déanamh muaró,
 O tá o'forpéin chuaró anoct
 Dearraig h-áiré ar m'g na noúil,
 A 'r tabair cúl do'n trasgal boct.

Mo cómairle dúit, ce bé mé,
 Dearc oir féin go géar ghinn,
 Ná meaf a éarair ann do céill
 leat go noeuntar breug linn.

* ní'l an focal ro 'r na foclóirib aet ir é compórt no fárad
 ir ciall dé, éiríom.

¹ Bullaire and bullaireacht seems to be formed from the word bulla,
 a [Pope's] bull, and to mean a "bull-promulgator," or priest, and the
 "state of priesthood." Siollaireacht probably means "eunuciation,"
 from siolla, a syllable. Somus is not in any dictionary, but it means

He tells Archy that it is easy for him to be a priest without his having much Latin, that he can make use of any word amongst unlearned people, as *parva nec invideo, hanc tua Penelope, or tuba mirum spargens sonum, or ego te teneo. Amen.* Then, when he will be reading, he will be able to twist and stifle his voice "like a melodious humming (?), and a part stifling (?) of the nose, and a part smothering a cough, and then the wealthy, full-ignorant laity amongst the congregation shall say that it is a great pity the shortness of breath, the pressure on the chest, and the tightness round the breast that strikes the blessed loud-voiced, big-worded priest at the time of service."! The piece begins thus:—

MAC LAVA'S ADVICE.

O Archy of the big red head,
Thy lot, I *said*, is bad this day,
But, hark to me, towards God he *turned*,
And this "poor world" shall pass away.²

My advice to thee, whoever I am—
Look at thyself sharply and closely;
Do not think, O my friend, in thy sense,
That we are speaking lies to thee.

"comfort." The other words are complete puzzles. In my Waterford copy, made in 1786, the verse yields even less sense.

Ḡaib an t-túr ḡráb bullapaict
Ḡaib an tollapaict map éruinn,
Ḡaib aráimín riottáin ruáin
Fann comar go buan do éionn.

² This is nearly the metre of the original. His advice, of course, is satirical.

mipe mac láma o ácaíu-na-muilionn
 náir fáraíḡ cuilionn ar mo éóin,
 maḡ * ḡeodair mo ḡseula leat ḡo beaét
 beíró tu aitéaeá ar vo ḡrón.

Tuig féin, cia bé ráé
 Sur móir an eiráó vo ḡeib an corp
 O úub mairne ḡo vub oíóce
 Ar feaó ḡrúbe aḡur corp (?)

Δ τά τόοι ann 'r ḡae láib
 á'r ann ran ḡráib† Δ díor ḡo breun;
 Δḡ raoḡruḡaó na punnainne eiráóce
 ḡo cinnte báíóce ann ra' léun.

Ar vteaét cum Δ doéain, eḡaénóna,
 lán vócaín r ve díón eḡoíóe,
 ḡeodair moíme ḡḡeáaeá ḡaríae
 'S ni luḡa caeárlae (?) mná an eḡe.

Suíróirí díor ar nóir enuivín (?)
 No maḡ ḡaoivín (?) ḡo fuar rann,
 ni beíró Δ eomalear aeḡ ḡo laḡ
 'S ni beíró Δ veeóe bḡioḡmaḡ ceann.

ḡluairíró v'á leabairí raoi ḡruaim
 ni beíró fuaim ann Δ ḡioḡea,
 pḡeabán ar Δ bḡíḡce tóna
 á'r paḡce no vó ar Δ ḡioḡea.

Δḡ éirúḡe vó ar na márae
 á'r é ḡan árae aḡe aḡi féin,
 ír veimín nae bḡáḡann blaḡ
 vo éuirḡeá an e-ocaraḡ uairí r ḡéin.

* "maḡ ḡeodair" = "muna bḡuigir"

† "ḡráib" = palaeḡ, muo palae. Veir ríao "ann ran ḡráib"
 i n-áit "ann ran b-ḡráib," i n-áiteaeáirí i ḡ-éúḡe ulaó.

I am Mac Lava from Aughynamullin,
 Out of whose hips holly never grew;¹
 Unless thou receivest my story exactly
 Thou shalt repent through the nose for it (?)

Understand, thyself, whatever be the cause,
 That great is the distress which the body gets
 From dark morning until dark night
 Throughout sloughs and turf-banks (?)

His two fists in every mud,
 And in every dirt that is foul,
 Earning the weary sheaf,
 And surely drowned in misery.

Coming to his hovel in the evening,
 Full of wretchedness and grief of heart,
 He shall find before him the screeching of children,
 And no less the complaining (?) of the woman of the house.

He will sit down after the manner of a *cnuidín* (?)
 Or like a *gaoidín* (?) cold and feeble,
 His food will be only weak,
 And his drink neither strong nor stout.

He will proceed to his bed under gloom,
 And there will be no noise in his girth,
 A piece-of-mending on the back of his breeches,
 And a patch or two on his skirt.

On his rising on the morrow,
 (And him without any help for himself),
 It is certain that he will not get a taste
 To hunt his hunger away in fright,

¹ i.e., who was so good a scholar that he was never beaten.

Cá tóaim le bpiáiríð fava
 biaið [ré] i nḡao le n-a deó,
 aḡ ioinn leir an tpaogal meangac
 s a fúil rpeangac * faoi deó.

ḡo uti an t-am fa utpéiríð a lút
 's ḡo ḡ-cuirítear úir ari a tpuaili,
 aḡ rin aḡao veimín rḡeil
 mar téri cnuróin i ḡoré ḡan uaili.

a h-aitle na mbpiáirí a luairítear fuaḡ
 a éluin vo éluar 'r a éir vo fúil,
 má féavann tu faoi mí ó 'noet
 na bí vo rḡairíte boet i ḡ-cúl.

tós vo mēanma aveimín leat,
 ná bí fearḡa i nḡao mar tál[ir],
 ḡad éuḡao an maḡail éarḡ
 naifḡear oir bail a'r blát.

* * * * *

má ḡnóirí puar i ḡ-cluimac éun
 ḡo h-éirḡe ḡnéine 'r ḡo maḡair ráé [rátaé]
 a'r cáil lairne o'róḡluim uaim
 bérioir vo fḡarḡe fuaḡ mar éac, etc.

Téri an file ari a aḡaið ann rin aḡ múnatḡ oó
 créat vo buð éoir oó veunam, aḡur cia an caoi buð
 éoir vo é péin o'iomcari, aḡur ir fíor-ḡoirḡ, ir rearb,
 aḡur ir trom-builleac é—com rearb rin nac tciúb-
 paið mé an cuir eile de 'n oán, aet cuiréann pé leir
 an oán rḡeul ḡpeannamail, atá com h-airveac rin ḡo
 ḡ-cairíð mé a tabairḡ, mar fompia ari an bpiór
 ḡaeveilḡ vo rḡriobairí i ḡCúige Ulað céat bliatḡan
 ḡo leit ó foin, oir ir corímúil ḡur b'é rin an t-am ari
 rḡriobat é. Toraiḡeann pé mar ro, aḡ veunam
 airtir ari móo-rḡriobta na rean úir-rḡeul.

* "Sa tpuil rpeangac," 'ran MS. b'érioir ḡur ionnann "rpeangac"
 le "rpiamac" focal coiréionn i otaoirí rúile bíor aḡ iut ḡo tuiḡ.

Why proceed with long words!
 He shall be in a gad (held fast) as long as he is alive,
 Dividing [his part] with the deceitful world
 And his eyes exuding rheum beneath a mist.

Until the time when his activity shall forsake him,
 And until mould shall be placed over his sheath (body).
 There is for you a true story
 Of how a *cnuidín* goes under clay without pomp.

After the words spoken above,
 After what thy ear hears and thine eye sees,
 If thou art able, a month from to-night,
 Do not be a poor vagabond in the corner.

Lift up thy spirits, I tell thee,
 Do not be any longer in a gad (bound fast) as thou art.
 Take to thyself the true rule
 Which binds upon thee prosperity and glory,

* * * * *

If thou fall asleep in the down of birds
 Till rise of sun, and till thou art satisfied,
 And to learn from me a reputation for Latin,
 Thou shalt be set up as a priest like everyone else.

The poet goes on then instructing him in what he ought to do, and how he ought to comport himself, and he is salt and bitter and heavy-smiting, but I shall not give the rest of the poem. He follows up the poem, however, with a pleasant story which is so curious that I must give it as an example of the Irish prose which they used to write in the beginning of the last century, for it is likely that this was the time it was written. He begins thus, imitating the style of the old romances.

MAC NA SGOLÓIGE AGUS AN T-EASBOG.

* A b'rádaíir a'irriú (?) ir oiréioir (?) óam-ra fáct-úir-
rgeal beag o'innirint tuit-pe anoir, do beanar ne do
cár féin do ládaíir, ar cútulán (?) éraoraé énáim-
neamhar énoim-éannaé mic do bí ag r'golóig ulc-faota
taoib-leatán bo-éaintig móir-éreaoais, do bí feaéé
n-aíl 'na éóinnuibe le taoib oilein agus easlaire
oiréioirce Cluain mic Nóir. Agus do g'náitúgead
an r'golóig neam-ráirte rin a éoiré do dúbliúad do
óit'neabac óiaóa beannaisge do bí 'na éóinnuibe i
g-comhfozar óó, mar b'áir óútraéca tar an b'oball
cum cuirig[te] an óit'neabais rin do beir aige cum
an faoba (?) mic rin do éur a[r] a'áir cum r'agart-
aéca.

Fá óeóig, ar b'ágaíl b'áir do r'agart na parráirce
rin ann a r'abéaóar, r'geitear agus noécar an Sgolóig
an toirpéar n'uin agus inntinne rin do bí i ótairéir
ne cian o'aimirir n'oinne rin aige, do 'n óit'neabac,
agus ir ead a no ráirde r'ur † gur m'ear ré féin nac
raib tuine ar bit ir fearr do éiucfaó r'ur an b'oball
rin mar r'agart parráirce 'na an mac rin do bí aige
féin, de'n g'ráó r'agartaéca [do bí] aige.

Impiréar agus aróiréar (?) an Sgolóig an óit-
neabac—ne óiúlaicéib móra do éabairé óó o'á
éann—cum tuit ne n-a mac do ládaíir éarbois Cluana

* S'griobaim "ge," "te," etc., i n-aít "ce," "te," etc., atá
ran ms. agus a'irriúim "air biot," "eireoir," "aig," "a" go

THE FARMER'S SON AND THE BISHOP.

O Cousin Archy (?) I must now tell you a little allegory which has a bearing upon your own present case, about a greedy fat-boned stoop-headed bashful fellow of a son, that a long-bearded broad-sided cow-herd-ful large-flock-having Farmer had, who was once on a time residing by the side of the island and the illustrious Church of Clonmacnois. And this aforesaid Farmer was accustomed to double his alms to a godly blessed hermit, who was living close by him, [giving] with excess of diligence beyond [the rest of] the congregation, in order that he might have the aid of this hermit in putting forward that blockhead (?) of a son towards the priesthood.

At last, on the priest of that parish in which they were, dying, the Farmer promulgates and lays bare to the hermit the secret conception and intention which he had stored up for a long time before that, and it was what he said to him, that he considered himself, that there was no person at all who would better suit that congregation as a parish priest than this son of his own, from the love of the priesthood which he had.

The Farmer beseeches and begs him—giving him large offerings on the head of it—to go with his son to the presence of the Bishop of Clonmacnois. They set forth all

"Δρ βιζ," "ερενοεαρ," "ΔΣ," "ι," γε, αετ νι αετηιζιμ δον φοαλ.
† = "σο ηιρό [ρέ] λειρ" = ουδαριε ρέ λειρ. Εηιρ = λειρ.

míc Nóir. Triallair na 'ttriúr leat ar leat, cum an artailir rin .i. an Sgolóis an t'itheadaḃ ḃsur mac na rsgolóise, maille ne poball móir de cáirtib de com-bháitirib ḃsur de luēt cóim-eólair na rsgolóise, o'd comórad go h-oipear ḃsur go calatóport an oilein rin Cluana míc Nóir.

Ir ann do fíapruis tuine-uapal o'd raib 'ran g-cruinniugad de bhuat-raib pairtíonaḃa fíir-glíce de'n Sgolóis nar b'fíor an raib a faoba mic easnuide go leór cum ghráḃ * ragaḃataḃta do glacaḃ de'n cóir rin. A t'ubairt reiréan sup b'aítne do féin go raib san contabairt, de b'ruis go raib ré reat mbliaḃna 'na cléipeat uirge ḃsur palainn as an atair beannuighe diaḃa do cuair ar neam uainn do látair, ḃsur fór sup lionmair é 'ran amen i n-am aifpinn ḃsur pórtá, ḃsur sup ghráḃtaḃ sup mó le n' iomarcuir no † le n' uiréarbuir [é] 'ran góar rin. "Táim ráruighe," ar an tuine-uapal, as tabairt a cuil do, ḃsur as déanam fíor sean gáir.

Sídeat as réiriuḃad cearta an tuine uapal do'n rsgolóis, do coḃtaḃar uile, no go n'beairiad Síolla an t'itheadaig .7. Triumpair na beicniḃ† . . . reairt a b'ruir as iarrair coirraig ḃsur gleur iomḃair ḃsur iomráma cum na h-innre. Tis cuca iar rin báo b'ronn-fairpíng fíor-faḃa maille ne h-oḃtar de rpalpírib rpalpánta móir-greamanatá fair-

* "Ghráḃ" = ghrá, céim, réar, rang. ní ionnann é ḃsur "cion" no "sean" ann ro.

† no = ná, go minic i g-cúige ulat.

three, side by side, on that journey, the farmer, the hermit, and the farmer's son, together with a great congregation of their friends and cousins and of the Farmer's acquaintance accompanying (?) him to the strand and harbour of that island of Clonmacnois.

It was then a gentleman who was in the assembly asked the farmer with prophesying truly-wise words whether he knew if his lad of a son were wise [educated] enough to receive the grade of priesthood on that occasion. He answered that he knew himself that he was, without any doubt, because he had been for seven years clerk of salt and water¹ [i.e., acolyte] to the blessed godly Father who departed to heaven from us but now, and moreover, that he was plentiful with his Amens at time of mass or marriage, and that in this respect he had generally too much rather than too little. "Oh, I am satisfied," said the gentleman, turning his back on him, and bursting into a fit of laughing.

However, upon the Farmer thus satisfying the gentleman's question, they were all silent until the hermit's lad the "Shouting Attendant" (?) gave a shout at the beach, asking for a curach and means of transport to row to the island. After that comes to them a broad-wombed long-timbered boat, with eight loutish big-biting lumpish (?) dawdling (?) raw-nosed (?) great-sleeping spalpeens of the

‡ Tá dá focail ag leanamaint ann go i litreachaibh Románaíochta corúil le *Therlin Noies*, naé ceuigim, agus i n-áit "corraí" tá "cuiois" san MS., agus "báda" i n-áit "bá.".

¹ Salt is used in making Holy Water, uirge corraeagta, or uirge an Dóinnais, hence the curious periphrasis.

deac [a] annađa amhónađa mór-codaltađa na parpá-
irte ar láim éli mic na Sgolóige. Nairgíó ar an
Sgolóige fua (.7. le n-a) muinntir fúieac as port
an cuain, no go tictíóir féin tar a n-air. Do ghríó
amháir rin.

Sídeac ar noul do'n g-cúpla ream-páirte rin do
láir ar Earbois, noctar an tictreabac fáoin [fát]
asur bríe a tair ar do. Aontáigear an t-earbog
ar imirde an tictreabais gráda Sagaracáca do
táir ar do mac na Sgolóige asur cuirear t'fíacáir
ar cuio de 'n gcléir do bí 'na fíacáir ceirt ríoláir
do cur ar an macaóin, ionnar go mbeideac fíor
ainme (?) acruine a léigín aca le n-a táir ar do'n
Earbog. Sídeac ní bfuair ar a deas no a mór de
cineál léigín ar bit aige. Beiríó uata íarom
[tar éir rin] do 'n Earbog tearca an macaóin.

Feargáigear an t-earbog fur an gcléir as cloir-
oin a ríeíl, asur ír eac a tair ar fur ab náir no
aírméal do cuirear ar an macaóin, asur fírear
féin leir é, a bfuí fí [i. fa] leir, go h-oiréar asur
go ríor-bíor an loá, ar uáigear, ionnar go fáir ar
i n-amáir na Sgolóige asur a muinntir de 'n leac
tall, asur láir leir i láir de bfuíar aoir-
geanna fíor-muintear do asur ír reac do fáir.

"Quid est sacramentum, in nomine Domini?"

"Qui fecit cælum et terram," ar an fáoba.

"Nunquam accedes ad altare Dei?" ar an t-earbog

parish on the left hand of the Farmer's son. They enjoin on the Farmer with his people to wait on the beach of the harbour until they themselves should come back. This they do.

In the meantime, on the above-mentioned couple going into the bishop's presence, the hermit discloses the reason and meaning of his journey. The bishop consents at the request of the hermit to confer the degree of priesthood on the Farmer's son, and makes some of the clergy who were along with him put scholarly questions to the youth, so that they might have some knowledge of the amount of his learning to give the bishop. However, they found nothing either great or small of any kind of learning whatsoever in him. After that they report to the bishop about the youth's ability.

The bishop is 'angry at the clergy on hearing their report, and 'twas what he said that it was shame or fright (?) they put on the youth, and he himself calls him with him far apart, to the brink and very margin of the lake, in solitude, so that they came within the view of the Farmer and his people on the opposite side, and he addresses him in Latin with courteous truly-friendly words, and 'twas what he said—

Quid est sacramentum in nomine Domini ?¹

Qui fecit cælum et terram, says the fellow.

Numquam accedes ad altare Dei, says the bishop.

¹ *i.e.*—What is a sacrament in the name of the Lord ?

Who made heaven and earth.

Thou shalt never approach the altar of God.

To God who maketh glad my youth.

You shall not be made a priest by me for ever.

"Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam," ar an faoba.

"Non fies sacerdos per me in sæcula sæculorum," ar an t-Earboz.

"Amen," ar an faoba.

Ir ann rin feargaisgead go h-iomarcaac an t-Earboz ne mac na Sgolóige, agus do tógasib a lámh ne rmaidctin buin-reamar uball-chnaptaac bac-blait (?) bata do bí 'na deap-láimh, agus gabar as léapaib agus as pleurzaib agus as tuarraigain mic na Sgolóige san éoisil, ionnarr gur leis ré a fuil agus [a] ionatair go láir agus go lán talman.

"Tuaas amh, díol mo mhic-pe, anoir," ar* an Sgolós, "agus dár liom féin ní díol maoidte air, zac raobail no zac roicear, zac ceapic póirta agus zac buivéal dá bfuigfiré ré mar ppolútar (?) 'na fúirde i rúra ne cineál ó ro amac, óir ir cnuasí cnaíote roigíoneac ceannraig uíal úir-iríoll do glacair mo leand-ra an éuing maíalta agus an gnaib ragaíptaéta ro anocht, agus ní h-uíar go raobair ar deapmaí uair go cinnead a pé agus a faogail, óir ir dútpaétaac diaíá daingean díongmála a cuipear an an t-Earboz beannuigíte i gcumhar (?) [i g-cuimne?] dó i le lámh-buillib luata lán-bata."

Gíreab ar rgaraimain do'n Earboz ne mac na Sgolóige tángadair na Spailpínirí noimh-íáirde rin do látair an tgaíait óis agus do iarradair a beannac-tain. Ro tógasib reirean a lámha go cléireamail

* "Dhair" 'ran MS., rean-foirm.

Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam, says the lad.

Non fies sacerdos per me in sæcula sæculorum, says the bishop.

Amen, says he.

Then was the bishop excessively enraged against the Farmer's son, and raised his arm with a thick-butted apple-knotted * * * *? cudgel of a stick, that he had in his right hand, and begins lacing and leathering and whaling the Farmer's son without sparing, so that his blood and inwards ran down to the very ground.

"Ow! but that's sad, my son's case now," says the Farmer, "and I think myself that every comfort and satisfaction (?) and roasted hen and every bottle that he shall get like a prolute (prelate ?) sitting in his coverlet with kindness from this out, is not to be begrudged him; for it's hard and pitiably, it's patiently, gently, meekly and humbly my child takes the religious yoke and the grade of priesthood on him this night, and it's not easily it will be forgotten by him to the termination of his career and his life, for it's diligently, piously, firmly, and soundly, the blessed bishop drives it into his memory with swift hand-blows of the large stick."

However, on the bishop's parting from the Farmer's son the aforesaid spalpeens came up to the young priest and asked his blessing. He lifted up his hands cleric-like and

¹ Thou shalt sprinkle me, Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean, thou shalt wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

cráibítead ór a g-ceann agus do tús ré abrólóiró gein-
ionálta dóib* aš ráb: “Asperges me Domine hysoppo
et mundabor, lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor.”

Do tógadair leó é iar rin do cum an cúraig
agus do lingeadair ann go taorcad móir-méanmnac
no go rángadair i dtír do 'n leat oile, agus do
pinneadair a raib i bpoit na h-innre an úmlaet ceutona
rin do mac na Sgoilóige, agus do [f]iafraigeadair de
cá raib a builla no a captaea Sagaracta.

A dubhairt peirean nac raib captaea aige aet
builla fleacta Concubair† rcaoricta (?) an Chábáinn
do Ciapán, cian ó roin, ar biocaraet na Larrgan—coil
an pobail. Do túsadair-ran an Dia dúilead nac
raib aige ariam builla do b'féarr, agus do cúireadair
coraibdeact gréine agus éarza orra féin—um an
parrairte rin do fearam dó go ceann [.i. ceann] a
nae agus a faoşail, agus do pinneadair amlaib rin.

Anoir a aiprió, ir maic an rgeul nac [m]baineann
le pmoatán óir ir vuit-re do beadar “application”
an rgeil-re, agus ir maic an cómairle vuit-re an
gráó ceutona do glacad, agus má buailtear buillide
de bata oit ir beas an dochar é i n-óiol zac pároact[a]
agus zac rómair o'a bfuigfir tu o'a ceann, agus de
bárr ar zac cómairle eile o'a vtusar vuit, aš ro
vuit cúpla iann beas do diar ašao de meannmain do

* “Dáib” ran MS. foim coiticeionn i g-cúige ulad. Deir riao
“dapa” anuú i g-Connactaib.

† i gcoir eile Concubair éom-ceannais míc lobair do bi cian
o'aimprr poime rin i gconae an Chábáinn jc.

piously above their heads, and gave them general absolution, saying, *Asperges me Domine hysoppo et mundabor, lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor.*

They carried him with them to the curach after that, and leapt into it, flowingly and high-spiritedly, until they reached land on the other side, and all that were in the island harbour made the same reverence to the Farmer's son, and they asked him where was his bull or charter of priesthood.

He said that he had no charter but the bull of the race of stoop-headed Conor Mac Lopus¹ of Cavan to the Vicarage of Lurgan,—the will of the people,

They swore by the God of the elements that he never could have a better charter than that, and they bound themselves by the sun and the moon to defend that parish for him to the end of his term and his life. And they did so.

And now Archy, the story which does not concern a *smotán* (?) is good, for it is you that the application of this story concerns, and it is the good advice to you to take the same grade of priesthood, and if blows of a stick be struck on you, it is small damage compared with every comfort and ease that you will get on the head of it, and in addition to every other advice I have given you, here are a couple of little ranns for you which shall be in your memory con-

¹ Alluding I think to some romance. The race of Lopus means vulgar upstarts.

fíor, ionnnar supr maic an cuibiuḡaḡ òuit iad cum ḡaḡ
cruaḡ-ḡaḡaḡ ò'a bfuil i ò'ceann :—

ir buaḡaḡ an nio an málcarraḡ,
ir meara an léim ar líne,
ir rona an nio an trapaḡraḡ
mar veip na h-úḡaḡaḡ criona.

ir maic a cuio do'n mí-foclaḡaḡ
Supr veap a ḡaḡar ré leirḡeul
Do ḡaḡar boḡt na oḡoḡ-larone
An uair milleap an foirḡeal.

leanann beaḡán de cómaḡaḡe eile, aḡt nī tḡaḡam
ann ro i oḡi nī'l rī foilḡip dath-ra.

Nuair cūmro ḡo raib na báipō cōm réiḡ rin le n-a
n-inntinn réin do labairt ór áro i oḡaḡaḡ na raḡarḡ
i ḡaḡar ná'p taitniḡ riad leḡ, ir móire ḡo móir beirḡear
ár meap ar an trapaḡraḡt rin do ḡnóḡaḡ aḡur do
cōngḡaḡaḡ oḡóip aḡur ḡriáḡ na nḡaḡoine, oḡi ir foilluráḡ
ó labairt-ḡan-cōigilt na mbáipō náḡ ḡ-cōngḡóḡaḡaḡoip
é munar tūilleaḡaḡi é.

Aḡ ro rḡeul eile ar ár Slánuḡḡeḡoḡi aḡur ar Naom
Peaḡar, cōrmúil leir an rḡeul do tḡḡ mé fuar. Nī
réioḡi a riáḡ anoip cia an cāoi a oḡáinḡ na rḡeulḡa
ro amearḡ na nḡaḡoine, aḡt ir cōrmúil supr fíor-
ḡaeḡealaḡ cuio aca, ar cuma ar bit, aḡur supr fḡit
amaḡ aḡur supr innreáḡ iad le tuine cráibḡeac
éigin, no le bráḡaḡi boḡt, cum na nḡaḡoine do cūp ar
bealaḡ a leapa, aḡur le tairbeánt oḡib cōm laḡ aḡur
tá riad i n-am an cāuḡḡe.

tinually, so that they may be a good help in every pinch that is before you :—

A victorious thing is stuttering (!) ¹

Worse is the leap on the line.

A lucky thing is stammering (?)

As wise authors say.

Good is his portion to the man of mangled utterance,

Sure it is gracefully it excuses

The poor priest of the bad Latin

When he mangles the Gospel.

A little more advice follows, but I do not give the rest of it here, for it is not plain to me.

When we see that the bards were so ready to speak their minds openly about the priests in cases where they had occasion for censure, our respect for that priesthood which gained and preserved the reverence and love of the people must be all the greater. It is evident, when we read the unsparing language of the bards, that the clergy could not have kept the reverence of the people if they had not well deserved it.

Here is another story of our Saviour and Saint Peter like the one I gave above. It is impossible to say now how these stories came amongst the people, but it is likely that some of them at least are purely Irish, and were invented and told by some pious person or poor friar, to put the people on the way of their own good, and show them how weak they are in the hour of temptation.

¹ A good deal of the translation of these verses is guess-work ; no dictionary contains the words, no living man that I have met understands them. The *Gaelic Journal* being read by people in all parts of the country throws much light on obscure words and allusions. If that journal is allowed to die, their recovery will become for ever impossible. Are there no thoughtful Irishmen who will give to it, instead of to some short-lived political party, money enough to keep it alive, and save some—much—of our country's heritage.

naomh peardar.*

Ann ran am a naibh Naomh Peardar agus ár Slánuigheóir ag riuúal na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do tairbeán a Máigirtir dó, agus dá mbuó tuine eile do bí ann, o'feiceadh leat an oiriú, ir dóig go mbeirthead a dóctar ar a Máigirtir níor láirpe 'ná bí dóctar Peardar.

Aon lá amáin do bíodar ag teacht arthead go baile-móir agus do bí fear-ceoil leat ar meisge 'na fuíde ar tsoibh an bótar mór ag iarraidh déirce. Tug ár Slánuigheóir píopa aigis dó, ar ngabail ceirt dó. Bí iongantar ar Peardar faoi rin, óir dubhairt ré leir féin, "Ir iomda tuine boct do bí i n-earbúir mór o'eitig mo Máigirtir, aet anoir tug ré déirce do'n fear-ceoil reo atá ar meisge. Aet b'éirir," ar ré leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil túil aige ran sceól."

Do bí fíor ag ár Slánuigheóir eiréar do bí i n-inn-tinn Peardar, aet níor labhair ré focal o'a tsoibh.

An lá ar n-a máirac do bíodar ag riuúal anir, agus do carad bpráir boct oiriú, agus é cnom leir an aoir, agus beag-nae noetta. O'iarir ré déirce ar ár Slánuigheóir, aet ní tug Seiréan aon áirú air, agus níor freasair Sé a imirde.

"Sin ní eile nae bfuil ceart," ar ra Naomh Peardar

* Cuairt próinriar O Concuairir, atá i mb'l'át-luain anoir, an rgeul ro ó fear-mnaoi var b' ainm bmuir ní Catearag ó baile-dá-abain i gConuac Sligis, agus fuair mife uair-pean é.

SAINT PETER.¹

At the time that St. Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half-drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician ; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but he did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again, and a poor friar (sic) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in

¹ An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the County Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.

ann a innicinn féin; bí easla air labhairt leir an mairgirtir o'da tairb, aet bí pé ag cailleamaint a dótair gac uile lá.

An triáchnóna ceurona bíodar ag teact go baile eile nuair capad fear dall onna, agus é ag iarrair d'éirce. Cuir ái Slánuigtheadair caint air agus dubhairt "ceuro tá uait?"

"Luac lóirtin oirde, luac puio le n'ite, agus an oirpad agus bérdear ag teartál uaim amáirac; má tís leat-ra a tabhairt dam, geobair tu cúitiugad mór, agus cúitiugad nac bfuil le fágail ar an traozal brónac ro."

"Ir mar i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "aet ní'l tá aet ag iarrair mo meallad, ní'l earburd luac-lóirtin ná puio le n'ite ort, tá ói agus airgion ann do póca, agus buo éoir duit do bairdear do tabhairt do Dia faoi do díol go lá do beir agao."

Ni raib fíor ag an dall gur b'é ái Slánuigtheadair do bí ag caint leir, agus dubhairt pé leir: "Ni pean-mópa aet d'éirce atá mé iarrair, ir cinnte mé dá mbeirdear fíor agao go raib ói ná airgion agam go mbairpeá díom é, 'tuga' leat* anoir, ní teartuig-eann do caint uaim."

"Go veimín ir dí-céillíde an fear tū," ar ran Tigearna, "ní béró ói ná airgion agao i b'pad," agus leir rin o'fág pé an dall.

Bí peadar ag éirteact leir an geómpad, agus bí uúil aige a innreact do'n dall go mbuó é ái Slán-

*"tuga leat"="imtiš leat," "amác uait," nó puio de'n tróirt rin. b'éiríon gur "cuige leat" buo éoir do beir ann, .i. "cuig an veimín"!

his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow: if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me, you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat, you have gold and silver in your pocket, and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons but alms I'm asking for, I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me you would take it from me. Get off now, I don't want your talk."

"Indeed you are a senseless man," said the Lord, "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

St. Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was

uigsteóir do bí ag caint leir, aót ní bfuair pé don fáill. Aót do bí fear eile ag éirteacht nuair túbairt ár Slánuigsteóir go raib ór agus aigsiot ag an dall. Duó rghioradóir millteac do bí ann, aót do bí fíor aige náir innir ár Slánuigsteóir don bheus ariam. Com luac agus bí Seiréan agus Naom Peatár im-tighe, táinig an rghioradóir cum an dall agus túbairt leir, “Tábair dam do cuio óir agus aigsiot, nó cuirfeao rghian tpe do éiríde.”

“Ní’l óir ná aigsiot agam,” ar ran dall, “da mbeirdeac, ní beirínn ag iarrad d’éirice.”

Aót leir rin do fuair an rghioradóir speim air, do cuir faoi é, agus do bain té an méac do bí aige. Do fad agus do rghreac an dall com h-áró agus o’fuo pé, agus cuairt ár Slánuigsteóir agus Peatár é.

“Tá euscóir o’á deunam ar an dall,” arfa Peatár.

“Fad a ngeirdear go feallac, imteóacóir an éacó ceutna, fan caint ar lá an bpeiteamhair,” ar ár Slánuigsteóir.

“Tuigim tú, ní’l don fuo i bpolac uait a máig-irir,” arfa Peatár.

An lá na diais rin do bdeatár ag ríubal coir fáraig, agus táinig leóman ciocrac amac. “Anoir, a Peatár,” ar ár Slánuigsteóir, “ir minic túbairt tú go scaillfead do beata ar mo fion, anoir teirig agus tabair tú péim do’n leóman agus imteóacóir mire faor.”

Do rmuair Peatár aige péin agus túbairt, “b’fearr liom báir an bit eile o’fágail na leigint do

talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked plunderer who was in it, but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and St. Peter were gone, the robber came to the blind man and said to him, "give me your gold and silver or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man, "if I had, I wouldn't be looking for alms." But, with that, the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you, there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for me, go now and give yourself to the lion, and I will escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed,

leóman m'ite ; cámaoio coṛ-luaṯ aṣur tṡṡ linn nṡt uaiṯ, aṣur má fṡicim é aṣ ceaṯṯ ruar linn fanṡaiṯ mé aṡ deiṡeaṯ, aṣur tṡṡ leaṯ-ṡa imṡeaṯṯ ṡaorṡ.

"Bíodṡ maṡ ṡin," aṡ aṡ Slánuigṡeóirṡ.

'Do leṡṡ an leóman ṡṡṡeaṯ, aṣur aṡ ṡo bṡaṯ leiṡ 'na nṡiaiṡṡ, aṣur níor bṡaṯa ṡo ṡaiṯ ṡé aṣ bṡeṡṡ oṡṡa, aṣur i bṡoṡaṡ oóibṡ.

"ṡan ṡiaṡ, a ṡṡeaṯaiṡ," aṡ aṡ Slánuigṡeóirṡ, aṯṡ leṡṡ ṡeaṯaiṡ aṡṡ ṡéin naṯ ṡcuaṡaiṯ ṡé ṡoaṡ, aṣur o'imṡiṡṡ ṡé amaṯ ṡoimṡ a mṡaiṡṡṡṡ. 'O'iomṡaiṡṡ an Tṡṡeaṡna aṡ a cṡil aṣur oubaiṡṡ ṡé leiṡ an leóman, "Teṡṡiṡṡ aṡ aṡ ṡo oṡí an ṡáṡaṯ," aṣur ṡunne ṡé amṡaiṯ.

'O'ṡeuc ṡeaṯaiṡ eaobṡ-ṡiaṡ oé, aṣur nuaiṡ cónnaṡṡ ṡé an leóman aṣ oṡl aṡ aṡ oṡ ṡeaṡ ṡé ṡo oṡáimṡ aṡ Slánuigṡeóirṡ ruar leiṡ. "A ṡṡeaṯaiṡ," aṡ Sé, "o'ṡáṡṡ tú mé i mbaoṡal, aṣur—ṡuo buṯ mṡeaṡ 'na ṡin,—o'innṡṡ tú bṡeugṡa."

"Rinne mé ṡin," aṡ ṡeaṯaiṡ, "maṡ bí ṡíor aṡam ṡo bṡuṡ cṡmṡaṯṡ aṡaṯ oṡ cionn ṡaṯ níṯ, ní h-é amṡáin aṡ leóman an ṡáṡaiṡṡ."

"Coṡṡṡ oṡ beul, aṣur ná bí aṣ innṡeaṯṡ bṡeugṡ, ní ṡaiṯ ṡíor aṡaṯ, aṣur oṡ bṡeicṡeaṯ mé i mbaoṡal amṡaṡ oṡ ṡṡeṡṡeaṯ mé aṡíṡ, eaṡ ṡíor aṡam aṡ ṡmuṡáinṡiṯ oṡ cṡoiṡe."

"Níor ṡmuṡáin mé aṡuamṡ ṡo nṡeaṡnaṡṡ tú aon níṯ náṯ ṡaiṯ ceaṡṡ," aṡṡa ṡeaṯaiṡ.

"Sin bṡeugṡ eile," aṡ aṡ Slánuigṡeóirṡ. "Naṯ cṡuimṡin leaṯ an lá oṡ ṡuṡ mé oéṡṡ oṡ'n ṡeaṡ-ceóil oṡ bí leaṯ aṡ mṡeṡṡe, bí ionṡanṡaṡ oṡṡ aṣur oubaiṡṡ tú

and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I'll remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour, but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and—what was worse than that—you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see me in danger to-morrow you would forsake me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour, "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to

leat féin gup iomúda duine boét do bí i n-earbúir
 móir u'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déire do fear do
 bí ar meisge mar bí dúil agam i gceól. An lá 'na
 diais rin u'eitig mé an sean-bpácair, agus duibairt
 tú naé faib an nír rin ceart. An tráchnóna ceutona
 ir cuimhin leat cheuto tápla i taob an dail. Mine-
 ócair mé anoir duit casó cuige a ntearpar rin. Rinne
 an fear-ceoil níor mó de máit 'nā pinne fice bpácar
 o'a fórt ó rugaó iao. Sāhail ré anam cailín ó
 plantuib ipinn. Bí earbúir boinn airtio uirri, agus
 bí rí ag dul peacaó marbtaó do deunam le na
 págail, aó coirmirg an fear-ceoil i, tug ré an bonn
 oí, ció go faib earbúir oige air féin an t-am
 ceutona. Maíoir leir an mbpácair, ní faib don ear-
 búir air-sean, ció go bfuair ré ainm bpácar buó
 bail de'n diabhal é, agus rin é an fáé naé dtug mé
 don áirto air. Maíoir leir an dail, do bí a Dia ann a
 póca, óir ir fíor an sean-focal, 'an áit a bfuil do
 círe beir do éiríde léi.'"

Seal gearr 'na diais rin duibairt Peatara, "A
 máigirir, tá eólar agao ar na rnuáintib ir uaignige i
 gceirde an duine, agus ó'n nóimio reo amac géillim
 duit annr gáé nír."

Timcioll peactmaine 'na diais rin do bíodar ag
 riubal tré énoaib agus pléibtib, agus cáilleadar an
 bealaó. Le tuitim na h-oirde táinig teinniteac agus
 coirneac agus fearpáin érom. Bí an oirde com
 dorca rin náir feudadar corán caoraó u'feiceál.
 Tuit Peatara anagair capraige agus loit ré a cor
 com dona rin náir feut ré coirceim do riubal.

yourself that many's the poor man in great want, whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pains of hell. She wanted a piece of money, and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, 'where your store is, your heart will be with it.' "

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were travelling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Connaipe ár Slánuigtheóir roimh beas faoi bun chnuic, agus tuidairt Sé le Peavair, “fan mar tá tú agus iadairt mire as tóruigeacht congnaim le t’iomcáir.”

“Níl aon congnaim le págail ann fan áit fíadán reo,” ar Peavair, “agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Díod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigtheóir, agus leir rin do leis ré fead, agus táinig ceathair fear, agus cia bí na cairtín oíra áct an fear do rígnor an dall real nómie rin. D’aicnig ré ár Slánuigtheóir agus Peavair, agus tuidairt ré le n-a cúro fear Peavair t’iomcáir go cúrlamad go dtí an áit-cóinnuise do bí aca amearg na gcnoc. “Cuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ór agus airtio ann mo bealaic-ra real gearr ó join.”

D’iomcáir ríad Peavair go dtí reomra faoi talamh; bí teine bheadh ann, agus cuipeavair an fear loitche i ngar bí, agus tuisavair deoc dó. Tuit ré ann a córlad agus do rinne ár Slánuigtheóir loig na cnoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loitche, agus nuair d’úirig ré t’feud ré riúdal com mairt agus t’feud ré iad. Bí iongantair air nuair d’úirig ré, agus t’fiarruig ré creud do bain dó. D’innir ár Slánuigtheóir dó gac nio mair tairla.

“Saoil mé,” ar Peavair, “go raib mé marb agus go raib mé ruar as doimur flaitir, áct níor feud mé dul arteaic mar bí an doimur oirioite, agus ní raib doirreóir le págail.”

“Buó airtio do bí agad,” ar ár Slánuigtheóir, “áct ir fíor i; tá an flaitear oirioite agus ní lé ré

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and he said to Peter, "remain where you are, and I will go for help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that he gave a whistle, and there came four men ; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that ! He recognized our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills. "These two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven, but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut and is not to be opened until I die

le beir forghailte go b'fág' mire báp arí ron peacaíð an éine dhonna, do éirí fearg ar m'ádaí. Ní báp coitcionnta áct báp náipeac' geobap mé, áct éipe-ódcaíð mé arí go glóimh arí agus foirgeólaíð mé an flaitéar do bí d'uibíte, agus beíð tura do d'oir-reóir!"

"Óra, a m'áigirtir," arís Peadóir, "ní féidir go bfuigtea báp náipeac', nac leigtea dam-pa báp fágail arí do fon-pa, tá mé píeíð agus toilteannac'."

"Saoileann tú rin," arís arí Slánuigíteoir.

Táinig an t-am a raib arí Slánuigíteoir le báp fágail. An trathóna noime rin bí pé péin agus an dá abrtal deus as reipe, nuair tudaírt pé, "tá fear afaíð as dul mo b'at." Bí trioblóirí móir oíra agus tudaírt fad don aca "an mire é?" Áct tudaírt Seipean, "an té tumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ír é rin an fear b'aitéar mé."

Tudaírt Peadóir ann rin, "d'á mbeidead an domhan iomlán i d'áfaíð," arí Seipeán, "ní beíð mire i d'áfaíð," áct tudaírt arí Slánuigíteoir leir, "fúl má fíreann an coileac' anoct ceilpíð (reunfaíð) tú mé trí h-uáipe."

"Do geobainn báp fúl má ceilpínn tú," arís Peadóir, "go deimín ní ceilfead tú."

Nuair tugad b'iteamnar báir arí arí Slánuigíteoir, bí a éirí námáto d'á bualad agus as éatad ríugairle air. Bí Peadóir amuis ann ran gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimpíre éirge agus tudaírt leir "bí tura le híora." "Ní' fíor aham," arís Peadóir, "cad é tá tú ráo."

for the sin of the human race who put anger on My Father. It is not a common but a shameful death I shall get, but I shall rise again gloriously and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora ! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death. Would you not allow me to die for you ? I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He Himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray Me." There was great trouble on them, and each one of them said, "Am I he ?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter said then, "If the whole world were against you," said he, "I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter ; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Nuair bí ré ag dul amach an geata, ann rin, túbhairt cailín eile, “rin fear do bí le híora,” aót tús reiréan a mionna nac maib eólar ar bit aige air. Ann rin túbhairt cuir do na daoine do bí ag éirteadót, “níl amhar ar bit nac maib tú leir, aiténgmit ar do éaint é.” Tús ré na mionnair móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoí an coilead, agus cuimng ré ann rin ar na foclaib túbhairt ar Slán-uigthead, agus do fil ré na deóra aitéuge, agus fuair ré maiteamhar ó’n té do éeil ré. Tá eórpaca flaitir aige anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deóra aitéuge faoi n-ár loctuib mar do fil reiréan iao, geobamair maiteamhar mar fuair reiréan é agus cuipríd ré ceo míle fáilte róhainn, nuair pacar rinne go dorup flaitir.

Cóm cráibthead agus atá na h-éireannaig ó náúir níor congbaig a g-cráibthead iao ó greann mór do baint ar na fear-dántuib ann a mbíonn Oirín ag impear le Naom páorais. Mí maib leirg ar bit orra do beir ag éirteadót le mallaictuib agus le h-eapcuine an trean laoié anaíar páorais agus na cléipe, agus dá reirde máirde Oirín buí móide lútgáipe an luót-éirteadót. Cibé ar mian leir reirint cat é an rórt fearb-éainte do beiréad Oirín do’n eaglaí geobair ré cuir do ann rna leabracuib breága rin do cuir an Cumann Oirínead amach, fao ó aót bídead rgeulta de’n trórt ceutona, nac maib maí i bpoim dain, amearg na ndaoine mar an g-ceutona, agus cuipríd mé ríor ceann aca ann po

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's a man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths, then, that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of Heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of Heaven.

Pious as the Irish are by nature, their piety did not prevent them from taking much amusement out of the ancient poems in which Ussheen, or Ossian, quarrels with St. Patrick. They were not in the least loath to listen to the curses and vituperations of the old hero against Patrick and the clergy, and the bitterer Ossian's sayings, the greater the amusement of the audience. Whoever desires to see what kind of bitter talk Ossian used to give the clergy, will find some of it in those fine books published by the Ossianic Society long ago. But there used also to be stories of the same sort amongst the people, which were not composed in verses, and I shall give one of them here which I wrote down from the mouth

P

do ríofóib mé ríof ó beul sean-duine cúpla bliadhain ó shin,* gan don focal t'atruaigh ann. Is rompla maith é ar an gcasóir péirí ar tréactaí na h-Éireannais ar na neitibí seo, aet níofa cuireadh fíin don loet ann, agus níofa lúgairí a g-cráibítead. Is dóig sup éirí ar ríeul ro leanar ó b'íon na n-aoine nuair eualadh ó'n eaglaí go raib a n-Oirín ghrádaí agus na fíanna, ann ar cuireadh an oiread fín de ríeir, damanta; agus go bfuair duine clíre éigin an clíre seo amad le n-a rábáil ó ipuonn. As ro an ríeul go b'íreac mar eualair míre é, focal ar focal.

OSCAR NA SÚISTE.†

Éainis Naomh Pádraig go h-Éirinn agus carad Oirín dó i n-dáirínn agus é as iomdara clod.

agus cibé am a bfuair sé an biaí,
b'fada a'íir go bfuair sé an deot.

"A Oirín," ar ríeann, "leis dam do bairtead."

"O car é an maith a deunrad sé fín dam?" ar Oirín.

"Oirín," arís Naomh Pádraig, "muna leigíó tuir dam do bairtead, raedair tú go h-ipuonn 'n áit a bfuil an cuir eile de na fíannaib."

* Ó'Seagán Ó Cuinneagáin i mBaile-an-puill i gCondae Rop-comáin, ar an mbótar i ríirí Dúingáir (Frenchépaire i mbéarla) agus bealaí-a-oirín i gCondae Mhuig-éó.

† Atá ríeul corinúil leir seo ar Oirín agus a fíirte le rábáil i gCondae Pírecláirge.

of an old man¹ only a couple of years ago, without the change of a single word.

It is a good example of the free and easy way in which the Irish spoke of these things, but they themselves "put no harm in it," and their piety was none the less. No doubt the following tale had its rise from the depth of the people's sorrow when they heard from the clergy that their loved Ossian and the Fenians in whom they so much delighted, were damned, and that some clever person invented this manner of saving them from perdition. Here is the story, exactly as I heard it, word for word.

OSCAR OF THE FLAIL.

Saint Patrick came to Ireland, and Ossian met him in Elphin and he carrying stones.

"And whatever time it might be that he got the food,
It would be long again till he would get the drink."

"Ossian," says he, "let me baptize you."

"Oh, what good would that do me?" says Ossian.

"Ossian," says St. Patrick, "unless you let me baptize you, you will go to hell where the rest of the Fenians are."

¹ John Cunningham, of Ballinphuill, Co. Roscommon, on the high road between Frenchpark and Ballaghaderreen.

"Dá mairfeadh aghainn," ar Oirín, "Dianmaidh agus Sall, agus an fuig bí ar na fíannaibh, dá dtéighfíodh go h-irpionn b'éarrfaíodh an diabhal agus a cearta amad ar, ar a n'páim."

"Éir, a Oirín liat gan céill, cuimhnigh ar Dia agus fearc do glán, agus leis damh-ra do bairteadh."

"A pádrais," ar Oirín, "cia an gceall ar damnais Dia an méad rin daoine?"

"Mar gceall ar úball na h-aithe o'ite," arsa Naomh pádrais.

"Dá mbeideadh fíor agham go maib do Dia com caol-madaircad agus sup damain ré an méad rin daoine ar úball, cuirfimid trí capla agus mílle agh ioncadh úball go flaitear Dé cuige."

"Éir, a Oirín, liat gan céill, cuimhnigh ar Dia agus fearc do glán, agus leis damh-ra do bairteadh."

"Cuir Oirín i laige, agus faoil an eaglaigh go bfuair ré bair. Nuair oúirigh ré, "A pádrais bairt mé," ar reireadh—donnairc ré puo éigin ann a laige, donnairc ré an puo do bí moime. Bí an trleis i lámh Naomh pádrais, agus cuir ré i g-coir Oirín i, ar a puoet, agus bí an talamh deaigh le n-a cuio pola.

"O," arsa Naomh pádrais le h-Oirín, "tá tú gearrta go móir."

"O naé do m'bairteadh rin," ar Oirín."

"Tá fáil le Dia 'gham go bfuil tú plánaighce," ar Naomh pádrais, "o'fulaing tú bairteadh agus r'pion-r'io" (sic).

"A pádrais," ar Oirín, "naé dtiuceadh leat na

"If," says Ossian, "Diarmaid and Goll were alive for us, and the king that was over the Fenians, if they were to go to hell they would bring the devil and his forge up out of it on their back."

"Listen, O gray and senseless Ossian, think upon God, and bow your knee, and let me baptize you."

"Patrick," says Ossian, "for what did God damn all that of people?"

"For eating the apple of commandment," says St. Patrick.

"If I had known that your God was so narrow-sighted that he damned all that of people for one apple, we would have sent three horses and a mule carrying apples to God's heaven to Him."

"Listen, O gray and senseless Ossian, think upon God and bow your knee, and let me baptize you."

Ossian fell into a faint, and the clergy thought that he had died. When he woke up out of it, "O Patrick, baptize me," says he—he saw something in his faint, he saw the thing that was before him. The spear was in St. Patrick's hand, and he thrust it into Ossian's foot purposely; and the ground was red with his share of blood.

"Oh," says St. Patrick to Ossian, "you are greatly cut."

"Oh, isn't that for my baptism?" says Ossian.

"I hope in God that you are saved," says St. Patrick, "you have undergone baptism and ?"

"Patrick," says Ossian, "would you not be able to take

fianna tabairt ar iphonn"—connaic ré ann rin iad nuair bí ré 'na doolaó.

"Ní tiucfaó," ar Naomh Pádraig, "agus tuine ar bit atá i n-iphonn ní féidir a tabairt ar."

"A Pádraig," ar Oirín, "an dtig leat mo tabairt arteaó do'n áit a bfuil fionn agus fianna éireann?"

"Ní tig," ar Naomh Pádraig,

"Oiread agus cuile cónánad
nó riolla de'n gae zréine,
a-gan-fior do'n níg móir éireadad
ní maóid faoi mo rgeit-re."

"An dtig leat fuargalt tabairt dóib ó'n bpéin?"
ar Oirín.

O'iair Naomh Pádraig o'impióe ar 'Dia fuargalt do tabairt dóib ó n-a bpéin, agus ttabairt ré le n-Oirín ann rin go bfuair iad fuargalt. Seo an fuargalt do fuair iad ó 'Dia. Fuair Orcar rúirce, agus o'iair ré iall úr do éur ann, agus éuaid fead glar mar iall ann. Agus fuair ré lán a glaise de gaineam glar, agus éuaid ré an gaineam ar an talamh, agus [dom] fao a'r éuaid an gaineam níor feut an diabail a leanamaint, áit dá ttiucfaó iad tar an áit a raib an gaineam cráite, o'feut Orcar iad-ran leanamaint agus a mbualad leir an t-rúirce. Tá Orcar agus na fianna uile ar an taobh seo de'n ngaineam, agus tá na diabail ar an taobh eile, mar fuair Naomh Pádraig o'impióe ó 'Dia na c mberdead iad abalta ar a leanamaint an áit a raib an gaineam cráite—agus níor bfuir an iall do bí ann ran t-rúirce ó poin!

the Fenians out of hell"—he saw them there when he was in his sleep.

"I could not," says St. Patrick, "and any one who is in hell, it is impossible to bring him out of it."

"Patrick," says Ossian, "are you able to take me to the place where Finn and the Fenians of Erin are"?

"I cannot," says St. Patrick.

"As much as the humming gnat
Or a scintilla of the beam of the sun,
Unknown to the great powerful king
Shall not pass in beneath my shield."¹

"Can you give them relief from the pain?" says Ossian.

St. Patrick then asked it as a petition from God to give them a relief from their pain, and he said to Ossian that they had found relief. This is the relief they got from God. Oscar got a flail, and he requested a fresh thong to be put into the flail, and there went a green rush as a thong in it, and he got the full of his palm of green sand, and he shook the sand on the ground, and as far as the sand reached the devils were not able to follow; but if they were to come beyond the place where the sand was strewn, Ossian was able to follow *them*, and to beat them with the flail. Oscar and all the Fenians are on this side of the sand, and the devils are on the other side, for St. Patrick got it as a request from God that they should not be able to follow them where the sand was shaken,—and the thong that was in the flail never broke since!

¹ This verse occurs in a poem jotted down in phonetics by Macgregor, Dean of Lismore in Argylshire, in the year 1512. I printed this story with a French translation and introduction in *Revue Celtique*, vol. 13, p. 425, showing how, in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, the piercing of the penitent's foot is told of a son of the king of Munster. But as his name was doubtless soon forgotten the story got fathered upon Ossian.

Tá an rgeul ro as labhairt go díreach ar son inn-
tinn leir na dántaib. As ro beagán rann de dán
ríannuigeachta le n-a cúir i gcomórtar leir.

oisín agus pádraig.

Dá mbeir' mo mac Orcair 'r Dia
Lám ar lám ar cnoc na bpiann,
Dá bfeicfinn-fe mo mac ar lám,
Déarfainn suir fear láidir Dia.

Cionnar do b'féidir le Dia
ná a éilair deit níor fearr
'ná fionn flait, Rí na bpiann,
Duine rial do bí gan éaim.

Sac a n-abair tú 'r an éilair
Do réir maílad rí na heann,
Do bí rúo i bpiannaib fínn,
A'r táio i bflaitear Dé go teann.

Dá mbeir' áit ann, ríor no fuar,
Do b'fearr 'ná flaitear Dé
I r ann do maíad fíonn
A'r a maib aige de'n féinn.

A veir tura naé vteir [fear] rial
Go h-íppionn na bpiann go bráit,
Ní maib son neac ann 'ran b'féinn
naé maib rial amearg éaic.

¹ *Literally.* If my son Oscar and God were [engaged] hand to hand on Cnoc-na-bhfiann (the Fenians' hill) and I were to see my son on the ground, I would say that God was a strong man.

How were it possible for God or His clergy to be better than Finn the prince, King of the Fenians, a generous man who was without crookedness.

Everything that you and the clergy say [is] according to the rule

This story speaks in exactly the same spirit as the poems.
Here are a few verses of one of the poems, to compare with it.

OSSIAN.

Were God and my son Oscar seen
On Knocknaveen in combat long,
And I saw my Oscar on the sod,
It's then I'd say that God was strong.¹

But how is God a better man
Or all your clan of clerics there,
Than Finn, our Fenian chief, so great,
So straight, so generous, so fair !

Virtues, which as your clerics sing,
Your king beholds with friendly eye,
Finn's Fenians had them, just as well,
Then, they must dwell with God on high.

For if there be one place more good
For drink and food than Heaven's high hall,
'Tis for that place our Finn would make,
And take with him his Fenians all.

If, as you say, no generous man
Incurs the ban of hell—why thus
The Fenians *must* be saved, for none
But was of them most generous.

of the King of the Stars, all these [virtues] were in the Fenians of Finn ; and they are in God's heaven stoutly.

If there were a place, up or down, which was better than God's heaven, it is to it that Finn would go and all the Fenians that he had.

You say that no generous man goes to hell of the pains for ever, [well] there was not one person amongst the Fenians but was generous amongst all.

A pádraig, fiadraig ve Dia
 An cuimhin leir an fiann do deit beó,
 nó an bpacaró ré foir no fiar
 fir do b'feairi 'nà iao i ngleó P
 nó an bpacaró ré 'n a dúitche féin,
 Cú áro é or ár gcionn,
 i nglail, i gcogad, no i neair,
 fear do bí com maic le pionn, etc.

Tá an oipearó d'an de'n tróir ro le pádail ann rna
 láimh-rghibinnib d'gur do lioncaró leabhar móir, d'gur tá
 cuir do na rean-daoineib ann nár dearmad iao fóir,
 aet ní forar rean-fear o'pádail anoir a bfuil na
 dánta ro ve meabair aige, san beanna no san locta,
 cú go bfuil cuir, bíod ri beas nó móir, ve na píoraib
 reo d'g móran daoine go fóill. Ir fíor go mbíonn
 naoim pádraig mar an gceutna an-éiríar ar Oirín
 ann rna dántaib reo, d'g innirint do d'ac am go bfuil
 fianna éireann i n-irpionn.

i n-irpionn na brian ar láim
 atá an fear láim do bponnó an t-óir,
 imteócaró tura mar o'imtíg an fiann
 d'gur tráctamaoir ar Dia go fóil.*

Aveir an rgeul do tug mé fuar, gur caparó
 pádraig ar Oirín d'gur é d'g iomcaró cloé i n-dilpinn,
 d'gur do éualar go minic tráct i gConradé Rorcomáin
 ar Oirín d'gur ar an obair do bí ré 'a deunam, d'g

O Patrick, ask of God if He remembers the Fenians being alive, or
 if He saw, east or west, men who were better than they in conflict.

Or did he see in his own country, though high it is over our heads,
 in [matter of ?] hostages, in war, or in strength, a man who was as
 good as Finn.

* Rann ar d'an fada do rghíob mé ríor ó beul rean-fir i gCon-
 radé na Gaillimhe.

O Patrick, ask your God if He
 Doth recollect to see them here,
 Ask has He met on any coast
 A better host to use the spear.

Ask has he on his own estate
 Up there, without it or within,
 For hostages, for war, for fight,
 A single knight as good as Finn.

There are as many poems of this sort to be found in the manuscripts as would fill a large book, and there are some of the old people who have not yet forgotten them, but it is not easy to find an old man now who has these poems by heart without gaps and faults in them, although there are more or less of these pieces still running in the memory of many. It is true that St. Patrick is also very hard on Ossian in these pieces, telling him on every occasion that the Fenians of Ireland are in hell.

In hell of the pains, in bondage,
 Is the gentle man who used to bestow the gold.
 You too will go as the Fenians have gone,
 And let us still talk about God.¹

The story which I have just given says that Patrick met Ossian and he carrying stones in Elphin, and I often heard talk in the County Roscommon about Ossian and the work he was doing, carrying those stones² in Elphin when St.

¹ A verse from a long poem I got from an old man in Galway.

² There is a very curious poem jotted down by Macgregor in Argyllshire in 1512, in which Ossian tells how Fionn prophesied to him that he would yet be carrying stones for the "Tailgin."

"Bea tou schell a tarraing clooch
 Ma in deyt how in weit wronyth."
i.e., béiró tú fear a' tarraing clóch
 Man [fear] béiró tú ó'n b'it brónach.

iomcár na gcloí fin i n-Ailpinn, nuair táinig pádrais
 go h-Éirinn, 7 fós, sup i n-Ailpinn do capad pádrais
 air, ar dtúir. Saoil mé i gcóinnuibh sup mar gheall
 ar Ailpinn do beir i gCondae Rorcomáin do cuip
 muinntir na condae fin an áit seo ann ran rgeul.
 áit fuair mé, an bliadain éaró éar, an tóan ro
 leanar, i láim-rghibinn do rghibad i ngar do beul-
 fearraí, atá anois ran gcaitir fin, ann a bfuil an
 tráct ceudna ar Oirín do beir ag iomcár cloí i
 n-Ailpinn, go díreac mar do éualar féin an rgeul.
 Ar an dóigín fin beirim an tóan ann ro, mar éiríogad
 ar an nór ann a dtigir an tó beul-ordear le céile.

oisín i n-Ailpinn.

Ir fada anocht i n-Ailpinn,*

Ir fada linn an oíche aréir,

An lá iníu air fada óam

Buó leóir-fad an lá iníe.

Fada liom gac lá t'á dtig,

Ní mar fin do cleaéad úinn,

Mo beir i n-eugmair na bfiann

Do cuip fin mo éall ar gcúl.

San donat, san ceól, san cuip,

San bhonnad éirí,† san lút ngead (H),

San víol ollamán ar óir,

San fadaíam, san ól plead.

* This poem is one of those that Magregor wrote down in phonetics nearly 400 years ago. The first line, as read by McLaughlin, runs; "Is fadda noch ní nelli fíym" (*Skene's Book of Lismore*). But Dr. Cameron makes Macgregor's MS. to read: "Is fadda no^t ní nelli finni." McLaughlan translates "long are the clouds this night above me," as though "ní nelli finni" meant "na nealla fúm," but it is evidently meant for "i n-Ailpinn," in Elphin. Magregor may not have known the name of Elphin, but wrote down the words as he heard them.

† Cmuib—MS.

Patrick came to Ireland, and that it was in Elphin that Patrick first met him. I always thought that it was on account of Elphin being in Roscommon that the people of that county put this place into the story. But I found last year the following poem in a MS. written near Belfast, which is now in the library of that city, in which there is the same account of Ossian's carrying stones in Elphin exactly as I myself heard the story. For this reason I give the poem here as a proof of the way in which the two traditions agree.

OSSIAN IN ELPHIN.

Long was last night in cold Elphin,
 More long is to-night on its weary way,
 Though yesterday seemed to me long and ill,
 Yet longer still was this dreary day.¹

And long, for me, is each hour new-born,
 Lost and forlorn with grinding grief
 For the hunting lands, and the Fenian bands,
 And the long-haired generous Fenian Chief.

I make no music, I find no feast,
 I slay no beast from a bounding steed,
 I give no gold, I am poor and old,
 I am sick and cold without wine or mead.

¹ *Literally.* Long is to-night in Elphin, long we thought was last night, though long to me is the day to-day, plenty long was the day yesterday.

Long I think each day of the days that come, it was not thus that we were wont to be, my being in want of the Fenians, it is that which has set back my senses.

Without [attending] fairs, without music, without ale, without bestowing cattle, without the activity of the steeds, without paying ollavs with gold, without sport, without drinking [at] feasts.

San beir aš ruirige nó aš reilg,
 An dá ceim le raib mo fúil,
 San veabugad, san veunam chead,
 San beir aš veunam cleas lúit.

San farrad (?) gairgead do gnát,
 San imire mar do b'aíl linn,
 San gnám le laoeirib san loet,
 Ir fada anocht i n-dilpinn.

Do'n traozal mar atá mé
 Trusg a Ué mar atá rinn,
 Am' donar aš tarraing cloe,
 Ir fada anocht i n-dilpinn.

Síi a párrais ar Uia dam
 Fiof an ionair 'na mbéir rinn,
 No raor-ra m'anam ar oic
 Ir fada anocht i n-dilpinn.

Do cuir ré mi-fáram mór ar cuir de na báirdib,
 Uream de na Proterúnais do beir aš tabairt
 cúntair mi-ceirt ar an gceirveam Rómánac. Do bí
 bíteamínac de rpeirceadóir no de neulladóir dar b'

Without being courting or hunting, the two occupations which
 had an eye for, without fighting [or hastening], without taking
 prey, without practising feats of activity.

Without being beside (?) heroes constantly, without playing as we

I court no more, and I hunt no more,
 These were before my strong delight,
 I have ceased to slay, and I take no prey,
 —Weary the day and long the night.

No heroes come in their war array,
 No game I play, I have nought to win ;
 I swim no stream with my men of might,
 —Long is to-night in cold Elphin.

Would I were gone from this evil earth,
 I am wan with dearth, I am old and thin,
 Carrying stones in my own despite,
 —Long is to-night in cold Elphin.

Ask O Patrick of God, for grace,
 And tell me the place he will place me in,
 Or save my soul from the Ill One's might
 —For long is to-night in cold Elphin.

It put great dissatisfaction on some of the bards that certain of the Protestants should give an inaccurate account of the Roman faith. There was a rogue of an astrologer

wished, without swimming along with faultless heroes, long is to-night in Elphin.

Of the world since I am, pity O God how we are, alone, carrying stones,—long is to-night in Elphin.

Ask for me, O Patrick, of God, a knowledge of the place in which we shall be ; or save my soul from evil—long is to-night in Elphin.

ainn Whaley i mb'Uachtar, mac do faighiúir de
faighiúirí Chomail: do cuir pé seo deaibhíatáir file
de Clainn Dálaig cum báir; agus do malláig an file é
go gáir, agus tagann pé tar an t-íoc-cúntar do tug
pé ar na Gaedelaib agus ar a gceirdeam. As ro
cuid deas de—

Δ ουδαίαις τῷ Ἰησοῦ ὁ ἑαυτοῦ ἐκείνης
 Σὺν τοῖς ἑσδαῖοις ἔρ το ἑρμῶν το γνῶμῶν· πλέατα;
 ἢ πῶς οὐκ ἔνι α ἑαυτοῦ βρῆγε
 Δετ τοῦν δεῖται τοῦν ἱλας ἔρ τοῦν σπῶματ ναοῖτα.

Níor coisil an báir boét a cúro earcuine ar an doctúir milltead, "a coibleín," a deir pé—

A coisléirí dovaig loðta spánna,
ní dóir mé i n-eapraio leat 'ran gcár ro,
ní as plé cneoiim leat atá mé,
act u'd molaó duit le tuise xámpa.

mallact 'Dé ort 'r a naoim-máctar,
 mallact na n-aprtal ort 'r an pápa,
 mallact na ragar ort 'r na mbriáctar
 mallact na mbaintneabac 'r na ngráilac.

μάλατ' na λας ορε, 'r na λάρωη,
 μάλατ' φί έαδα αςωρ δύαίν ορε;
 τά φίλ αςαμ ζο βρεϊρεαυ αν λά ύο
 'na οτιυδριαύ Διαγματο* μακρυτελετ' άπο ουτε.

Δὲ θεατὰς ῥοχαῖν ῥοῦμα λάμας
 ἢ ῥτοῖοῖοῖοῖο μαῖοι αἷον κοῖλαν ἐνάδε,

Ní beag liom go anoir do ráb leat
 Maithir buachaill boet me dá loirgte cráínte,
 Deo ar éigin d'éir mo éiríveab,
 Ir mé an fear uorba Mac Choimaic uí Dhálaigh.

* Δίνω αν έρωτάμε.

called Whaley¹ in Dublin, the son of a Cromwellian soldier, who put to death the brother of a poet of the Clan Daly, and the poet, cursing him bitterly, mentions the evil account he gave of the Gaels and their religion. Here is a little of this piece—

You told us in your perjured books
That it is to stones and wood we make obeisance.
That is not true for you, you lying old man,
But to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

The poor bard did not spare his curses on the evil doctor.
"You cobbler," he says—

You cobbler of a clown, rotten and ugly,
I shall not be in error with you in this case,
It is not disputing about creeds with you, I am,
But awarding you with shouts of prayer,

The curse of God on you, and His Holy Mother,
The curse of the Apostles on you, and of the Pope,
The curse of the priests on you, and of the friars,
The curse of the widows and of the children.

The curse of the weak on you, and of the strong,
The curse of the seed of Eve and of Adam on you,
I hope that I may see that day
On which Diarmuid [the hangman] will give you a high ride
On a quiet easy animal of a mare
With wooden stirrups and hempen collar.

I think it no small thing to say this now to you,
For I am a poor boy who am burned and tortured,
Scarcely alive after my friends,
I am the dark man, the son of Cormac O'Daly.

¹ This Whaley or Whalley died in 1724.

Do tús Éamon O Donnabháin an tán ro go h-íomlán ann a “dongsur na n-dor” agus deir ré gur b’é an ploga ir nimniúge agus ir diabailta atá le págail i nGaeveiltz!

Tudairt file éigin eile i tSaoibh Déan Swift, fear a raib meaf móf ari amearz na Rómánac—cú naé raib ionnta féin, dar leir, aet luét cruath-oibne agus rglábhúgeadta—gur b’ é seo an éne do bí aige.

CRÉ DÉAN SWIFT.

Ir é mo éireveam-ra
 Creiveam na nuath-gall,
 Creiveam na Rómia
 Ní cóirí ador ná éall.

Ni[tó] náipeac do’n treuod[róe]
 Muna* bpuil an miz ’na ceann,
 An pápa marí doúaire
 Ir fann ’r ir vit an vream!

Muna nreafuam (t) an altóir
 Go brát ní marí an ióubairt,
 Ir beannuighe an rean nóf,
 Ite aráin a’r ól fíona.

Ir bréine ’ná an maupao
 An té naé leannan u’á flize rin
 An té éreigear an t-airmionn
 Atá catóitce agus críona!†

Ir é Taoz Gaevealtac O Súillibháin an file buó mó agus buó fearr do rgníob dánta diaúa i g-cúige Máman.† Bí an leabair beas tán do rgníob ré

* “marí” ’ran MS.

† Ar rgníobinn in mo feilt féin.

O'Donovan has given this poem in his addition of Red Angus' satires and calls it "the bitterest, most wicked and most diabolical satire ever written in the Irish language," but as it has been already printed, it is unnecessary to notice it further.

A certain other poet said of Dean Swift, a man who was greatly respected amongst the Roman Catholics themselves—though they were, in his eyes, but as hewers of wood and drawers of water—that this was the creed he had.

DEAN SWIFT'S CREED.

This is my religion
 The religion of the New Galls [*i.e.*, the late English],
 The religion of Rome
 Is not right this side or that.
 It is a shameful thing for the shepherd
 Unless the King is his head,¹
 The Pope for shepherd!
 Feeble and in want is the band [who have him].
 Unless the altar is decorated (?)
 The offering is never good,
 Blessed is the old custom,
 Eating bread and drinking wine.
 More foul than the dog
 Is he who does not follow that way,
 He who forsakes the Mass
 He is Catholic—and wise.

Teig Gaelach O'Sullivan was the poet who most, and best, wrote religious songs in the province of Munster. The little book of poems which he composed was printed during

¹ Or possibly, "it is not shameful for the flock how the king is its head."

clóbuailte le n-a linn péin i Luimneach, agus i n-áit-
eadaib eile.* Fuair ré bair i bPoblachas 'ran
mbliadain 1800, agus rghíob Donnchad Ruadh Mac
Conmara fear-t-laoi óó i Laitíon, ann a b'iafparaisann
ré:—

Quis canet Erinidum laudes, quis facta virorum?
Gadelico extincto Scotica Musa tacet.

Դ'էրից ցւո մաւտ 'նա ծաւց ԼԵ ԶԱՐԶՈՒՆԻՑ ԶՍՐ
 ԿԱԼԻՆՈՒ, ՆԱ ՈՒՔԵԱՆՆ ՎՈ ՄՈԼԱՎ, ԸՇՏ ՈՒՅՐ ԷՐԻՑ ԶՈՆ
 ՔԵՐ Վ'Ա՝ ՎՏԻՍԿԱՎ Ե ՔԵՐԻ-ԼԱՕԻ Ե ՔԱՎ ՄԱՐ ՎԵՐ
 ՎՈՆՆԵԱՎ ՐԱՎ :—

Laudando Dominum praeclara poemata fecit
Et suaves hymnos angelus ille canet.

Ag ro rompla gearrín ar obair tairis Gaedelaig,
 tairbeánar go maic an vitirín roir an Mumhneac ro
 agur an Connactac rin air a bpuil mé le tráct anoir.
 Ir breas toranac ar-o-élorac ar nór pindaruir d'an
 an Mumhneig, aet ní ró portéir daim-ra é:—

Δ Ρόιρ na h-aoine, a fāoi na féile,
 I gcómar, i gcuveact' i gcuair do tneua,
 Fuarsaíl fhuotail mé lá an tpleide,
 An rholad, an rseible an ófolair euctaig.

Ար հր, ար ճշնոցե, ար բազէ, ար իրեւած,
 Դի բշեօն, ար բշօր, ար բշիւ-նիւ Լեւոնար,
 Ար բլանոց, ար բլոնտիւ, ար թեւոնտիւ, ար չեւր-ծրսո,
 Ար ծոցեւիւ, ար ծաւանտիւ ծաւա՛ն Լա՛ն բն.

* Cuir páraois Deinn, ó Ceap-uí-Cuinn, i bpoitláirge, i gclo
arís é timéioil na bliósna 1820 agus veir ré ann a poitáir-
gair b'é rin an cúigeo cuir-amad veis.

his own life in Limerick and other places.¹ He died in Waterford in the year 1800, and Donncha Ruadh Mac-con-mara [son-of-the-hound-of-the-sea, now in English Mac-namara] wrote for him an epitaph in Latin in which he asks—

Who shall sing the praises of the maidens of Erin, who the deeds of
her warriors,
Now that the Gaelic one is dead the Scottish (Irish) muse is hushed ?

There arose even after him many to praise the warriors and maidens of Erin, but there never arose any whose epitaph could say of him as Donncha Ruadh says :

Praising the Lord he made illustrious poems,
And sweet hymns shall he as an angel sing.

Here is a short specimen of Teig Gaelach, which will help to show the difference between the Mononian and the Connacian poet, of whom I am about to speak. Fine and full-sounding, loud-voiced, Pindaric, is the poem of the Munsterman, but its sense is not very clear to me [hence I do not append a literal translation, for I am not always sure of his meaning] :—

Rose of the Universality, holy and heavenly leader,
Thou of thy flock on the mountains the comforter, carer and feeder,
Save me, protect me, and hear me, on mountains a perilous wanderer,
Aid me and keep me and steer me, and shield me from death and the
plunderer.

From famine, from dread, and from darkness, from death and destruc-
tion and danger,

Guard me that ultimate day of the Universe, be not a stranger ;
From the bursting and burning and flashing of livid-red lightning
and thunder,

From war and from tumult of nature, and elements riven asunder.

¹ Patrick Denn of Capoquin, in Waterford, printed it again about the year 1820, and says in his preface that this edition of his was the fifteenth.

Lá na bheirte na chreide na chéime,
Lá na feirge teinead mar léigthead,
Lá dubad veorad bhróad baogail
Guilmnead galamad anachad éignead.

Le binb, le buirbe ruihim an laé rin
Chrietro na flaitir a'r lapparo na rpeurta,
Iompóctaró an gealad com veapz le aén-fuil
'S béiró an shian pá múrtaib rmuíte ag éclirp.

na chaimn, na cloca uile ag rgoita 'r ag rshéaduiz,
na tíoréta ag bog-buirpead ag orzailt 'r ag reubad,
Ruatair muaró aca, ceó agur caoréta,
Anuar dá gcaiteam 'na gceatannaid treuna.

Ar gclor do'n doimán, ir foúlad rmaoimair
Gáibtead gneaduaigte garb do géimfiró,
An móir-muir bhuadaettaiz éonntad éaorad
Roim éruaró-rghior éozaró ar corctaróe an laé rin.

Toirnead éruppa ann rúo noé rétorpó
míceal milir go ruineamail raobrad,
Ar neam 'r i n-irrionn cluinfeair i n-éinfeact
fozram [a'r] ruaim na h-uailte céuona, etc.

• • • • •
Aét a bpat tap éir báir táirg gaebealaz o'éiruz
báiró i gconnoadé mluig-eó, i gconnaettaib, do feinn go
binn blaréta ag molaó Dé. Buo h-é rin an Reactúipe
Caoc. Tá paictóir orim go bfuil a lán d'ar cum pé
caillte anoir, aét tá cuio maic de le págail go fóil.
Tá a cuio abrán agur dán coitciónn go leór amearz
na nraoine fór i gconnoadé mluig-eó agur i gconnoadé
na gailiúne, aét go rpeirialta roir baile loc Riabad
agur b'l'ac'nriz, 'n áit ar maip an Reactúipe de
gnat tap éir connoadé mluig-eó o'págbail do. Ir
truaiz an-móir ar pat é gan a cuio abrán agur dán
do beic bailigte, nuair tá ríao fór de meabair ag na

Day of a terrible judgment, imposing an end on all nations,
 Black day of wrath and of anger and fury on earth's habitations,
 Sorrowful, spiritless day of grey grief and of loud lamentation,
 Day of the treading the winepress of wrath and of red desolation.

With thunderbolts' crash and with bursting of billows, and tempest
 and clangor,
 Heaven shall shake, and the elements blazing shall quake at His
 anger,
 Blood-red and crimson the moon shall be turned, when the might of
 His power
 Shall shake down the sun from his seat, and the cloud-face of
 darkness shall lower.

Woods and all forests and mountains and crags with a thunder
 appalling,
 Islands and cities and countries all melting, dissolving and falling,
 Darkness and fog through the world, with confusion and fury and
 fighting,
 Hurling of hail-stones from heaven, and fragments of firmaments
 smiting.

Then both His sign shall be seen, and His word shall be heard, and
 the wicked
 Furious and fearful and flying shall hide them in cave and in thicket.
 Then shall the seas from their barriers break with a mighty commotion,
 Tumult on earth and in air, and tumultuous tumult in ocean.

Michael shall stand, a serene one, arrayed in majestical splendour,
 Warning with sound of a trumpet he cometh, our holy avenger,
 With a loud brazen blare of a clarion, from heaven to hell it is
 pealing,
 Bursting the bare of the bondage of death, and His vengeance
 revealing.

But long after the death of Teig Gaelach there arose a
 poet in the county Mayo, in Connacht, who sang sweetly
 and tastefully, praising God. This was the Blind Raftery.
 I fear that a great deal of what he composed is now lost,

rean-daoinib. Do éirí mé ceann aca "Briúgáin
 Beupais," i gclóó ceana, amearg na n-ábháin ghráó,
 agus, go h-ádhmáil go léor, do cuirtear ceann eile i
 gcló 'ran nuar-deact tuama* beagán de bliadán-
 taib ó fóin, le tuine éigin (ceapaim gur b'é Mac
 Fíoinn do pinne é) aubhairt gur b'é Seágan O
 Cuillionáin col-cúigeaí do féin as Cairleán Duirde-
 Chinnais i bparáirte an Cumair, do rghníob ríor é
 'ran mbliadain 1838, tamall beag tar éir báir an
 Reachtúipe féin. Fuair mé cóip eile de'n dán ro
 óm' árairí Tomár O Míodóáin, do rghníobad timcioll
 ríce bliadain ó fóin ó beul rírin boict tar b'ainm
 Míodóáin O Cléirig do bídear as gabail éaric as
 iarrairí déirice. Rinne mé comhráir go cúramac
 iorí an dá cóip mar do bí ríann no do i gceann aca
 nac raib 'ran gceann eile, agus béarairí mé an dán
 ann ro agus é ceartuigíte dom mair agus i r fíorí
 liom. Cuairí mé cuir mór de ó na rean-daoinib,
 aet ní bfuair mé ariáin tuine a raib an t-íomlán de
 aige.

I r pollurac go bfuil dá dán eugrairíail meargta
 tpe n-a céile ann 'ran dá cóip ar ar labrar, agus ar
 an ádhair rín ríóilrim íar, agus beirim mar dá dán
 íar, agus glaoóaim an Colepa Mórur ar an gceur
 ceann, agus áiríge an Reachtúipe ar an gceann eile.

* Do éirí Mac Uí Fíoinn ran páiréar rín comairn oiríann uile
 leir an méar do pinne ré ar rón na Gaedéilge.

but there is yet a good deal of it to be found. His songs and poems are yet common enough among the people in the counties of Mayo and Galway, but especially between Loughrea and Athenry, where he usually lived after his leaving the county Mayo. It is a very great pity, indeed, that his poems and songs are not collected while they are still remembered by heart, amongst the old people. I have already printed one of them, the "Courteous Breedyeen," amongst the Love Songs, and luckily enough another of them was printed in the *Tuam News* a few years ago by someone (Mr. Glynn I think he must have been), who said that it was Shawn O'Cullenan, a second cousin of his own, in the parish of Comar (?) who wrote it down in the year 1838, a little while after Raftery's death. I got another copy of this poem from my friend Mr. Thomas Meehan which was written about twenty years ago from the mouth of a poor man-*een* named Meehauleen O'Cleary who used to be going round looking for alms. I compared the two copies carefully, as there was a verse or two in the one that was not in the other, and I shall give the whole poem here, corrected, as well as I can. I heard a great deal of it from the old people, but I never found a man who had the whole of it.

It is evident that there are two different poems mixed together in the two copies I spoke of, and for that reason I divide them and give them as two poems, and I call the one, the "Cholera Morbus," and the other "Raftery's Repentance."

AN COLERA MORBUS.

leir an neactúire.

A fofa Cúirt, 'r m' na n-áirí,
 * A éiríonn talamh neamh a'fúir páirtí,
 A dóirí do éirí fofa i gcóirí na páirtí,
 Sábáil rinn ar an gcóirí morbus.†
 Ir íomdha fofa, bean-ma'falta 'r b'áirí
 A'fúir dó; na h-éiríonn 'r an páirtí,
 A'fúir b'áirí dó n-éiríonn an té ir táirí
 Sílféad a dóirí 'r a éiríonn deir éiríonn.
 'Sé mo éiríonn 'r ir éiríonn líom éiríonn a'fúir,
 Fofa uairí í fofa tá a'fúir íarfúir fofa,
 Fofa fofa ar fofa an fofa fofa,
 Tá fofa ar fofa 'r a fofa fofa.
 A líom an fofa fofa an fofa fofa
 Fofa an fofa fofa a'fúir fofa líom,
 Fofa fofa fofa fofa a'fúir fofa líom
 An té fofa fofa leir fofa fofa fofa.
 Ir fofa a fofa fofa a fofa an fofa
 Ar uairí fofa fofa an fofa fofa fofa,
 'S a líom fofa fofa fofa fofa fofa
 A fofa fofa fofa, a'fúir fofa fofa.

* Tá an "a" ro i n-áirí "do." La'fúiríonn "do" mar "a" fofa fofa fofa. † Aliter. Sogor rinn ó oirí no don fofa fofa fofa.

‡ Aliter. "Le fofa fofa." Ir fofa fofa fofa an fofa fofa fofa.

NOTE.—Some of the verses in this poem are quite simple and unadorned. In most of the lines, however, two words occurring about the middle make vowel-rhyme, or full rhyme, with one another, as—

Swifter is *Death* than the *breath* of the mind,
 Or steeds that *race* with the *pace* of the wind.

In other verses one word or two words or more in the body of the second line rhyme with one or two or more other words in the body of the first line, as—

When *scattered* shall *lie* each *limb* now *restless*,
Shattered and *dry* and *grim* and *fleshless*.

This, though the most usual *tour de force* in modern Irish poetry

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

O Jesus Christ, high *Heir* of graces,¹
 Prince of whateer in boundless space is,
 Slain by men's *hand* that life might garb us,
 Save our *land* from Cholera Morbus.

Though priests of hope, with nun and friar
 And bishop and Pope pray prayers of fire,
 God hears the sigh of the meanest-spoken,
 Who pours his cry from a heart half-broken.

For sure I know it,—a sad confession—
 That this is a moment needs intercession,
 We haste down-trod, to the Virgin, praying,
 Anger's on God, He is scourging, slaying.

Consider and quake, lest devils scorn you,
 Repentance make, as now I warn you,
 For Christ's words be—they are words to cherish—
 "Who turns to Me shall never perish."

Alas for him who puts off repentance,
 Till the Seeker grim come with awful sentence,
 The seeker of all, the gaunt grim-greeting,
 For man must fall, and his vaunt is fleeting.

occurs more sparingly than the other, though I have reproduced it oftenest in my translation. In addition to this, Raftery uses another device, one which I have not attempted to imitate in my version, by making the first 28 lines end each with the sound of long *d*, the next 32 lines with the sound of long *é* (ee), the next 12 with the sound of long *é* (æ), and the next 20 with the sound of short *a*. This is not an uncommon trick of the modern school of 18th century bards, but it is curious to find an unlettered man like Raftery using it.

¹ *Literally.* O Jesus Christ, and O King of the graces, who didst create earth, heaven, and paradise, who didst pour Thy share of blood on the tree of the passion, save us from Cholera Morbus.

Many is the priest, nun and friar, addressing God, the bishops and the pope [with them], but perhaps He will hear him who is meanest [of men], who would pour his tears, and his heart to be tortured.

It is my supposition, and it is grievous to me to speak of it, that this

feud an té bí anóe luat láirigh
 Δ léimfead psonnra claidhe 'sur beanna,
 bí ar tpaenóna as riúbal na rriáire,
 'S as uil faoi 'n g-ghéaróis lá'ri na márae.

Ir mipe an báir 'ná an tonn báiríte
 'S 'ná ead vá luaithe ar éirra an pára,
 anaíarú na rluas do buailfead ré báire
 'S ní túirge ann rúo 'ná rómainn ar gómoz.*

Tá re luaimnead fuairíad leigte rgaolite,
 ni fearri leir an lá 'ná lári na h-oiríche,
 an tpaé faoilear nead naé mbionn don daoíal air
 Súo é ar an mball ar láirí le caoinead.

Ir móri do túit leir i tpaé na vileann,
 San caint no tpaéad ar aimpri mhaíre,
 aét v'á méao le ráo gac [a] bráístar ríor leir
 ní h-é tá láirigh aét gára chriórta.

Ir rluairú an báir Δ éáiríar nígte
 rriomnraíú ároa a'ri tigiéaríarú tíre,
 beir ré an móri leir, an t-ós 'r an críona,
 ar paríuáad ríóis' leir or cómair na noaíne.

* Do críochuigead gac líne go vti reó leir an lirií Δ,
 tpaígeann anoir an lirií "i" no, "ao" atá corríúil le i ann Δ
 fuaim i gConnacraí.

† Aliter ar élári.

is an hour which is seeking for satisfaction, we will pray at large to
 Mary Mother, there is anger on God and His scourge is drawn. O
 people of sin, understand this case, make the repentance that I am
 bidding you, Christ himself has said, who is full of grace, "that he who
 would turn to Him would be saved." Alas for him who would put off
 his own good, for fear that the hateful seeker [death] may come, and
 all the proud bold champions he has put beneath him, for all the
 thinness of his bones.

Look at him who was yesterday swift and strong, who would leap
 scunce, ditch and gap, who was in the evening walking the street, and

The man who topped the highest fences,
 Who was not stopped by the widest trenches,
 Who rode to-day without grief or trouble,
 To-morrow the clay upon him they shovel.

Swifter is Death than the breath of the mind,
 Or steeds who race with the pace of the wind,
 Against millions he plays, and he flays them hollow,
 He is here, he is there, we despair to follow.

He is rushing, racing, rapid, riving,
 Daily chasing, and hunting nightly;
 When man is boldest, nor thinks of danger,
 He falls on his shoulders, the awful Stranger.

Though many he slew when the deluge opened,
 And many too in the days of Moses,
 Yet in spite of the throng he slays and freezes,
 Not he who is strong, but the grace of Jesus.

A spoiler grim, he despoils the princes,
 Kings against him have no defences;
 He takes through the gate the young and the aged,
 He takes the great, and he takes the naked.

going under the clay on the morrow. The Death is fleetest than the wave of drowning, or than any steed, however fast, on the race-course. He would play a goal against the multitude, and no sooner is he there than he is on guard before us. He is flitting, rushing, starting, loosed, he does not prefer to have the day rather than the night; when a person thinks that there is no fear of him, there he is on the spot laid low with keening.

Great is the number who fell by him in the time of the Deluge, not to speak of or mention the period of Moses, but, however great to tell of all who are left down by him, it is not he who is strong, but the grace of Christ. The Death is a despoiler who heaps [together] kings, high princes and country lords; he brings with him the great, the young and the old, gripping them by the throat before the people.

Ír nána an tuine 'nó an mac-tíre
 A márbuigeas na h-uain ar riúbal na h-oirde,
 Déit fáil mo dhóin agus mo éirí paozálta
 An t-am beir éirí, 'r gan an aitéirge veunta.

Ír mairis a mealltar le caithéirí an t-paozál
 Agus laigeas an lóin a cuirtear ríor leir,
 Gan bhuí 'n a leir ná mairfeas ré míle
 Déit mar ríoríraíó ré ar cuairt 'r ar air aír.

Ná mbuó leat-ra ríorí a'í ná nígeasra,
 Maoín [ró] móir 'r fad ríoríreas paozálta,
 Anuairis vo dáir ná méas vo éiríra f
 Ní bfuil le fáil agus déit uairí véanta.

Cá nveasraíó vo éirí vo déit 'r vo éiríra?
 Cá nveasraíó an éirí vo éiríra : u'íraíraí,
 Vo éirí 'r vo éirí vo éiríra 'n a ríorí leat
 No an éiríraí mín áir air a mbíraí ríre.

Cá nveasraíó an éirí a n-éiríraí ríorí vé?
 Vo éirí vo éirí r' vo h-áirí míne,
 Vo éiríraí, u'áiríraí 'r vo éiríraí ríora,
 'S vo éiríraí vo éiríraí ríorí ríorí

Nuair éiríraí vo éiríraí ríorí n-a éirí,
 Gan fuil gan éirí, ar áirí na-éiríraí,
 Cá nveasraíó leat no éirí u'áiríraí,
 No an cul éirí ríoríraí éiríraí ríoríraí?

* Ír follurac ó'n líne réo gur labair an réacraí an focal ro
 "áirí" mar "áiríre," mar éiríraí go minic é i gConnacraí.
 † "Cíó go mbuó móir vo éiríraí," déit ní cóir-fuair ríorí.

The person [Death] is bolder than the son-of-the-country (i.e.,
 wolf), who slays the lambs, travelling through the night, but the
 cause of my grief and my worldly torture [is] the time to be up, and
 no repentance made.

Alas, for him who is deceived with the temptations of the world,
 considering how small the provision that [shall be] buried down
 with him, with no effect in his lease [of life] if he were to live for a

The ravening wolf does not so ravine
 When he tears the lamb on his midnight travel;
 But my grief, my pain, my sentence!
 The time to be up—and without repentance.

Earth's joys deceive us—the Devil's purpose—
 Till Death shall leave us beneath its surface,
 Though we lived for a thousand years in clover,
 It is passed as an hour, and all is over.

Or had we the gold of the old-time witches,
 Or wealth untold, and a kingdom's riches,
 When death from our gains to gloom has rolled us,
 There only remains a tomb to hold us.

What then of your folds, your sheep, your cattle,
 Your castles, your holds, your golden metal,
 Your children loved much, who play beside you,
 Your wife and your couch, so gay and wide too!

What then of your halls where guests are laughing,
 What then of your balls where wines are quaffing,
 Horses in throngs, and drink in cellars,
 Men of songs and story-tellers!

When scattered shall lie each limb now restless,
 Shattered and dry, and grim, and fleshless,
 Where then the flush and blush and brightness,
 And where the hair in powdered whiteness!

thousand [years] than just as though he slipped over [to some one] on a visit and back again. If yours were the store or the gold of the kingdom, the goods of the world and all earthly riches, after your death, however great your flocks, a made grave is the only thing you have to get. Where have gone your horses, your cattle, your sheep, where is gone the jewel that used to be in your presence, your wife and your children, who used to be sitting with you, or the smooth high downy [couch] on which you used to be stretched.

Where has gone the table off which wines used to be drunk! your court, your house, and your smooth halls, your couches, your steeds, and your silken suits, and your men of science who used to make amusement for you. When your bones shall be through one another,

Deirú do éluara bodair gan meánair gan éirteádt,
Siocparú do gualne 'r chapparú do gheuga,
Deirú do dá fúil ginnn gan raóaire gan leupsur
A bí ann do ceann gan camú gan claonad.

ní bailte, fearranna, ríoc, ná tréuna
A múinear an t-riúge go flaitear Ds óinnn,
Aéte learuádt áh n-anna réir mar léigítear,
A' déanaí tiorádt uirnaí 'r déirce.

Az uil a' luide óuit na bí-re balb,
Feac do glúna 'r brúig an talam,
Cuimnígt áh gáe nio do leis tú éarad,
'S go bfuil tú az tiall go cluain * na marb.

Ómlaígt do'n éleir azur géill do'n easlaí
Fuair cúmaédt ó Dia na peacair máiteam,
Coimlíon an ríge tá i vteampoll beaúair
A'f ní baógal uirte búr aéte malraí† beáta.

Ir maris nac meabairteann eiré azur pairir,
'S gur pairte áh an t-aoígal ro mí no peacéiríam
'Ná mile bliáúain az Chriann na beáta
i nGáiríon páirteair no az boirio na nabrtal.

Ir maris a óiolar rígeádt na bflaitear
Áirar Dé atá 'n a éirí peairan',
'n áit a mbíóeann naóth 'n a fuirte azur abrtail
Bí áh an t-aoígal ro 's learuádt áh mbeáta.

* "Go rluágt na marb" mar fuairtear ó ó'n míóúánaé.
"Éarad" = "éarac." † = malraíre.

without blood or flesh in the face of the sun, where is gone the flush and brightness of your face, or the grey back-locks of hair you used to be arranging. Your ears shall be deaf without feeling or hearing, your shoulders shall stiffen up, and your limbs shall gather [contract], your two clear eyes [shall be] without sight or vision, which were in your head without twist or turn.

It is not towns, lands, stock, nor herds, which teach us the way to the Heaven of God, but the amending of our souls according as is

Your ears that moulder no sound shall quicken,
 Your limbs shall gather, your shoulder stiffen,
 The eye in your head, of sight the token,
 Its fire is dead, its light is broken.

Not proud abode, nor land, nor riches,
 Can teach the road to Heaven's blisses;
 Our souls we must care as God has taught us,
 With fasting and prayer to Christ who bought us.

Betake you to these, with care and sighing,
 And bend your knees in prayer and crying,
 Remember your foe and death's black shadow,
 Remember you go to the Dead Men's meadow.

To church and clergy make due submission,
 For theirs in mercy is sin's remission,
 Fulfil each thing in the law of Peter,
 Then Death shall bring but existence sweeter.

Prayer should we seek, and for prayer go hunger,
 For a single week in this world is longer
 Than a thousand years where the Tree of Life is,
 Where in God's garden no fear nor strife is.

The heaven of bliss, and of Christ's divinity
 God's kingdom is, with the Blessed Trinity,
 Alas, for who sells it, Saints there are biding,
 Who made life fairer when here residing.

read, making fasting, prayer, and alms. On going to lie down of you, do not be dumb, bend your knees and bruise the ground, remember each thing which you let by you [neglected], and that you are journeying to the meadow of the dead. Submit to the clergy, and bow to the Church which has got power from God to forgive sins, fulfil the law which is in the church of Peter, and there is no danger for you of death, but an exchange of life.

Alas for him who does not remember creed and prayer, for sure, longer in this world is a month or a week than a thousand years at the Tree of Life, in the Garden of Paradise, or at the table of the Apostles.

níomh fannataí an ciorde 'r níomh rmuáin an peacad
 An méad an trólaír * atá 'r na flaitir;
 As éirteacht le ceól asur zheann san cealt, †
 As reiteamh na glóire sur í 'sá fheasairt.

Luét éiríú' i n-áirde, rúata 'r vúitche,
 Tiucfaid ríad zearr i nveir na cúire,
 San a n-aitríge vóanta bíod ríad brúigte
 Amearz luét feille póite 'r vhríre.

An fear a fannataígear maoin a'r talamh,
 'S naé nveanann truaí vo'n té bíor palamh,
 Bíod ré ríor 'r ní maít í a leaba,
 Ziorcán fiacal air, fuacht a'r cneataí.

Nuair tiucfar Chríort air éadib an tSléide
 'S cnuinneódaíó ré cúige an cine vdonna,
 Bíod vo zníomhíra rzníóda air v'euvan
 A'r an fear le v'air ionnán a léigte.

Iz rúo í an cúirt naé nglacfaid bheuga.
 'S naé zcloiríó ‡ caint ó fear vá éméne,
 Bheiteamh na ríunne déirdear 's áir bheúaint,
 An t-aon m'ac íora, v'pulaing a éurad.

Fozglódaíó izmonn 'r flaitear i n-éinfacht,
 Asur múcfaid[ear] folar na zealaige 'r na zméine. §
 'S an meud a muzad ó cnuataígead an éeud fear
 Bíod ríad i zcuirteacht or cómaí a céile.

* Aliter "an an rólár ríomhuide."

† Aliter "rpóit asur áitir."

‡ = naé zcluíníó, aliter "naé nglactar."

§ "Solur zealaé iz zrian" MS.

Alas, for him who sells the kingdom of the heavens, the abode of God who is in three persons, the place where saints and apostles are sitting who were [once] in this world amending our life. The heart never coveted, and the sinner never conceived the amount of satisfaction, that is in the heavens listening to music and mirth without deceit, attending on glory, and it answering.

The people who rise high, of estate and landed property, they shall come short at the end of the case, without their repentance made, they shall be bruised amongst the people of treachery, of drunkenness, of

No sinful mind can imagine, even,
 The joys he shall find in his home in heaven.
 There music, and story, and mirth surround them,
 Waiting for glory with glory round them.

The estated sort who scoff at small things
 They shall come short when off go all things,
 In fetters, for want of due a repentance;
 The traitor's, adulterer's, drunkard's sentence.

The man who for shares of this earth is greedy,
 Who never cares for the dearth of the needy,
 Bad is the bed he is bold in making,
 —Gnashing and dread, and cold and quaking.

Christ takes His place on the judgment mountain,
 To gather the race of men around Him,
 Writ shall each deed be upon your faces,
 That neighbours can read your worst disgraces.

'Tis a court of state that no lies can darken,
 To the speech of the great it will not hearken,
 Our crimes shall seize us, the judge shall try us,
 The One-Son Jesus, who suffered by us.

Then heaven shall open, and hell shall open,
 (The sun and the moon in darkness groping,
 And the men of the world, since man's creation
 Together hurled from every nation.)

adultery. The man who covets goods, and land, and who shows no pity for him who is empty, he shall be down, and his bed is not good, gnashing of teeth on him, cold and quaking. When Christ shall come on the side of the mountain, and shall gather to him the human race, your deeds shall be written upon your face, and the man beside you able to read them.

That is the court that will not accept lies, and that will not listen to the talk of any man however powerful. [It is] the Judge of Truth who shall be trying us, the One-Son Jesus, who suffered His crucifixion. Heaven and hell shall open together, and the light of the moon and of the sun shall be quenched, and all who were born since the first man was created, they shall be together in one another's presence. When God shall open the Book of Account, and the

nuaib forglócar Dia leabair a' éintair
 a'ur r'gátán an éirir a déiréar 'gá iomcar,
 ir an-móir an gar an maic a déantar
 Oúltair an peacar a'ur éirir liom-ra.

As ro, mar éiríom, deiréar an éirir óáin, no
 b'éirir go b'ruil cuir óé caillte, óir ní críóchnuáó
 r'napra é roo. Deirum an rapra óán ann ro, a'ur
 an "Ait'rixe mar ainm air."

AIT'RIXE AN REACTÚINE.

A Ríx tá ar neim 'r a éiréir áóam,
 'S a éiréar car i b'peacar an úbailt,
 Do r'gheavaim oir anoir 'r or áro,
 Ó ir le do g'rára tá mé as rúil.*

Tá mé i n-aor, a' ro éirion mo bláé,
 ir iomó lá mé as vul amúg',
 Do tuit mé i b'peacar anoir naoi v'páé†
 áé tá na g'rára ar láim an uain.

nuaib bí mé ós b'ólc iao mo éiréte,
 buó móir mo r'péir i r'gléir 'r i n-eac'mann,
 b'feair liom go móir as imirir 'r as ól
 ar maroin Dómnair 'ná triall cum a'irinn.

Mirror of Right [it is] who shall be bearing it, very great is the advantage the good which is done [on earth (?)], refuse sin and listen to me.

[I can hardly believe that this last verse with its lame and impotent and unmusical conclusion can be correct, unless indeed it is meant as the prologue to the "repentance" which follows, and which Raftery, after the words "listen to me" may have struck up, accompanying himself, as old people say he did, on his violin.]

* Aliter "tá mé [as] rúbal.

† Aliter "or cionn naoi b'péé," nac v'v'igim, munab é = "more than nine fathoms deep"

And God shall open his book before us,
 The mirror of righteousness shining o'er us,
 Each scrap of goodness that day how precious !
 O brothers let sin no more enmesh us !

Here is, I believe, the end of the first poem, or perhaps some of it is lost, for this is not a well-turned ending. I shall now give the other poem, called Raftery's Repentance.

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

O King of heaven who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To thee I cry, oh turn thy face,
 Show heavenly *grace* this day to me.¹

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought alas ! to drink and play.

¹ *Literally.* O King, who art in heaven, and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee now and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin over nine fathoms [deep], but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young evil were my accomplishments, much was my delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to

níor b'fearm liom fuithe 'n aice cailín óis
'ná le mnáoi póрта as céiliréadé tamall,
Do mionnais mórna do bí mé tabartha,
Aghur uráir no póite níor leis mé éarim.

peacadó an údail, mo éirí 'r mo leun!
Ir é mill an raozal mar gheall ar deire,
A'r ó'r cōir an cmar atá mipe ríor *
muna b'fóiriré iora ar m'anam boct.

Ir oim, faraoim! tá na éiríeada mórna,
Aet uilteódo vóid má mairim tamall,
O! leas gac níó † ar mo éolainn fóir,
A ríe na glóire, 'sur táirteais m'anam.

D'éalais na lá a'r níor tós mé an fáil,
No sur iteas an báir ann ar éirí tú uilí
Aet a áir-míe an éirí, anoir méiré mo éar,
A'r le ríre na ngráira ríre mo fáil.

Ir le do gráira do glan tú máiríe
A'r faor tú Dáirí, an aetiríe do rinne, §
Do eus tú maoiríe rían ó'n mbáeas
'S a éiríe éiríeais táirteais mipe.

A ríe na glóire tá lán de gráira
'S tú rinne beoirí a'r ríon de'n uiríe,
Le beasán aráin do ríar tú an ríeas
Oé! ríeasáil ríeas aghur ríeasais mipe.

* Aliter "ar vaoiré."

† Aliter "gac níó buail anuar."

‡ "O alt go bun," aet níó an éom-fuaim éeare ann rin; "go cōiríeas an báirí ó alt go glúin" do ríe an míoééáiríe.

§ "Do rinne an aetiríe," aet ir oic éiríeas "aetiríe" aghur "mipe" cōm-fuaim.

sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness I did not let [pass] me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime, I am down[fallen] unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lust runs free ;
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From his mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body, and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made.
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by !
 O King of the Right forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ upon me pass gracious sentence.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

It is on me, alas ! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while [longer], beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But O High King of the Right settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and O Merciful Christ rescue me.

Ο! Δ ΙΟΥΑ ΧΡΙΟΥΤ Δ ΟΨΟΥΛΑΙΝΣ ΑΝ ΠΑΙΡ
 Δ'Ρ ΟΟ ΔΟΥΛΑΟΥ, ΜΑΡΙ ΟΟ ΔΙ ΤΥ ΨΗΛ.
 ΟΥΡΗΜ ΟΥΡΗΜΟΥ * Μ'ΑΝΑΜΑ ΔΗ ΟΟ ΡΣΑΤ
 Δ'Ρ ΔΗ ΒΑΙΡ ΜΟ ΒΑΙΡ ΝΑ ΤΑΒΑΙΡ ΟΑΜ ΟΥΛ.

Δ ΒΑΙΡΗΟΞΑΙΝ ΠΑΜΡΕΔΑΙΡ, ΜΑΤΑΙΡ Δ'Ρ ΜΑΙΞΟΕΑΝ,
 ΣΣΑΤΑΝ ΝΑ ΝΣΗΑΡΑ, ΑΙΝΣΕΑΛ Δ'Ρ ΝΑΟΗ,
 ΟΥΡΗΜ ΟΥΡΑΙΝΤ Μ'ΑΝΑΜΑ ΔΗ ΟΟ ΛΑΙΗ
 Δ ΗΝΟΥΡΕ ΝΑ ΟΙΟΥΛΤΑΙΞ ΜΕ, 'Ρ ΒΕΙΟ ΜΕ ΡΑΟΗ†

'ΝΟΙΡ ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΔΟΙΡ, 'Ρ ΔΗ ΘΗΜΑΔ ΑΝ ΒΑΙΡ,
 'Σ ΙΡ ΓΕΔΗΡ ΑΝ ΔΙΜΡΗΙ ΣΟ ΟΤΕΙΞ[ΙΜ] Ι Ν-ΟΥΡ,
 ΔΕΤ ΙΡ ΡΕΔΗΡ ΣΟ ΟΕΙΡΕΑΝΝΑΔ 'ΝΑ ΣΟ ΒΗΑΤ
 ΔΣΥΡ ΡΥΑΣΗΑΙΜ ΡΑΙΡΤ ΔΗ ΜΙΞ ΝΑ ΝΟΥΛ.

ΙΡ ΟΥΑΙΛΛΕ ΣΑΝ ΗΑΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΓΟΙΡΗΝΕΑΛΛ ΡΑΙΛ,
 ΝΟ ΙΡ ΟΥΡΗΜΟΥΛ ΛΕ ΒΑΟ ΜΕ Δ ΟΑΙΛ Δ ΡΤΙΟΥΡ,
 ΟΟ ΒΗΥΡΡΟΕ ΑΡΤΕΑΔ ΑΝΑΞΑΙΟ ΟΑΡΗΑΙΣ' 'ΡΑ' ΒΗΡΟΙΞ,‡
 'Σ ΟΟ ΒΕΙΟΕΑΟ ΟΑ ΒΑΤΑΟ 'ΡΝΑ ΤΟΝΝΤΑΙΟ ΡΥΑΡ'§

Δ ΙΟΥΑ ΧΡΙΟΥΤ, Δ ΡΥΑΙΡ ΒΑΡ ΟΙΑ Η-ΔΟΙΝΕ,
 Δ'Ρ Ο'ΕΙΜΙΞ ΑΗΙΡ ΑΝΝ ΟΟ ΜΙΞ ΣΑΝ ΛΟΕΤ,
 ΝΑΔ ΤΥ ΤΥΣ ΑΝ ΤΡΛΙΞΕ ΛΕ ΑΙΤΡΙΞΕ ΟΟ ΟΕΑΝΑΗ,
 'Σ ΝΑΔ ΒΕΑΣ ΑΝ ΡΜΥΑΙΝΕΑΟ ΟΟ ΜΙΝΝΕΑΡ ΟΥΤ.

* "Ουρηνου" ι γ-Οονναδταυδ, ι η-δαιτ "ρομαρρε," .γ. ούουονν.

† Aliter "τός μο παίρε δσυρ τά μέ ραοη."

‡ = ραιρηξε.

§ "Βειρεαο 'γά βάταο 'ρ Δ ΟΑΙΛΡΕΑΟ Δ ΡΝΑΗ" aliter "ρεόλ,"
 ΔΕΤ Ο'ΑΤΡΗΑΙΞ ΜΕ ΑΝ ΛΙΝΕ ΛΕ ΟΟΜΨΑΙΜ ΟΟ ΟΕΥΝΑΗ.

O King of Glory who art full of grace, it was thou who madest
beer and wine of the water; with a little bread thou didst satiate
 the multitude, Oh! attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ who

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 'Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd,

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

Now since I am come to the brink of death
 And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
 May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
 From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
 Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
 Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
 While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ who has died for men,
 And hast risen again without stain or spot,
 Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
 Ah, why in my day have I sought it not!

didst suffer the passion, and wast buried because thou wast humble,
 I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour
 of my death turn not thy back upon me.

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel
 and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary
 refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age and on the brink of the death, and short is the
 time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I
 appeal for kindness to (*or perhaps* "*proclaim that I am on the side*
of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat
 that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in
 the ocean and that would be a drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus
 Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless
 King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance,

Do tárla ar dtúr míle 'r oét g-ceud,
 An ríde go beaét i g-ceann an uó-uéas,
 Ó'n am tuirlingz Chríost a neub na geataí,
 Go dtí an bliadain a n-dearnaró Reachtúire * an Aitiríge.

Cóm cráibteac agus do bí an Reachtúire, agus bí
 ré 'na duine fíor-cráibteac san áitiríge, ní raib ré
 san meirneac Gaedhalac agus san inntinn áitirí,
 agus do bhorcuigeac é ar uairib cum mórdáin do ráb
 go ró geur anagáir na n-daime nac raib ar don
 inntinn leir féin. Dúob rin mar tá ré : acé ag ro,
 ar mób ar bí, ábrán breas catá, óir ír fíor-ábrán-
 catá é, do rinne ré (mar ír follurac ó fíadnuire an
 dáin féin) am éigin timcioll na bliadna 1831, nuair
 torais an buairneac air a nglaoctar "Cosac na
 n-Deacrúir" i n-Éirinn. Táinig an ceatramac
 Sedirre i gcóin 'ran mbliadain 1820, agus do cuir

* Aliter Rafteryó."

and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened
 one thousand and eight hundred [years], and twenty exactly, in
 addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst
 the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

¹ Mr. Meehan's copy ends with the following curious verses which
 would seem to show that Raftery got his poem translated into
 English by a man named Kelly, to give it a wider vogue. I print
 the verses exactly as they stand. They may serve to show the
 difficulty of translating badly written and half-phonetic Irish such
 as we find in many manuscripts of the last sixty years.

Le cmochnuac an áitiríge 7 í beir ro léigte
 Tá Ceiríó peltac (!) i áitirígeac go beupla,
 Le buac bírreac (?) gnára agus trocaire
 beir ag zac duine glacac a éomairle.

Suibe doneac raturn 7 doineac
 Don te uaróc do cinne uoainneac
 Na don beirte uarac an áitiríge rin beunteac
 7 cuirim-ra an acceuingníó ar tora Chríosta.
 Amen

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
 And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
 Have passed since Christ burst Hell's gates and defences,
 To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

Pious as Raftery was, and he was without doubt a truly-pious person, yet he was not without a Gaelic courage and a high spirit, and he was prompted at times to say much that was too sharp against those who did not think as he thought himself. Let that be as it may, but here, at any rate, is a fine battle-song, for it is a real battle-song,¹ which he composed (as is plain from the internal evidence of the poem itself) some time about the year 1831, when the troubles which are called the "Tithe War" arose in Ireland. The fourth George came to the throne in the year 1820, and Daniel O'Connell established the great Catholic Association three years after that; and the Roman Catholics, who were until this time bruised down in the dirt, without heart or spirit, began to raise their heads

¹ It was just the same in Munster, where the bitterness was equally intense. Many of the peasantry looked on the "Repealers" as the army of Ireland. See the poem of "Máire Buiré," a woman of the County Cork, whose songs went all over the county, and who sang [see *Gaelic Journal*, for December, '96]—

Do cúlata[r] rígeul beas anoir go véiréanac
 O fearúóis fléibe bí i nDúib-choill

So mbéiré Repealer a gsur a fórrairé treuna
 A gsur congnam Dé uá rtiúrad,
 A gsur an buiréan ro an béapla san pion san feurta
 A gsur ceata p'léar dá m'fígaó.

i.e. "I heard a little story now, lately, from the golden plover of
 of the mountain that was in Dubhchoill, that there will be a

Dóinnall O Conaill an Comh-cuman móir Catoilcead ar bun trí bliadhna 'na diais rin, agus do thórais na Rómánaigh, do bí go dtí an t-am ro bhrúigte ríor ann ran sclábar, san rríonaró san rrípeacáó, a gcinn do togbáil arís. Táinig buaid éuca ar muin buaidé, go bfuair ríaró faoi deiread a rraoirre, agus ceo rruigte i bPárlíaméad ran mbliadain 1829, agus an bliadain 'na diais rin do bhuir amac an cogad obann ríochmar ríor-réaró rin anagair na nreacámuir ó'focairóir go dtí seo leir "na minirteirib gallóda" mar éugadair oppa. Bí rríonaró na rean gaeóeal fóir ann rraoainib. Saoil ríaró, mar ip dóig, gur anagairó Sacrana do bí ríaró ag ríoró, mar do ríoró a n-ait-ríeaca ríompa. Do cuiread an rop ó'a réiréad le réarairó mar an Reacáirre Caoc, agus má réar na rraoine go rraingionn le céile ar cúl Dóinnall Uí Conaill, tís linn beir cinnte nár beas an congnam agus an grríoró do rruaireadar ó vántairó gaeóeilge, mar an ván ro. Do bí ríoróe rruairóe ríor na rraoinib agus na rrairóirairó i gCúige Laigean agus i gCúige Múman, ag Carrairó Seac, ag an Dún, ag Baile-an-balla, ag Rat Ciaráin, ag Rat Cormaic, agus i n-aitéacairó eile, agus do caillead móran

Repealer and his strong forces and the help of God steering him, and this lot of English speakers, without wine, without feast, and showers of bullets routing them."

Her bitterness is even greater than Raftery's; she says—

Dá mbeinn-re raon-lag fa tobac gearrta

Ár fá folur bán gan múcaó,

dé go n-airéó'ainn tráét ar an rream do éiríó mé

D'éiréó'ainn láiróir éuca.

again. Victory came to them after victory, until at last, in 1829, they got their freedom and leave to sit in Parliament; and the year after that there broke out that sudden, fierce furious war against the Tithes, that up to this time they used to pay to the "foreign ministers," as they called them. The spirit of the old Gaels was yet in the people. They thought, I am sure, that it was against England they were fighting, as their fathers fought before them. The wisp was put a-blowing by men like Blind Raftery, and if the people stood firm together at the back of Daniel O'Connell, we may be sure that they found no small help and encouragement from Irish poems like this one. There was severe fighting between the people and the soldiers in Leinster and in Munster, at Carrickshock, at Doon, at Wallstown, at Rathkeeran, at Rathcormac and other places, and great numbers of men were killed. The bitterness and

And again—

Tá mo fúil leim' m'áigirteim na riasaó fá'n mbán-ghar
 'S go breicfeao tláit an cúmplaéit,
 'S go mbéirdeao 'd'á n-áimhneim; bpollaib báirte,
 'D'le fíliú áiríá 'd'á vóiríneá.
 Ceada p'leam aghur picíre treuna,
 'D'á gcuim; maolaib bhuigite,
 Cloé aghur cnaob; láim gac aon-ne
 aghur mallaéit Dé agh an gcúmplaéit.

i.e., "Were I laid low under shredded tobacco and under white lights unquenched [i.e., were I dead and being waked], if only I should hear tell of the tribe that tortured me, I should rise up strong against them.

"I hope in my Master that I shall not go under the green sod till I see the crew without power, and till I shall be counting them drowned in pools, and overwhelmed with tall rocks, showers of bullets, and sharp pikes, leaving them in bruised heaps, a stone and a branch in each man's hand, and the curse of God on the crew."

Surely O'Connell had good war-material at his hand if he had been the man to use it!

daoine. I r' uóí-óireíte an méad feirthe agus feirge
do éainis ann rna daoínib i gcúrra na mbliadan ro;
ní faib riad mar rin noim an am ro ná 'na díais, agus
tá an treirthe reo poileir go leór ann rna dántaib
do pinne an Reachtúine ann ran aimir rin. As ro
an t-abrán-cata do pinne ré as bhoirtuigad, mar ir
uóig liom, na gConnaétae cum fearra go daingionn
ar gcúl na Muirnead i "gCogaó na nveachúir."
Rinne ré ar fonn an trean-abrán "An cúir o'á
pléir," é.

an cúis o'á pléir.

(leir an Reachtúine.)

Éirgíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannas lib,
bíod cloídeam a' r' pleag agus i bpaodan zeir,
ir zeair naib an cúis, tá 'n oáta caite,
mar r'gíod na habraib na naoim 'r an éleir;
tá an éinneall le múeas éus lúiteir larta leir,
aet téirir ar bui nglúnaib a' r' iairiaib aetuinge,
Gúirir an tuan 'r béir an lá as na catolcais',
tá an muman the lapaó 'r an cúir o'á pléir.

ir peacáó an uirir, do réir na n-aiteanta,
'nna airméoin gur mealláó go leór faoi 'n rgeul,
Cuir hannaioi uúil inni 'r éós ré an [riorma]
Óiol ré an eiréam a' r' cómaéta Dé.

¹ *Literally.* Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is up, as have written the apostles, the saints and the clergy. The caudle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day will be won by the

anger that came upon the people in the course of these years is incredible. They were not thus, either before this time or after it, and this bitterness is evident in the poems which Raftery composed about this period. Here is the Battle-song which he made encouraging apparently the Connachtmen to stand firm at the back of the Munstermen in the Tithe War. He composed it to the air of the old song, the *Cúis dá plé*.

THE "CÚIS DÁ PLÉ" BY RAFTERY.

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,¹
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"² is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns,
 Down on your *knees* let us pray for the Southernns,
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
 Munster's afire and *Cúis dá plé*.³

Lust was the cause, it was lust and adultery,⁴
 —Sins that leave many beneath the sod—
 Why Henry swerved from the path of Popery,
 Who sold his faith and who sold his God.

Catholics, Munster is on fire, and *Cúis dá plé*—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

¹ This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the Tithe War did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new regime at Dublin Castle.

² Pronounced "*Koosh daw play*," which means "the cause a-pleading."

⁴ Adultery is a sin according to the Commandments, in spite of which, plenty have been deceived with regard to the case. Henry conceived a liking for it and he raised the schism, he sold the faith

Cuir Wolsey uíochán faoi Cranmer a' Latimer,
Calvin a' lúitear do deangail an t-aimtiogail,
Sin iad an cúigeaí uíghdaí na mallactaí
Uíghs uíoch-mear agus iadaí a' fadéal.

Tá'n dá cúige múnán a' riobal, 'r ní rtaíraí
Do leagtar uígh deacháir a' cior dá mear,
'S dá tugaí uígh coisnám a' éirí [do] fearaí
Uígh' fadéir lág a' fad beaína mear.
Uígh' fadéir a' fad, a' fad fadéir a' fad aca,
agus "Orangemen" b'fáirí i fadéir* fad baile 'fáirí,
Uíghéir a' fad i fadéir a' fad na Cathaí
Sadraí mairí, 'r an éirí a' fadéir,

* "Cuir," M.S.

* Sgríobta "ingheoin" 'ran M.S. mar labairtear i fadéir.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coirteíonn, a' fad an fadéir "fáirí" le "comáirí," no com-fadéir, do fadéir le "cúl" agus le "b'fáirí."

and power of God. Wolsey inspired Cranmer and Latimer with an evil design, Calvin and Luther [were they] who bound-fast the articles, those are the five of the authors of the curse who left the Gael under dis-respect and rout.

¹(It is impossible not to regret the intrusion of this foolish and awkward verse in an otherwise fine war-song.)

The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given them and [we were] to stand by Ireland, the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

²From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him: "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by," to which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted: "There is a great difference,

Inspired by Wolsey were Cranmer and Latimer,
 Calvin and Luther drew up the articles,
 Five in sooth who made war on Catholics,
 Leaving in ruin the Gael down-trod.

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces,¹
 Its "down with the tithes and the rents we pay,"²
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges,
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for the Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

sir, between tithes and rents: we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land, anyway, for them, but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Kavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the *Life of Meagher*, who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage, and at the same time so good a specimen of Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it:—

Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show* them at Slieve-na-man!

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the Tithe War: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him: "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was: "Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

béirí aḡainn faoi éirí pléamídea 'r cuiseaḡta,
 ól a'r imirte a'r ríórt uá réir,
 béirí maire 'ḡur bláé aḡur fáir an éimnnaib,
 snuaó 'ḡur ríar aḡur uiríet ar feur.
 feicfirí ríó fáin a'r neam-ámo ar śacpanaig',
 áir námaio le pán aḡur leaḡaó a'r leaí (?) oíra,
 teinnteaḡa cnám ann ḡaé ámo aḡ na caoileaiḡ',
 's naé rín í ḡan bhabaé an éúir uá pléiró.

ir iomóa fear bheáḡ faoi an tpiat ro teilḡte *
 o corca ḡo h-innir 'r ḡo baile roirpíe,
 aḡur buaḡaillíóe bána le pán aḡ imteaḡt
 o fíráio éille-ḡainniḡ ḡo "bancu baé"
 aḡt iomróḡaíó an cáirua 'r béirí lám maí aḡainn-ne,
 seaffaíó an máó ar éláir na h-imirte,
 uá breicfirinn-re an mára o ḡoírláirḡe ḡo bioíra 'ríra,
 śeinnfirinn ḡo veimín an éúir uá pléiró.

éimíḡíóe ruar, a'r ḡluairíóe uile,
 téiríóe ar an ḡenoc aḡur ḡlacaiḡ buí nḡleup,
 aḡ uia tá na ḡrára a'r béirí ré 'n buí ḡeiuíeaḡta,
 bíóí aḡaíó meirneaḡ, ir bheáḡ an rḡeul é.
 ḡnóḡóḡaíó ríó an lá ann ḡaé ámo ve śacpanaig',
 buailíó an éláir 'r béirí na cáiruaíó teaḡt éuḡaíó,
 ólaíóe ar lám, anoir, pláinte raírteiríó,
 's é éuiríeaó uáoió baill ar an ḡcúir uá pléiró.

* Labairtear an focal ro maí "teilḡte." ir focal coitḡionn
 i ḡconnaḡtaíó é. ir ionnann "bí ré teilḡte" aḡur "éuaíó
 bheirteaímar na cúirte 'na aḡaíó."

¹ By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and play-
 ing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and
 growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye
 shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassanachs, our enemy pre-
 cipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every
 art (i.e., point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and
 no profit (!) the Cúis dá plé.

² The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the
 despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish
 poets.

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,¹
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.²
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards, and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Bírr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt you the Cúis dá plé.³

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
 Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
 God is around us and in our company,
 Be not afraid of their might this day.
 Our hand is victorious, their cards are valueless,
 Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
 Now drink ye in chorus, "long life to Raftery,"
 For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.

¹ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn and we shall have a good hand, the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them (i.e., them driven to fly) from Waterford to Bírr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage, it is a fine story (I have to tell you), ye shall gain the day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery, it is he would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

Agus ro anoir d'án níor reirthe, dá mb'féidir, do
 pinne ré am éigin, roir 1822, mar ceapaim (nuair
 d'iomparáig cuir de na h-earbogair, faoi rúiprath
 d'ochtúir Uí Dúbháil anaíar, na "rghol i rpario Cille-
 dapa") agus 1831 nuair cuireadh na rgoilte (mi)-
 náiríúnta ar bun, agus an Stannlaigeach. Do bí
 "rgoilte rpario Cille-dapa"—rgoilte do bí curtha
 ar bun le aighio puiblíde, agus do tug ceagaras
 do ceo míle páirte, beas-na^{*}—agus fearann amac
 anaíar na Románach, agus agus iad go scaitfiróir an
 bíobla beupla cur d'a léigead ionnta; agus d'uibris
 iad ann a leicéir pin de rúge go iad iad, mar
 tudaire an t-eapog O Dúbháil "agus tógbáil
 impearáin, lorgad-croide, agus beas-na^{*} cogair,
 ann rath baile beas." Ir cormúil go scuair an
 Reachtúir trácht ar an gcómairle nuair "rgoilte
 náiríúnta" do cur ar bun, agus na^{*} bpario ré ann
 ran rgeul pin a^{*} lámh Sácrana agus iarrair buille eile
 do buala^{*} ar an tSean-bean-bóict agus a cpeirdean
 do baint ví. Ir dóig sur cheir reirdean go iad
 baogal ann go ndenpar na rgoilte nuair ro
 pproptúnaig de na daoimib: in deapnadar, a^{*}
 pinneadar leat-Sácranaig díob de'n cineál ir meara,
 agus baint díob a dteangad, a rean-rgeul, a n-abpán,
 a gceóil (do bí com-deangailte le n-a dteangair)
 agus rath mí eile do bí 'na comairle náiríúnta^{*}
 aca, 'gá bparáil anoir, i puict na^{*} dteigean an
 t-dor óg ann a conuas féin agus ann a baile féin,
 na h-abpán bparáil agus na dánta uairle do pinne

^{*} Bí timéioil o^{*}et míllín daoine i n-éirinn an t-am ro.

Here now is, if possible, a still bitterer poem which he made some time, as I imagine, between the year 1822—when some of the bishops under the leadership of Dr. Doyle turned against the “Kildare Street Schools”—and 1831 when Stanley established our so-called “National” (!) Schools. The Kildare Street Schools—which were established by public money and gave instruction to about 100,000 children¹—held out against the Roman Catholics, and said that they must have the English Bible read in them and they acted in such a way that they served, as Dr. Doyle said, “to generate discord, heart-burnings, and almost a civil war in every village.” Raftery, no doubt, heard talk of the new scheme of establishing “National” schools, and only saw in that report the hand of England seeking to strike another blow at the “Poor Old Woman,” and to rob her of her faith. No doubt, he believed that there was a danger that these new schools might make Protestants of the people. They have not indeed done this, but they have made them half-English of the worst kind, taking from them their language, their traditions, their songs, their music (which was bound up with their language), and everything that was a mark of nationality; and leaving them to-day in such a state that the youth of his own county and his own village can no longer understand the fine songs and noble poems which Raftery made for their fathers, nor that sweet Gaelic language which was spoken by all their ancestors before them, since the time the Milesians first set foot on

¹ The population of Ireland was then close on eight millions, of whom probably six millions were Irish-speaking or bi-lingual, and mostly taught in hedge-schools.

Rairteiríú d'á n-aithreácaib, ná an Saebeilg binn
do bí d'á labairt ag a rinnrearaib pompa ó
fear Clann Mílú ar tóir, ar an oileán ro; 'Sá
b'págbáil mar an gceudna éom r'ghiorra rin ann
a n-innteacét, naé b'puil aét 600 no 700 d'foclaib ar
a mbéalaib i n-áit 4,000 no 6,000 do bí ag a n-aith-
reácaib, i puét naé b'puil ionnta anoir aét mar beir-
eas páirtíde san ééill i gcompráio le n-a n-aithreac-
aib-mópa!

Tá an t'án ro, mar g'eall ar an b'puat agus ar an
treipíde atá ann, níor corpmúile le píopa do deun-
faíde áit éigin i gCúig' Ulaó, 'ná le haóráin do
cumpáide i Muig-Eó no i n'Saillim, agus ní'l eólar
agam ar don píopa eile atá corpmúil leir. I'f ríú,
mar rin, a labairt ann ro.

IS PAOA Ó CUIREAO SIOS.

I'f p'ada ó cuireao ríor go dtuicraó ré 'ran traogal
go ndóiríde fuil 'r go n'vunfaíde pléuéta,
do réir mar r'ghíob na naoim' 'ran mbliadain an naoi* t'á'n baogal.
Má géillimro do'n Sghiorcúir naométa.
An balla deuntar fuar ní fanann ré a b'rao fuar,
Sghiorhann ré ó'n v'p'oc-"fountation,"
aét an áit a n'v'acáir an t-aol ní éorócair cloé ar éoiré',
Tá an éarraig paol 'na ríide naé b'pleur'p'aró.

* I'f corpmúil go maib an t'rean-éarraig'p'acét reo i g-cuimne
ag an Reacúir:—

Nuair éallp'ar an leóman a neap
'S an fótánán b'p'ac a b'p'is,
Seinnp'ir an élar'p'ac go binn binn
I'v'ir a h-óet agus a naoi.

I'f corpmúil go meap'ann ré an r'ghíobcúir agus rean-éarraig-
p'acéta le ééile! Labairt'ear "baogal" mar "baoi'geal" ann
ro, aét "naométa" mar "naéméta." Dá b'p'oirp'acó ré d'á p'ann
deunp'acó ré "baé'gal" de "baogal" agus "naométa" de
"naométa."

this island ; leaving them, too, in such thorough intellectual ruin that their vocabulary has dwindled down from some 4,000 or 6,000 words to 600 or 700, so that in comparison with their grandfathers they are mere ignorant children !

This poem, on account of the hatred and bitterness that is in it, is more like a piece which might have been made in Ulster than like a song composed in Mayo or Galway, and I do not know anything else that resembles it. For these reasons it is worth while to give it here.

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
And blood flow red like a river ?

In the year of the "Nine"¹ when the crimson moon shall shine
(It stands written in the Scripture for ever).

The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,

But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
and time,

As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.²

¹ No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

When the tawny Lion shall lose his strength,
And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length
Between the Eight and the Nine.

Literally. "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the bracket [speckled] thistle his vigour, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the eight and the nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaele would score a point in the 29th year."

² *Literally.* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world, that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we give in to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it for ever ; the rock is under it seated, which shall not burst.

1r ríomhúirde rean an Chúirt do rasoilead éadairt anuas
 déit 'ré meapaim-re sur níó naé féiríu,
 Tá naomh beaonai le n-a bhuad asur Cúirt [do] ceur an rluas
 a'r congdbóadú ríat na h-uain lé céile.
 ábalteanur 'r urúir do éorais an rgeul ar urúir,
 asur hannhrai an t-Oét do éreis a céile,
 déit díogaltar iúit a'r muais ar "Orangemen" go luat
 naé bhuair amáin an "consecration."

as éiríge dáoir 'r as luíde, rmuáinúir ar an mís,
 do éruéais ar rau an cine daonna,
 1r iomda cori 'ran nraoir déit ní lia 'ná 'ran traozal
 'sur 1r beas an daoi le' bhuig'mír méirdeas.
 1rebél do fáoir an eaglaíe éadairt rai dílige
 as cur anaíad * an beata naomta,
 tá rí : ngeibionn fíor a'r lúiteir le n-a raíde,
 's íoc go cruaid fáoir an "reformation."†
 a úia, naé móir an rphóit an vream do fáoir ár nódáad
 go mbut éigin dóid a dóta do féunad,
 a'r uilliam do éionrúain gleó a'r do cuir na saeóil dá
 uréoir
 ní feicirí ríat níor mó é gleurta.
 bainfeair clog 'ran ráim, béit teinnite cnám a'r ceól,
 annr zác beas asur [zác] móir ríé éirinn,
 o táinis Seóirre : s-cróin tá Orangemen rai dhón,
 a'r san neairt aca a ríón do féirdead.

* "a'r rannais ríat" ran MS.

† Tá dúil móir as an beaetéirre, mar éróim, ann rna foelaí
 áro-glópaéa galloa ro éiríonúirre : n-"acion" (= "éirinn").
 na ceur fíirde ve na saeóalaíe do ríróid : mbeirle muasair
 na foela ro ardeas ann 'r zác rann, beas-naé !

1 Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring
 down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible ; St. Peter
 is at its brink (i.e., by its side), and Christ whom the multitude
 crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust
 began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but
 vengeance running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who
 never got the consecration.

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport,
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather,
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation,
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favoured by our Lord's consecration.¹

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
 And practise all his virtues—we need them—
 This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast,
 From a small thing may arise our freedom.
 Elizabeth who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
 And who harassed all the just of the nation,
 In chains she now is tied, with Luther at her side,
 They are paying for their "Reformation."²

Dear God ! but this is play ! they thought to burn and slay,
 But their courage ebbs away down to zero,
 Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
 They shall never again see that hero.
 A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
 With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
 Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
 They run cold in every bone—they are fearing !³

² On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King who created, throughout, the human race ; there is many a change in the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth) who thought to bring the church under law, opposing the holy life, she is down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the reformation.

³ Oh, God ! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote ? And William who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Ireland. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

A íopa éurta i gcraon ná feuch ar lár an tream
 náir úiol an dean u'oil tú ar don éor,
 aet lúiteir 'r a úlize cam 'r an bunad éiredear ann
 nae olc an ceapit go bfuizivir géillead.
 má'r fíorí vo Orangemen ní'l maíe uo'n éleir i gcraon
 'Sa émozuad ar rúo le léizead ag éirí[nn]
 Sur eugcórí riniall (?)* 'r feall agur clíreab clainne Gall
 'O'iompaiz an bíobla anonn 'ran mbéarla.

Cuatair mé muna[b] breug, go stiucfaid ré ran traégal
 go gcuirfiré mairgirtir léigin ann gac cúinne,
 ní bfuil ran gcár aet rgeim† ag meallad uainn an tpeio
 agur uílteagíob uo gnotagíob lúiteir.
 Cneivíob uo'n éleir 'r ná téivíob ar málairt féir,
 no caillíob ríob mac Dé 'r cúmaeta,
 'S an long ro éuad a léiz (?) má téivéann ríob ann uo léim
 iompócaid rí a'r déiv ríob fúite.

Altagíob le Dia, tá an t-ádaí Dairéiv ríar,
 'S congócaid ré ar na caoncaid gáira,
 an ríocet i g-cae ná i ngliaet‡ náir úiol an páir aríam
 agur reappaid ré anagaid búrcáiz a'r Dálair.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár nuaiz mar deivéad maíra alla ar
 fliab

Deiv ag íaríad an t-uán uo goíob ó'n málair.
 aet O Ceallair deunrad a briaadé gan cú gan eac gan
 ríuan
 le toil a'r cúmaet ríiz na ngrára.

*=ríonzaí=uúnmairíob, no maríob uúine atá gaolac leat féin.

†=An focal béarla "scheme."

‡="na a gcliar," ran MS. "gliaet"=tíoro.

¹O Jesus, crucified on tree, do not see put down the people who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration, but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold thy bride,
 Do not see us set aside *we* beseech thee,
 But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
 Shall their impious petitions reach thee !
 The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
 Insulting us since Luther's arrival,
 May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
 Of turning into English the Bible.¹

I heard, if it be true, a rumour strange and new,
 That they mean to plant schools in each corner ;
 The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith
 And to train up the spy and suborner.
 Our clergy's word is good, Oh ! seek no other food,
 Our church has God's own arm round her,
 But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
 It shall turn in the sea and founder.²

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
 Set fast in our midst as a nail is ;
 'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clann was not for sleep,
 He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.³
 The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
 They seek to tear the lamb from the mother,
 But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
 Till we see them fall to tear one another.⁴

¹ I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock away from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?) if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

² The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

⁴ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [i.e., Bartholomew] is in the west, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in

ní'l fígeadóirí lawn na bhéirí ná gréaraíú anóidí a lé
 nac mbionn a5 piocad bheuz ar úsdaí,
 a mbíobla ar bárrí a méar, a5 deardubháó 'ran éiteac,
 déc iocpaíó ríao i nveiríe cúire.
 fearí gan naóarc gan léigean a mínígear óaoib an rgeul,
 raifteiríú d'éirí le ar' tuidháó,
 ['s] aoeirí go flaitíear dé nac maóarí neac go h-eus
 béiríear a5 plé le leabhaib lúiteirí.

Do rípríob an Reachtúirí an tríoimáó d'án tinníoll
 an ama éurona, tar éir an togtá éúóamla i gCon-
 daé an éláir 'ran mbliadain 1828, air ar glaoó ré
 buairí Uí éonail. Deir ré ruo airíeac ann ran d'án
 ro marí an gceurona, amail agur supí fáoil ré supí
 péacai5 an t-octmáó hannerpaóí ana5aíó na n5aeóeal
 nuairí éuirí ré a bean uairí! Ní paibí don ruo éomí
 reairí leirí na dántaibí rín amear5 na nuaóine poimíe
 ná ó foim, agur creiríom nac mbéirí agam déc an
 glain-fírimíe nuairí veiríum go bfuil rípríarí na n'ván
 ro imíóíte arí paó ar éonacéaibí anoir, agur tá na
 h-abraíní féim beag-nac imíóíte arí éuiríne, cíó go
 bfuil an díóruge, éonacé ímúigí éó, agur móraín eile
 de rípríarí an Reachtúirí le fá5ail fóir arí beul na
 rean-uaóine anní 5ac áit. Ní tíúóruac déc don
 ríann amáin de "Buairí Uí éonail" ann ro, agur
 veiríum an ríann ro, marí tá tráéc ann, arí an crean-

battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold
 the pass"] and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The chil-
 dren of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon mountains, that
 would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother, but O'Kelly will
 hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power
 of the King of the Graces.

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
 They read learned authors now !—cause for laughter !—
 Their bible on their lips and at their finger tips !
 But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
 A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
 Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
 Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
 On the strength of their Luther's learning.¹

Raftery wrote a third poem about the same time, after the renowned election in the County Clare in 1828, which he called "O'Connell's Victory." He says a curious thing in this poem also, as though he thought it was against the Gaels that Henry VIII. sinned when he put away his wife ! There was nothing so bitter as these poems amongst the people before or since, and I believe that I shall be speaking only the exact truth if I say that the spirit of these poems is completely gone out of Connacht now, and the songs themselves are nearly passed out of memory, though the "Repentance," "County Mayo," and many other pieces of Raftery are to be yet found in the mouths of the old people in every place. I shall only give one verse of "O'Connell's Victory" here, and I give this verse only

¹ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring, but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

carraigisreacht rin ari ar labair mé fuar. As
ro é.

Glóir vo Chríost a'r vo Rí na nGrá!
Tá'n Carraig Láir, náir éir aríam,
Saoil Seágan a'r Mártaim a tabairt le fáiníde,
'S tós hannraoi páirt leó, mar geall ar mnaoi.
Chríostaró an pórtánán 'r tuitiró an blát dé,
Déiró an leóman ar lár a'r ní fanfaró ann bhuí,
mar i'f fada ó tuidrú go tuidrú an lá geal
Vo fannrú an éilíreacht i mbliáin an naoi!

I'f leóir é reó anoir, áct b'éirir go mbéir tuitléar
asam le fáil i tuidrú an Reachtúir am éigin eile.

Cualair mé níor mó 'na don dán amáin ann a
bhuil cóirpáróir tuine beó asur anam tuine máirb.
As ro ceann de'n tróir rin vo fuair mé ó Seágan
O Cearraig atá 'na máigirtir rgoile i mDeul-muilearó
a gConradé mung-éó. I'f pollarac nac bhuil ann áct
giota de'n dbrán, asur go bhuil móran amúga ann,
áct faoilear 'na úiaig rin go mb' fíú a tabairt ann
ro. I'f é an t-ainm atá ari, "Dán an Tuir," asur tá
ré coitcúnta amearg na nraoine timcíoll Deul-
muilearó. I'f carraig ar mhuir, an tor ro, timcíoll
dá míle déas ó'n talam asur tá teac-polair ann
anoir. I'f ar an g-carraig donránaig uaignis reó
vo cuiread an t-ainm as deunam aitéreacair. I'f
voilíg a fáil cia 'n uair no cia leir a nraonad an
dán. Ní'l miopúr ceart ar bit ann. I'f corráile é
le ppór 'na le dán. Cuireann ré ann ar gcuiríne an
deupraigéacht i'f rine vo bí as na faeóealair.

¹ Literally. Glory to Christ and the King of the Graces, the rock is
strong that never failed. John and Martin thought to bring it down,

because the old prophecy which I noticed above is alluded to in it.

THE YEAR OF THE NINE.

Glory to Christ and the King of *Graces* !
 The Rock's our *basis*, the Rock of Life,
 Though John and Martin made hard their *faces*,
 And Henry helped them, to gain a wife.
 But the Thistle shall wither and leave no *traces*,
 In gloom and *disgrace* is the Lion to pine,
 While the Harp shall sound to the wind's *embraces*,
 Long, lively, and loud, in the year of "Nine."¹

This is enough about Raftery, for the present ; perhaps I may have more to say about him on some future occasion.

I have heard more than one poem in which occurs a conversation between a living person and the soul of a dead man. Here is one of this sort which I got from John [O']Kearney, a schoolmaster in Belmullet, County Mayo. It is evident that there is only part of the song here, and that there is a great deal amiss in it ; but I thought, despite this, that it was worth giving here. The name it is called by is the "The Poem of the Tor," and it is common among the people round Belmullet. This Tor is a rock in the sea, some twelve miles from land, and there is now a lighthouse on it. It was on this solitary, lonely rock that the soul was put to do penance. It is hard to say when, or by whom, the poem was made. It has no regular metre ; it is more like prose than poetry, and reminds us of the very earliest poems of the Gael.

and Henry took part with them for the sake of a woman. The Thistle shall wither and the blossom shall fall off it, the Lion shall be overthrown and no strength shall remain in him, for it is long since it was said that the bright day would come when the Harp would play in the year of the Nine !

Ṫḁḁ ḁḁ ṪṪṪṪ.

ḁḁ ṪṪṪṪ.

ḁ ḡṵṵṵṵ ṵṵ ṵḁḁ ṪṪṪṪṪ
ḁṪḁ ṵṵ ṵṵṵṵṵṵ ḁḡ ḁḁ ṪṪṪ,
ḄṵṪ ḁḡḁḁ ṵṪṪ ṵ ḁḁḁḁ ṵṪṪḁ:
ḁḁ ṪṪṪṪ ṪṵḡḁṪḁ ṪṪ ḁḁ ḡṵṪṪ?*

ḁḁ ṪṪḁḁḁ.

Ṫ ṪṵṪṪṪṪṪ ḁḁ ḄṵṪ ṵ ḁḁḁḁ ṵṪṪḁ
ṪḁṪ ḡṵ ṵṵḁḁḁ ṪṪḡṵṵṵṵḁḁ ṵṵṪṪ,
ḁṵ ṪṪṪṪ ṪṵḡḁṪḁ ḁṪ ḁḁ ḡṵṪṪ,
ḁṪṪ ḁḁḁ ḁṪṪ ḁ ṵṵḁḡḁṵḁḡ ḁḁ ṪṵḡḁṪ ṪṪ,
ḁṵṪ ḁḁ ḁṵḁḁḁḁḁ ḡṵ ṪṪṪṪṪṪ ṪṪ ṵṪḁḁ.

ḁḁ ṪṪṪṪ.

ḄṵṪ ḁḡḁḁ ṵṪṪ ḁṪṪṪ
ḡḁḁ ṵṵṵḡ ṵṵ ṵṵḁḁḁ ṵṵṪṪ,
Ḅṵḁḁ ṵ ṵṵḁḡ ṪṪ ḁḁ ṪṵḡḁṪ ṪṪ
ḁḁ ḄṪṵṪ ṪṪ ḁṪḁḁḁ, ṵṪṪṪ, ḁḁḁ ṪṪṪ?

ḁḁ ṪṪḁḁḁ.

ṪṵṪṪ ḄṪṪḁḁḁ ḡṵ Ṫṵḁḁḁḁ ṪṪ Ṫṵḁḁḁ ṪṪṪṪḁḁḁ
ḡḡḁṪ ḁḁ ṪṪḁḁ ṪṵṪṪ ḁḁ ḡṪṪṪḁḁḁ ṪṪḁṵḁḁ,
Ṫḁṵ ṪṵḁṪṪḁḁḁḁ, Ṫḁṵ ḡḁṵṪṪ,
ḁṪṪ ḄṵḡṪ Ḅṵḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḄṪṪṪḁḁ ḁṪ ḁḁ ṪṪṵḡḁṪ
Ṫṵṵṵḁḁ ḁḁ ḄṵṵṪḁ ḄṪṪḁḁḁ ḁṵṪṪ ḁḁḁ.
ḁṵṪṪ Ḅṵ ḁṪ ḁṪ ḁḁ ṪṪṵḡḁṪṪ,
Ṫṵ ḁṪ ḡṵ ḁḁṵṵḁḁḁ ḁṪḁḁḁ,
Ḅṵḁ ḁḁḁ ḁṵḁ ṪṪḁṪṪ ṪṪṪṪḁḁḁḁ ṵḁḁ Ṫṵḁḁ,
ḁṪṪ Ṫḁḁḁ ṵ ḁṵḁḁṪṪṪ ḁḁṵṪṪ ṵḁḁ ḁḁṵṪṪ ṪṪḁ.
ḁṵṪṪṪ Ṫṵṵṵḁḁḁ ḡṵ ḁḁṪṪḁḁḁ ḁḁ Ṫṵḁḁḁḁḁḁ
ḁṵ ṪṪṵḁṪṪṪ ṵḁṪṪṪṪḁḁḁ ṵṵ ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ.

* "Geilt" means a lunatic, but is, I think, sometimes confounded with a kind of spirit. It is pronounced "gelt."

† = "muna mbeiréad."

THE POEM OF THE TOR.¹

[THE MAN.]

O fellow yonder on the mountain
 Who art being tortured at the Tor,
 [I put] a question on thee in the name of Jesus,
 Art thou a man of this world or a *geilt*? *

[THE SOUL.]

Since the question is put in the name of Jesus,
 Indeed I shall answer it for thee :
 I am not a person of this world, nor a *geilt*,
 But a poor soul who left this world,
 And who never went to God's heaven since.

[THE MAN.]

[I put] a question to thee again
 Without doing thee harm :
 How long since thou didst leave this world,
 Or art thou there ever since ?

[THE SOUL.]

Twenty years last Sunday
 The soul parted with the [evil]-inclined body,
 Under rain, under wind ;²
 And if it were not for the blessing of the poor on the world,
 I would be hundreds of years more there.
 When I was upon the world
 I was happy and airy,
 And I desired to draw profit to myself,
 But I am [now] in great tribulation, paying for that,
 When I used to go to Sunday Mass
 It was not mercy I used to ask for my soul,

¹ Pronounced "Tur."

² Cf. The fine North of England wake-dirge, with the refrain—
 Fire and sleet and candle light,
 And Christ receive thy saule.

But jesting and joking with young men,
 And the body of my Christ before me ;
 When I would arrive home again
 It was not of the voice of the priest I would be thinking,
 But of the fine great possessions
 I left behind me at home.
 Good was my haggard and my large house ;
 And my brightness (?) to go out to the gathering
 Riding on a young steed
 Banquet and feast before me.
 I set no store by my soul,
 Until I saw the prowess of Death assembling :
 On the side of the north, black walls of fire
 On the side of the south the people of Christ¹
 Gathering amongst the angels,
 The Glorious Virgin hastening them.

"I do not know," says Peter,
 Does Christ recognize him ? "
 "I do not know," said Christ,
 Bitter alas ! I do not recognize him."

Then spake the Glorious Virgin,
 And lowered herself on her white knees,
 "O my son, was it not for thee were prepared
 The heaps of embers
 To burn thy noble body !

O Mother, helpful, glorious,
 If it be thy will to take him to heaven,
 I let him with thee,
 And surely one thousand years at the Tor were better for
 you²
 Than one single hour in foul hell.

¹ I have met many other allusions to the south being the side of the good angels, and the north the side of the bad ones.

² Addressed to the hearer.

Δὲ πο δ' ἂν εἰλε δὲ' ἢ ἐρῶτε σεύονα το ρυαῖρ μέ ὁ
 ῥῥοῖνῖρῖρ Ο Concéubair ἀτά ἰ m'v' l' átluaín. ἱρ cómh-
 riáó é τοῖρ anam boét ar Cairraiz Cairil ásur brátair
 beannaiḡte.

an t-anam boét ásus an brátair beannuiḡte.

an brátair.

ἰ n-ainm íora Cníorta vo ceuraó ar an ḡcmoic Dia h-aoine,
 Cia túra ar an ḡ-cairraiz, ásur cao fáé vo ḡeum-ḡol ásur vo
 éaoinead?

h-uile oíóce ar mo ḡlúnaió bím áḡ éirteaét le vo ḡut,
 áét ρυαῖρ μέ ρocal ó muipe mátair vo v' éaois anoiú.

an t-anam.

ἱρ anam boét μέ vo bí ar bhuac írinn, ásur ἰ móh-ḡaoḡal,
 ρaoi érom-uaiac peacaó maíóta 'r ead v' fásḡbaiḡ μέ an
 ρaoḡal.

nuair ḡḡar an t-anam leir an ḡcolainn éuaió ré ἰ láair an
 brieim mói,

ásur beiró ré v' á loḡḡad anoir ἰ n-írmonn áét muna mberó'
 muipe móh.

Érío τοῖρ-ḡuicé na maḡvone ρυαῖρ μέ am le aitéḡḡe vo
 v'eunam,

ρaoi ρioc ásur ρaoi fíneaéta ar an ḡcairraiz reo áḡ ḡeum-ḡol
 ásur áḡ caoinead,

no ḡo bḡuiḡió μέ oíve-ρaoirvone le h-éirteaét mo v'poc-míanta
 ásur béarḡar maiteamnar vam ἰ n-ainm íora Cníorta.

an brátair.

ἱρ oíve-ρaoirvone mipe, ar vo ḡlúnaió teimḡ ḡíor,

ásur innir vam vo peacaó ó táimḡ tá ḡo h-aoir.

ná ceil om aon éóh, bíó pí beaḡ nó móh,

béir íora Cníort ἰ láair áḡ éirteaét le vo ḡlóm.

an t-anam.

má ḡnóim-re ρaoirvone leat ná congḡaiḡ é maí mún,

bíó m' am ar an ḡ-cairraiz reo ḡearr no buan,

áét ρuaḡaiḡ é ἰ n-áirve amearḡ na ḡ-cheutóh boét

ar eagla ḡo mberó' ρiao-pan maí táim-re anóet.

Here is another poem of the same sort which I got from Próinsias O'Connor, in Athlone. It is a conversation between a poor soul on the Rock of Cashel and a holy Friar.

THE POOR SOUL AND THE HOLY FRIAR.

[THE FRIAR.]

In the name of Christ Jesus who was nailed to the cross upon Friday¹

Who are you on this rock, and why are you keening and crying ?
Every night on my knees your crying pierces me through ;
But I had news from Mother Mary this day about you.

[THE SOUL.]

I am a poor soul to the brink of hell who was hurled,
Under a load of deadly sin since I left the world ;
When my soul departed it went up to the Judge like another,
And would now be burning in hell but for Mary Mother.

Through the Virgin's intercession I found time repentance to make,
Under frost, under snow, on this rock I cry and I quake,
Till I find a confessor to shrive me of sins most grievous
Proclaiming pardon to me in the name of Christ Jesus.

[THE FRIAR.]

I am a confessor, go down at once on your knees,
Tell me what sins you have done since you came of age,
Conceal from me nothing, whether it be great or small,
For Christ Jesus is present and listening to your voice.

[THE SOUL.]

But keep not secret, O Father, my confession to thee,
However long my lot on this rock may be.
But blaze it out abroad unto every other poor wight
That they may never come to where I am this night.

¹ This translation, though versified in the unmusical metre of the original, is sufficiently nearly literal.

An Dhrátair.

Tá ré anaídar m' uirio beannaisíte focal faoiríon do leigean
ar mo déul,
ní 'dearínad é o éuir Críort an easlaír ar bonn amearg
Saeóeal,
áct nuair déirdear mire réir leat, innir é do báro,
ní'l aon éeangail air-rean, agus fuaigíódaíó ré é ar áro.

An t-Anam.

Tá mé bliadanta ar an t-carríais réó, agus éuaró na ceuota
an trlíze,
níor éuirdearí aon éirte oim, éuaró mo éaoinead leir an
nsgaoit.
Deiríonn ann ro go deirdearó an doimain áct muna mbeiró muirpe
móir.
Tá tuairim ann mo éiríde gur b'í éuir éú ar mo éúir.

An Dhrátair.

Tá do tuairim ceart, éuir rí mé ar t'anam boét,
Deun faoiríon máit anoir agus béiró tú ar flaitear Dé anóet.
'San áit rin guró ar fon na n-daoine tá do díais ar an t-aois,
i n-anam Dé torais t'faoiríon, ir éigin daimra t'mall.

Ir dóis gur torac d'áin fáda é réó, áct ní bfuair
mé an éuir eile dé. Tá an deirraigeact beas-nac
éomí mí-pláctímar mí-míagalta leir an d'án deir-
eannac, áct ir cineál deirraigeacta é do bí coitcíonn
go leor amearg na n-daoine le céat bliadán, agus
ció gur mí-binn, ir fíor-šaeóealac é, de'n tróirt ir
meara.

As ro d'án diaóda eile atá le fágaíl fór i
gconóadé mhuig-éo. Do rghíob mé fíor an éuir
éuir dé o deul míceáil míc Ruairíug ó'n gconóadé
rin, agus fuair mé tar éir rin na cúis ceactamína
deigeanacá nac raib as an Ruairíugeac ó m'áitain
O Calaoille i n-íoríur ann ran gconóadé éuona.

[THE FRIAR.]

It is against my holy orders to let out one word of confession ;
 It was never done in this world since Christ first took possession ;
 But when I am done with thee, tell it all to some bard,
 For no vows constrain him, and he shall sing it abroad.

[THE SOUL.]

I am years on this rock, and hundreds have passed me by,
 And never once questioned me, with the wind went my cry
 Only for Mary Mother I should be here to the world's end,
 For I think in my heart that she sent you me to befriend.

[THE FRIAR.]

She sent me for your poor soul, and you think what is right,
 So make your confession, and be in God's heaven to-night,
 When there, pray for the people left behind thee, to Mary.
 Begin in the name of God, for I must not tarry.

No doubt this is only the beginning of a long poem, but I only got this much of it ; the versification is nearly as rude and irregular as that of the last piece, but it is a sort which the people greatly liked, and it is truly Gaelic, though of the most inferior kind.

Here is another religious poem which is also to be still found in the County Mayo. I wrote down the first part of it from the mouth of Michael MacRury, or Rogers, from that county, and I afterwards got the last five verses of it, which he had not got, from Martin O'Callally,¹ in Erris, in the same county.

¹ Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH

Holy was good St. Joseph
 When marrying Mary Mother,
 Surely his lot was happy,
 Happy beyond all other.¹

Refusing red gold laid down,
 And the crown by David worn,
 With Mary to be abiding
 And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day when the twain were talking,
 And walking through gardens early,
 Where cherries were redly growing,
 And blossoms were blowing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
 For faint and tired she panted,
 At the scent on the breezes' wing,
 Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph, the Virgin,
 All weary and faint and low,
 "O pull me yon smiling cherries
 That fair on the tree do grow.

"For feeble I am, and weary,
 And my steps are but faint and slow,
 And the works of the King of the graces
 I feel within me grow."

fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [i.e. God.] Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are

Ann rin do ladaim naom iórep
 De'n cómhád bí teann,
 "Ní bainfid mé óuit na reóva
 A' ní h-áil liom do éilann.

"Glaod ar a'dair ó do leinb
 I' air i' cóir óuit beir teann,"
 Ann rin do chóiruis iora
 So beannaighe faoi na bhoim.

Ann rin do ladaim iora
 So naomta faoi na bhoim
 "Irlis go h-iriol
 Ann a ríadnuire, a éirinn."

D'úmlaig an eirinn ríor ví
 Ann a b'riadnuire san máill,
 Agus fuair sí mian a c'roide-rcig
 Glain-óiréac ó'n g'eirinn.

Ann rin do ladaim naom iórep
 Agus éir é féin ar an talam,
 "Sábh a-baile a mháire
 Agus luí ar do leabuir.
 So ucéir mé go h-Iairusalem
 Ag veunam a'c'pige ann mo péacair."

Ann rin do ladaim an máighean
 De'n cómhád bí beannuighe,
 "Ní raicair mé a-baile
 A' ní liúfid mé ar mo leabuir,
 A'c't tá maiteamhar le fáigil agus
 Ó Rí na n'ghárta ann do péacair."

growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart, quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
 And stoutly indeed spake he,
 "I shall not pluck thee one cherry,
 Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
 Who is dearer than I to thee,"
 Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
 Thus spake to the stately tree:

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
 Stoop down to herself, O tree,
 That my mother herself may pluck thee,
 And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
 At hearing the high command,
 And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
 Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
 He cast himself on the ground,
 "Go home and forgive me, Mary,
 To Jerusalem I am bound ;
 I must go to the holy city,
 And confess my sin profound."¹

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
 She spake with a gentle voice,
 "I shall not go home, O Joseph,
 But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
 For the King of Heaven shall pardon
 The sin that was not of choice."

* * * *

¹ *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

until I go to Jerusalem, doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed, "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Trí mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugaó an leand beannuigte,
 Céimís na trí nuíste
 As veunam dóraigte do'n leand.

Trí mí ó'n oíche rin
 Rugaó an leand beannuigte,
 Ann a réabla fuair feannta
 Eirigh bulán asur aral.

Ann rin do labair an máighean
 Go ciúin asur go céillithe,
 "A mhic níg na scairí
 Cía 'n nóir mbéir tú ar an traosál?"

"Béir mé Diaibaoim
 Asur mé oíolta as mo námaio,
 Asur béir mé Dia hdoine
 Mo éirídarí poll as na táirinnib.

Béir mo ceann i mbáirí ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i láir na ríáiríe,
 'S an tréig nime uil tré mo éiríde
 Le ríveatalaó an lá rin.

Tiucraíó toirnead asur tinnreac,
 Scaot mór asur fearntain,
 Dainfeas an folur de na reultairí
 De'n nshéin asur de'n ngealaig.

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world."

I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on

Three months from that self-same morning,
 The blessed child was born,
 Three kings did journey to worship
 That babe from the lands of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
 He was born there in a manger,
 With asses, and kine and bullocks,
 In the strange cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
 Softly she spake and wisely,
 "Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
 Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
 Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
 And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
 With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
 And my head on a spike be planted,
 And a spear through my side shall go,
 Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
 And a storm over earth come sweeping,
 The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
 And the sun and the moon be weeping.

Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and the spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day.

There shall come thunder and lightning, great wind and rain, that shall take the light from the stars, from the sun and from the moon.

béiró na h-aingle ar gac tairb
 ag reinn ceoil dúinn agus aiteir,
 mar v'fás mé an bealach réir
 ag síol éada le dul go flaitir.

Anoir ó dúdnamar an méar rin
 i n-éiric ár bpeacair,
 nár fágamaoio an raozal
 go raadmuro réir le dul go flaitir.

Do bí d'án eile ar Mhuir agus lórep rgartha
 amearg da ndaoine i dtorac na h-aoire reo. Fuair
 mé ar dtúir é ó mhaoi-uairil do fuair é ó fear i
 gCondae Muineadáin, aet bí ré, mar faoil mé, donn-
 or-cionn aige go mór, agus níor faoil mé mbuó fíú a
 r'griobad ríor. Aet buó mór m'iongantar, i mbliadna,
 an d'án ceudna v'feicinnt arí i gcló i leabhar beag
 duibh Gaedilge do' bí ag Mártain O Calaoille i
 n-lorpur i gCondae Muig Eó. Do bí cuio mór de na
 duilleogsaib reubtha agus caillte, aet duibairt reiréan
 gur b'é "An Rór Spioradálta," an t-ainm do bí air.
 Ní facair mé ariam i n-aon áit é, roime rin. Uí, mar
 faoil mé, timcioll 150 leatanae ann, agus ir dóig
 gur cuiread i gcló é ag na h-eapdogsaib Catoilce rí
 nó ceitire ríor bliadán ó roin, nuair nac raib móran
 aet Gaedilg ag an gcuir ir mó de na daoim i n-aon
 áit i n-Éirinn. Ir cormúil gur le ulltae do cuiread
 i gcló é, oir ir cormúile le canamain leit Cuinn 'há
 le canamain leit mloga an éaint atá ann, agus
 connairc mé "leat" i n-áit "leat" ann, i n-áit no
 dó, mar labhairtear é i dtairb-roir de Cúig-ulla.

While angels shall stand around me,
 With music and joy and gladness,
 As I open the road into heaven,
 That was lost by the first man's madness."

• • • • •
 Christ built that road into heaven,
 In spite of the Death and Devil,
 Let us when we leave the world
 Be ready by it to travel.

There was another poem on Mary and Joseph disseminated amongst the people at the beginning of this century. I first got it from a lady who had it from a man in the County Monaghan, but he gave it, as I thought, upside down, and I did not consider it worth putting on paper. Great, then, was my astonishment this year to see the same piece again in print, in a little black Irish book in the possession of Martin O'Calally, or Caldwell, in Erris, in the County Mayo. There were a great many of the leaves torn or lost, but he said that the name of it was the *Spiritual Rose*. I had never seen it in any place before. There had been, apparently, about 150 pages in it, and, no doubt, it was printed by the Catholic bishops, sixty or eighty years ago, when most of the population knew very little but Irish in any part of Ireland. Apparently it was by an Ulsterman it was printed, for the language is more like that of Conn's Half than of Owen's Half; and I saw in one or two places *leacht*, "with you," written instead of *leat*, according to the spoken language in

The angels shall be on each side, playing music for us, and joy, as I have left the way ready (i.e., the road unencumbered) for the seed of Eve to go to heaven.

Now, since we have said all that, in eric for our sin, may we not leave the world till we be ready to go to heaven.

Bí curt maíť d'án ann, aét papaor, ní raib' binneap
 na ceapc-ġaeđeilge ionnta, aġur i n-ait na n-abpán
 bpeáġ atá ameapġ na n'aoime péin, ní raib' aét pan-
 naípeaét mi-binn ar nóř an b'apla, ġan blar ġan
 rnar ġan binneap, amail aġur dá otuġtaíde an obair
 le deunam' do bailpéap éigin do bí ġan eólar ar fji-
 vliġtib' aġur ar maġailib' aġur ar binneap na pean-
 d'án ġaeđeilge. Atá an píora po ar mhuípe aġur
 lórep' com' maíť le don ceann eile do bí ann pan
 leabap, aġur b'appar' mé tpi ġainn de ann po, mar
 fompla. Do bí naoi ġainn ann, ar řav. Tá an
 leabap po clóbuaitte ann rna litpeačair Rómánača,
 aġur b'appar' mé é ġo v'ipeač mar' do bí řé řġriobčta.
 Tairbeánpar' řé an róřt leabap do řġap an eaplaíř
 Čatoilceač ameapġ na n'aoime i otorač na n-aoípe
 řeo.

JOSA, MUIRE AGUS JOSEPH.

Mo Dhia, mo sholus, mo bheatha mo ghradh
 Mo bhrídh ma luadhghair mo lon fós,
 Tamhair dhamh meoramh aoiche agus la
 Ortsa Dhia gach solas.
 Meadaigh mo ghradh mosnaigh smo bhron,
 Agus foscaíl mo bheol chum a raite
 Agus tabhair dhamh smuanamh go cinthe ghnath
 Air Josa Muire agus Joseph.

¹ It happened very strangely that after I had copied this poem from O'Callaly's book, an old Irish scholar died, and his books and MSS., mostly written at the beginning of the century by one John O'Mahon, in an island on the Shannon, came into my possession, and amongst other things I found the English version of this hymn, to Jesus Mary and Joseph, printed as a leaflet, and bound up with some Irish MSS. There was no date, but the imprint was—"Limerick, printed by S. B. Goggin, 22 Denmark-street, where County Dealers can be

the east of Ulster. There were a good many poems in the book, but alas! there was not the sweetness of the true Gaelic in them, and in place of the fine songs that are amongst the people themselves, there was only un-melodious versifying, after the manner of the English, without taste, beauty or melody, just as though the work had been given to some bungler to do, who was without knowledge of the true laws and rules and sweetness of the old Irish poems. This piece about Mary and Joseph is as good as any other that was in the book, and I shall give three verses of it here for a specimen. There were nine verses altogether in the piece. This book was printed in the Roman letters, and I give it here just as I found it, as it may serve to show what kind of books—as far as the language went—the Catholic Church scattered amongst the people at the beginning of the century.¹

JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH.

My God, my life, my love, my light,
 My strength, my joy, my treasure,
 Let it be my thought both day and night
 In Thee to take my pleasure.
 Increase my love, my sighs, my groans
 My careless lips to move it,
 And let my thoughts be fixed alone
 On Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

constantly supplied with Ballads, Pictures, *Processes* [!], Books and every article in the Printing Line, on the most moderate terms." Until I chanced upon this I thought, the Irish was so bad, that it must be a translation from the English, but the English, too, is bad enough to be a translation from any language! I give it here as a curiosity instead of a literal translation.

Serios uaim mo chiortha o mo Dhia
 Josa mhill na duilt me
 Agus tabhair dhamb meoramh, da shior,
 Air Josa Chriosda ceasamh.
 Air ghradh agus an onoir da naomh phais
 Pron orain na tiolcaidhnadh so [sic]
 Sin a thabhairt faoi do bhrataigh Slan
 Josa Muire agus Joseph.

Gloir do Dhia an Tathair da shior,
 Air a ta me gearaidh pardun
 Agus don mac air mo shon a fuair bas
 Agus dhoirt a chuid folla go humhal damh.
 Agus don Spiorad Naomh go leir na dtri
 Doirt oroin a nuais da Ghrasta
 Ar nairre a bheith go einte [sic] ghnath
 Air Josa Muire agus Joseph.

Ag ro rompla ar an aicéuinge bíor ag na daoineib
 bocta ag dul trío an tír ag cruinniúgadh déirce.
 Cúalar píopaib de'n tróirt ro go minic. Toruigeann
 an cúro ir mó aca mar ro, no ar fúige cor'múil
 leir

Duine boct mé atá
 Gan biað gan beata,
 Gan cúro gan corcur,
 Gan duine gan deóraigé,
 Gan maoin gan muinigin,
 Gan teac gan téasgair, 7c.

Fuair mé é seo o p'róinriar O Concúbair i mb'v'áe-
 luain do cúalarib ag fean-fean dall ag máraigé
 Cuama é.

Ag iarraigé déirce.

Tá mé ag iarraigé déirce, i n-onóiri do 'Dia, o'íora Críort, agus
 ó'd máteair an máigénean mhúire, i n-onóiri do na naoim agus do
 na h-anglúib go h-uile, i n-onóiri o'don thac mhúire do teinead i

Blot out my crimes and me forgive,
 O Lord do not deny me,
 And let my thoughts for ever be
 On Jesus Crucified.
 In honour of Thy passion's sake,
 This new year's gift bestow us,
 That us into protection take
 Sweet Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

To God the Father glory be,
 His mercy still I crave for,
 And to His Son who died for me
 Who spilt his blood to save me.
 And to the Holy Ghost all three
 Their grace and gifts bestow us,
 And our thoughts for ever be
 On Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Here is a specimen of the petitions which poor people who go round the country collecting alms have. I often heard pieces of this kind. Most of them begin thus, or in some way like this :

A poor person am I,
 Without food, without provision,
 Without portion, without cost,
 Without a person or a stranger,
 Without goods, without hope,
 Without house, without warmth, etc.

I got this from Próinsias O'Connor in Athlone, who heard it from an old blind man at the races of Tuam.

ASKING ALMS.

I am asking alms in honour of God, of Jesus Christ, and of His Mother the Virgin Mary ; in honour of the Saints and Angels altogether ; in honour of the one Son of Mary, who was born in solitude amongst the

n-uaisneaf amearf na n-apal agus na n-ám i rtabla fuar, i
n-uair an méadon-oróce, i n-onóirí u'a allur folá i ngorr Get-
remina nuair éir na bpaonta uairí ríor go taladh, i n-onóirí
u'o'n rziúirí u'o fuairí ré i vteac díoláir agus an éróin veilgne
u'a brúgá u'íor ar a ceann u'o naoimé, i n-onóirí u'o'n éróir u'o
líon é le piantaib, agus i n-onóirí u'o zheamužá

A éora agus a lámha
U'o émann na páire
I briaóhuire a mátar
Nó dóiláiríze.

i n-onóirí u'o'n buairí zlóimáirí fuairí ré ar an mbár,

As uil ríor cum írinn na n-aitheac naoimé
le amannais u'o bí ann u'o fíoraí;

i n-onóirí u'o'n éaoi ar éós ré go flaitear a mátarí uilear agus
éróirí i na bairríóžaim flaitir.

Cuirim ríoi bríž mó žuiré
h-uile úine éarpar uam uéire
mar aon le n-a žuiré cúraim
Deó agus a žuiré marib,
Go vtežarí Dia uóib na flaitir,
'S i an uéire folac na breacaí
agus víbiréóirí an námaio fálaiž.

An té éarpar uéire u'o na boicé

Tá ré tabairt iaraét
U'o'n tigeamna Dia le h-ažarí a máirí
'S as ležant fuar* ríoirí u'o péin
i žuiré ríž na flaitear.

Cuiréann na daoine ó a bfuairí mé an cúirí ír mó
u'o na píoraib reo fuim mór i vtabairt na uéirece.
Ruó nac ionžantac uóib é rin, óir ní h-íad go
coitcéionneta, acé na daoine ír boicéte agus ír dona

* "As ležant fuar" = "as cur i vteirze." U'roc-žaeuéis,
ó'n mbéaríla.

asses and the oxen, in a cold stable at the hour of midnight; in honour of His sweat of blood in the field of Gethsemane, when the drops fell from Him down to the ground; in honour of the scourging which He received in the house of Pilate, and the crown of thorns being bruised down upon His very holy head; in honour of the cross which filled Him with pains, and in honour of the fastening

His feet and His hands
To the tree of Passion
Before His Mother
Very sorrowful.*

In honour of the glorious victory which He gained over Death.

Going down to Hell of the Holy Father,
To save the souls that were in it; *

in honour of the way in which he raised to heaven His dear Mother, and crowned her Queen of Heaven.

I place under the virtue of my prayer
Everyone who shall give me alms,
Together with all their care [*i.e.* children and dependents]
Alive, and their care dead,
That God may give them the heavens:
Alms-giving is the cover of sins,
And the banisher of the foul enemy.*

He who will give alms to the poor

He is giving a loan
To the Lord God for His good
And laying up a store for himself
In the treasury of the King of the Heavens.*

The people from whom I have heard most of these pieces set great store by the giving of alms. That is natural for them, since as a rule they are only the poorest people, and

* All these lines are in a sort of rhyme, and the whole is a kind of metrical recitative. This is the only specimen of this sort that I have preserved, but I have heard much better ones. O'Daly has given a far better specimen in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2d Series, at the end.

a bfuil na dánta ro aca, agus ip uata féin ip mó
 tearraigear an déire. Cualaid mé móran de'n
 tróirt ro ó fean-daoinib do tigeaó ag iarraid déirce
 ag doirp gac tige, agus ní faib ríad gan a gcuid
 rgeul le cur i n-úmal dúinn com cairdeac agus atá
 an déire do'n anam. Ag ro ceann ó fean-mhacoi,
 Máire ní gabaláin ó Cátair-na-mar, d'innir do'n
 fear ceutna é, ip uaid do fuair mire é. Ip é an
 t-ainm atá air, "Déire na Noctas."

DEIRE NA NOCTAS.

Ann ran t-fean-aimpir do bí lánamain póirta 'na
 gcóinnib i ngar do Cátair-na-mar i gContae
 mhuig Eó. Bí móir-feirgear de mhúigin aca, aet cuip
 Dia maoin faogalta eua, agus ní faib earbuid doin
 nio oipia aet gpaó Dé.

Buó duine epáibteac rial an fear, agus bí ré go
 maí leir na boctaid, aet buó epuaóctán gan trócaire
 an bean, nac tciúbrad déire do duine ná deópaide,
 agus 'réir an duine boct o'eiteac ní bídeac pí páirta
 leir rin aet buó gnátae léi maplugaó eadairt do.
 Dá tciucpaó duine ionnán obair do deunam ag
 iarraid déirce uipiu, deáirpaó pí leir, "muna mbeir-
 ead go faib tú i t'rgairte fallra ní beirdeá ann ro
 anoir ag iarraid déirce agus ag boómuzaó mo éinn
 le do cuio cainte," agus dá tciucpaó fean-fear no
 fean-bean nac bfeutpaó obair do deunam, 'ré deáir-
 paó pí leó "go mbuó éóip doib beir marb a bpaó
 poime rin."

Don oirde Noctas bí ríoc agus rneacda móir ar an

those most miserably off, who have these poems, and it is they who themselves are often most in need of alms. I have heard a great deal of this sort of thing from old people who used to come looking for alms to the door of every house, and they were not without their stories to explain to us how profitable to the soul is alms-giving. Here is one such from an old woman named Mary Gowlan, from Cauher-na-mart (Westport), who told it to O'Conor, in Athlone, from whom I got it. The name of it is Christmas Alms.

CHRISTMAS ALMS.

In the old time there was a married couple living near Cauher-na-mart, in the County Mayo. They had seven of a family, but God sent them worldly means, and they wanted for nothing but the love of God.

The man was a pious and generous person, and was good to the poor, but the wife was a hard miser without mercy, who would not give alms to man or stranger, and after refusing the poor man she used not to be satisfied with that, but she used to give him abuse also. If a person able to do work were to come looking for alms from her, she would say, "Unless you were a lazy vagabone you would not be here now looking for alms and bothering my head with your talk;" but if an old man or an old woman who could do no work would come to her, it is what she would say to them that they ought to be dead long before that.

One Christmas night there was frost and snow on the

calam. Bí teime maít i ucis pádrais uí Chiarbáin, buó é rin ainm rin an tige, agus bí an bóro leagta. Bí pádrais, a bean, agus a múirigin 'na ruidé ag an mbóro agus iad péir le tuit i n-eudán ruidéir maít, nuair éalairí ríad buille ag an doras. D'éirigh an bean agus o'forgiait é. Bí fear boct amuis agus o'fiarraigí sí dé creuto do bí ré 'iarrair.

"Tá mé ag iarrair déirce i n-onóir o'fora Cnóirt do rugaó an féile reo, agus do fuair báir ar éirir na páire ar pon an éirir óaonna."

"Imtigh leat a rglugaire fallra," ar ríre, "dá mbeirdeá leat com maít ag obair agus tá tú ag aítur páirdeá ní beirdeá ag iarrair déirce anocht ná ag cur trioblóide ar óaonib ríntaá," agus leir rin buail sí an doras amac anáir an tuine boict, agus ruid sí ríor ag an mbóro.

Éalairí pádrais roinn de'n cómpaó do tug sí do'n fear boct agus o'fiarraigí ré cia bí ag an doras.

"Stangaire fallra bí ag iarrair déirce," ar rí, "agus muna mbeirdeá gur rghairte fallra bí ann, ní beirdeá ré ag iarrair déirce ar óaonib atá ag ríorugáó a g-cuir beata go cruair, áct b'fearr leir beir ag ráó páirdeá 'ná ag obair ar pon bíó."

D'éirigh pádrais; "ir olc an ruid do rinne tú," ar ré, "tuine ar bíó o' eiteac ríor ríreim bíó, agus go mór-mór a eiteac oirde ríorlag. Ná é Dia do cuir éugainn gac nio o'á bfuil againn, atá niof mó ar an mbóro 'ná beirdear ite anocht. Cá ríor ríur an mbeirdear beó amárac?"

ground. 'There was a good fire in Patrick Kerwan's house—that was the man's name—and the table was laid. Patrick, his wife, and his family were sitting down at the table, and they ready to go in face of a good supper when they heard a knock at the door. Up rose the wife and opened it. There was a poor man outside, and she asked him what he was looking for.

"I'm looking for alms in the honour of Jesus Christ, who was born on this festival night, and who died on the cross of passion for the human race."

"Begone, you lazy guzzler," she said, "if you were one half as good at working as you are at saying your prayers, you would not be looking for alms to-night, nor troubling honest people," and with that she struck the door to, in the face of the poor man, and sat down again at the table.

Patrick heard a bit of the talk she gave the poor man, and he asked who was at the door.

"A lazy good-for-nothing, that was looking for alms," said she, "and if it wasn't that it was a lazy vagabond that was in it, he would not come looking for alms from people who are earning their share of food hardly, but he would sooner be saying his old prayers than working for meat."

Patrick rose; "bad was the thing you did," said he, "to refuse anyone for a morsel of meat, and especially to refuse him on Christmas night. Isn't it God that sent us everything that we have; there is more on this table than will be eaten to-night, how do you know whether we shall be alive to-morrow?"

"Suiré ríor," ar ríre, "agus ná bí ag deunamh amadóin díot féin, ní tsearcuigeann reanmóineacht ar bít uainn."

"Go n-áitíogó Dia do éiríde," arsa pádraig, agus leir rin fuair pé lán a dá glaic o'arán 7 de biaó agus amac leir ag leanamaint an fíri bóict, ag dul ar lorg a dóire ann ran t'neacta, com luat agus o' feuto pé, go tóainis pé ruar leir. Seadair pé an biaó dó ann rin, agus duhairt leir go raib b'íon air faoi a bean o'á eiteac, "áctir o'óg," ar pé, "go raib fearis uirru."

"Go raib maí agao faoi do biaó" ar ran fear bóict: feadair pé an biaó ar air o'ó arí, agus duhairt "tá do éirí agus do buirdeac agao; ir aingeal ar flaitear míre, do cuiread éirí do mnaoi, i fuict duine bóict, le déire o'iarraib uirru i n-onóir o'íora Críort do ruad an oirde reo agus o'fúlaing páir na c'íre ar fon an éirí óadonna. Ní raib rí fáirta le m'eiteac sup mairlaig rí mé. Seodair tura luac móir ar fon do déirce, áct mairir le do mnaoi ní déir rí a-b'íre go mbéir rí 'na rearm i láir íora Críort le cuntao do tabairt dó ar an seadair ar éirí rí a h-am ar an t'raogal ro. Ní'l móirán ama aici le a'irige do deunamh, agus agair uirru, úraro maí do deunamh dé."

O'iméig an t-aingeal agus o'fíll pádraig a-baile. Suiré pé ríor, áct níor feuto pé ite ná ól.

"Cao tá ort," ar ran bean, "an n'oeapnair do reirínre rin daoda ort?"

"Mo b'íon! ní reirínre bí ann, áct aingeal ar

"Sit down," says she, "and don't be making a fool of yourself, we want no sermons."

"May God change your heart," says Patrick, and with that he got the full of his two hands of bread and food, and out with him, following the poor man, going on the track of his feet in the snow as quick as he could, till he came up with him. He handed him the food then, and told him he was sorry for his wife's refusing him, "but," says he, "I'm sure there was anger on her."

"Thank you for your food," said the poor man. He handed the food back again to him, and said, "[there], you have your food and your thanks, [both]. I am an angel from heaven who was sent to your wife in the form of a poor man, to ask alms of her in the honour of Jesus Christ, who was born this night, and who suffered the passion of the Cross for the human race. She was not satisfied with refusing me, but she abused me also. You shall receive a great reward for your alms, but as for your wife she shall not be long until she is standing in the presence of Jesus Christ to give Him an account of the way in which she spent her life on this world."

The angel departed, and Patrick returned home. He sat down, but he could neither eat nor drink.

"What's on you?" says the wife, "did that stroller do anything to you?"

"My grief! it was no stroller was in it, but an angel

flaítear do cuipeadó eúgadó i puóct duine le déine o'iarraíó opt i n-onóir o'íora Cníopt, agus ní raib tú páirta le n-a eiteac, gur marlaig tú é le troc-aimmneacáib. Anoir, ní'l o'am ar an traoagal ro fada agus i n-ainm Dé, guróim tú, deun úráio máit dé."

"Bí do topt," ar pise, "faoilim go bfacáib tú cairébre no gur cáill tú do cáill, agus nár fóirig Dia opt ná ar duine ar bit o'fágraó teine máit agus ruipéar máit as ruit amac 'ran trneacá i nuaig fállrógó (duine fállra) acé diabál móran céille do bí agadó ariam!"

"Muna nglacfaib tú mo cómaile, bíó aitreacáir opt nuair bíreáir tú mall," ar pátrai, acé ní raib don máit ann a cáint.

Nuair táinig Noirlaig beas ní raib an bean ionnánh vinnéar a péirteac, bí sí boóar agus bail. Oiróce an oá-la-deus níor feuto sí a leaba o'fágbáil, agus bí sí as pámaile as ráó "cabáir déine déine déine dóib, cabáir gac níó 'ran cig dóib, i n-ainm íora Cníopta."

O'fan sí tamall marí rin go dona, ar pointe an báir agus i gan céill. Táinig an fagaite go minic acé níor feuto ré don níó do deunam léi. An reactinaó lá do táinig an fagaite cuici, eus ré an oia déigeanac leir, le n-a cup uirri.

Lapaó na coinnle, acé múcáó ar an mball iao. O'iarri riao a lapaó arir, acé ní lappaó an méao rplannca bí i gCondae Míng Eó iao. Ann rin faoil ré an oia do cup uirri gan coinneal. Acé ar an mball

from heaven who was sent to you in the shape of a man to ask alms of you, in honour of Jesus Christ, and you were not satisfied with refusing him, but you must abuse him with bad names. Now, your life on this world is not long, and in the name of God, I beseech you, make a good use of it."

"Hold your tongue," she said, "I think that you saw a ghost, or that you lost your senses, and may God never relieve you, nor anyone else who would leave a good fire, and a good supper, running out in the snow after a lazy rap; but the devil a much sense was in you ever."

"If you don't take my advice, you'll repent when you'll be too late," said Patrick; but it was no use for him to be talking.

When Little Christmas [New Year's Day] came, the woman was not able to get dinner ready; she was deaf and blind. On the Twelfth Night she was not able to leave her bed, but she was raving and crying, "give them alms, alms, alms, give them everything in the house in the name of Jesus Christ."

She remained for a while like that, between the death and the life, and she without sense. The priest came often, but he could do nothing with her. The seventh day the priest came to her, and he brought the last oil to anoint her with.

The candles were lit, but they were quenched upon the spot. They tried to light them again, but all the coals that were in the county Mayo would not light them. Then he thought to put the oil on her without a candle, but on the

do líonad an áit le deatac móir agus buó beas náir
tactad an ragaire. Cuair páirais go dorpur an
treomra, áit níor feuo ré dul níor fuide. Cualair
ré a bean as gáiraoil “deoc! deoc! i n-ainm
Chríosta!”

Ófan sí mar rin ar fead ós lá, agus i beó, agus
cluinidir í ó am go h-am as glaothac “deoc! deoc!”
áit níor feuo ríad dul anice lei.

Do cuiread fíor ar an earbog O Dubtaig, agus
táinig ré faoi deiread, agus beirt fean-bráitair leir.
Ói ré as iomdair cpoire ann a deap-láim. Nuair
táinig ríad i ngar do tís páirais táinig ríuas de
pneucánaió iongacla anuar oppa ó don ríuas, agus
buó beas náir baineadar na ríile ar an triúr.

Táingadar go dorpur páirais ann rin, agus lapaðar
na coinnte. Óforsaíl an t-earbog leaðar agus
dubairt leir na bráitair, “Nuair corócar mire as
leigead na n-urinaigthead tabairt-re na ppeasairta.”
Dubairt ré ann rin, “Imtíg a anam Chríostamail”——

“Mí anam Chríostamail í,” ar sut, áit ní fácair
ríad don tuine.

Corais an t-earbog air, “Imtíg a anam Chríost-
amail ar an traosál ro, i n-ainm an ádar uile-
cúmaátaig do éputaig tú, i n-ainm íora Chríost
ófulaing an páir ar do fon, i n-ainm an Spioraio
Naomh do dóirthead opt.” Sul ar feuo ré níor mó
do ríad táinig coirneac agus tinnthead móir, bodmaig-

spot the place was filled with a great smoke, and it was little but the priest was smothered. Patrick came to the door of the room, but he could go no further. He could hear the woman crying "a drink, a drink, in the name of Christ !"

She remained like this for two days, and she alive, and they used to hear her from time to time crying out "a drink, a drink," but they could not go near her.

Word was sent for the Bishop O'Duffy, and he came at last, and two old friars along with him. He was carrying a cross in his right hand. When they got near Patrick's house, there came down on them with one swoop a multitude of kites, and it was little but they plucked the eyes out of the three.

They came then to Patrick's door and they lit the candles. The bishop opened a book and said to the friars, "When I shall begin reading the prayers do ye give the responses." Then he said, "Depart O Christian soul ——"

"She is not a Christian soul," said a voice, but they saw no one.

The Bishop began again, "Depart O Christian soul out of this world, in the name of the all-powerful Father who created you——." Before he could say more there came great thunder and lightning. They were deafened with the thunder : the house was filled with smoke. The lightning struck the gable of the house and threw it down. The

eadh iad leir an toirne, bí an tead líonta le deatac. Úaith an tinnthead binn an tige agus leas sí í. Táinig an oílinn anuas gur faoil na daoine gur veirthead an domhain do bí ann.

Torais an t-earbog agus an beirt brátaí ar a n-urraistibh arís. "O a tigeanna do péir iomadaim-lacta do trócaire dearc go trócairead uirri," ar fan t-earbog. "Amén," ar na bráitíre.

Táinig ciúnaí beag, agus éuaib an t-earbog go dtí an leaba. Táinig pádrais boet go taobh eile na leaba, agus níor b'fada gur fórgail an bean a beul agus táinig fluas dar-daol amach ar. Leis pádrais rígead, agus iú pé i scoinne teine le n-a cup orra. Nuair táinig pé ar air bí an bean marb agus bí na dar-daol imtígte.

Dubhairt an t-earbog urraistíe or a cionn, agus ann rin o'imtíge pé agus an beirt brátaí; agus éuaib pádrais amach le mná o'páigail leir an gcorp do nige, aet nuair táinig pé ar air ní raib an corp le páigail bor nó eall. Bí rporán óir faoi n-a muineál agus o'imtíge an rporán leir an gcorp, agus ní'l don cuntaí ar deactar aca ó foim.

Ir iomda rgeul agus cup-ríor do bí ag na cómar-rannaib i taobh mna pádrais líi Ciarbáin. Dubhairt poinn oíob go ius a diabal leir í, anam agus corp. Dubhairt daoine eile go ius na daoine maite leó í. Ar éaoi ar bit ní'l don cuntaí uirri ó foim.

Faoi éann míora 'na diais rin, táinig an galair breac ar na páirtib agus fuair ríad uile báp. Bí brón an-mór ar pádrais, bí pé 'na aonair, leir péin,

deluge came down so that the people thought it was the end of the world that was in it.

The Bishop and the two friars began at their prayers again. "O Lord according to the abundance of Thy mercy, look mercifully upon her," said the Bishop. "Amen," said the friars. There came a little calm and the Bishop went over to the bed. Poor Patrick came to the other side of the bed, and it was not long till the woman opened her mouth and there came a host of dardeels¹ out of it. Patrick let a sareech and ran for fire to put on them. When he came back the woman was dead, and the dardeels gone.

The Bishop said prayers over her, and then he himself went away and the two friars, and Patrick went out to get women to wash the corpse, but when he came back the body was not to be found either up or down. There was a purse of gold round its neck, and the purse went with the body, and there is no account of either of them from that out.

Many was the story and version that the neighbours had about Patrick Kirwan's wife. Some of them say that the devil took her with him. Others said that the good people carried her away. At all events there is no account of her since.

At the end of a month after that the speckled disease (smallpox) broke out amongst the children and they all died. There was very great grief on Patrick. He was alone, by himself, without wife, without children, but he said "Welcome be the will of God."

¹ The Dardeel, or Dharadeel, is a chafer or beetle with a cocked tail, the most loathsome insect known to the Irish peasant. It was he betrayed Our Lord in the Irish Legend. He is always burnt in Connacht. They call him a "crocodile" in English.

gan rinnai, gan clann, aet tuidairt ré "fáilte roim
toil Dé."

Seal gearr 'na diais rin díol re a paid aise agus
éuaib ré arteaé i mainirtir. Caid ré a beata go
craibteac agus fuair ré bair doibinn. Go tuagaid
Dia dúinn-ne deas-bair agus an beata fíor-buan!

* * * * *

Tá níor mó de daoinib bocta i n-Éirinn 'nā atā i
n-aon tír eile ran Éirair, b'éirir, aet dá boicte iao
ir rial tabartaé ro-éirideac iao, agus ir deas tuine
do díultódaib fearí déince faoi glac mine no faoi
canna pñataib. Do can an t-Ádair Uilliam Inglir
deas naé ceut bliadain a'r dá-fíctio ó roim i tsaoid
na déince i n-Éirinn:

molaó gaé aon a fliže 'ran tpaogal,
molaó an céir a'r molaó an ceannuige,
molaó na mílte a maoin 'r a réim
aet molaím-re an déince 'rī an céir ir fearir í.

Lā má díóim le h-imnóe éiréit
díóim lá 'na déis 'r mé glaoac na gcanna,
lá le fíon, 'r apir gan bpaon,
agus molaím an déince 'rī 'n céir ir fearir í.

As ro dán de'n tróir ceutna do éuaib mé ó
pñóinriar O Concubair* i mb'l'ácluas do éuaib

* O pñíob mé na línte reo fuar do fuair mo éapa pñóinriar O
Concubair bair, agus glacaim an ocair reo go ponnmaí le páb coih
móir agus atā an cáil rin dam féin agus do éuir na Gaéilge i
gConnactaib. Do bí ré le pava as éuinnuigaó rgeul agus abrian
ó gaé aon tpean-tuine do éigeaó tpe bh'l'át-luain a paid a leitéir
rin aise, agus ní paid aon fuo v'á bpuair ré naé tciubraó ré dam-
ra go rial ponnmaí. Ní bpuair mé mórian abrian uair, aet meapaim
naé paid aon rgeuluiré coih maí leir ar an tsaoid reo de'n tSion-
ainn agus tá a lan de na rgeultaib do fuair mé uair le págail
ann mo "Sgeuluiré Gaéilac." na flaitir go bpaé' ré!

A short time after that, he sold all that he had and went into a monastery. He spent his life piously and died a happy death. May God grant us a good death and the life that is enduring.

* * * * *

There are perhaps more poor people in Ireland than there are in any other country in Europe, but despite their poverty they are generous, free-giving and hearty, and few are the people who would refuse a beggarman for a 'lock' of meal or a handful of potatoes. Father William English sang of alms in Ireland nearly a hundred and forty years ago:—

Let each one praise how he spends his days;
 Let the tradesman praise and the merchant too,
 But a Beggar's jovial life is mine.
 'Tis a life right fine, I tell it you.

To-day if I frown at my luck run down,
 To-morrow I'm calling the quarts of beer.
 To-day I may pine, but to-morrow brings wine,
 And a Beggar's life is a life of cheer.¹

Here is a poem of the same sort which I heard from Próinsias O'Connor² in Athlone, who heard it from a beggar-

¹ Let each man praise his way in the world; let the tradesman praise and let the merchant praise, let the thousands praise their property and positions, but I praise the Alms, she is the best trade. . . . One day if I be with anxiety enfeebled I be the day after, and I calling the cans [drinking in the tavern], a day with wine, and again without a drop, and I praise the Alms, she is the best trade.

² Since I wrote the above lines my friend Próinsias O'Connor died, and I must take this opportunity of saying how great a loss his death is to myself, and to the cause of Connacht Gaelic. He was for a long time collecting stories and songs from every old person who used to pass through the town of Athlone, and there was nothing that he got from them that he would not gladly and generously give to me. I never got many songs from him, but I think that there was not a better story-teller this side the Shannon, and a great number of the stories which I heard from him may be found in my "Gaelic Story-teller." The heavens be his bed!

é ó fear-véirce dar b'ainm Peardar O Catharais ó
 contad na Gaillimhe. Ní píora plactmair é, aet
 veirim ann ro é, as rúil nac mbéir an té léigfead é
 com' iéir agur adá cuir d'ár n-daoinib móra Gallua
 le mí-mear do caiteam ar na daoinib boéta ro, bíor
 as iomdair mála. Bíonn riad go minic com' eiribteac
 ciallmair le duine ar bit. Nac bpuil feallramnact
 maic ann rna lincib peo leonar.

an vacac súgac sógna.

ní'l ór agam, ní'l rtor agam, ní'l aigeac ann mo póca,
 aet bídim rúgac sógna gac maroin agur tractóna.^a
 iarraim m'arán ar Ohia a'r ní eiteann fé mé,
 mar rin béir mé rúgac sógna go vteirdeann mo énáma i gcé.

nuaib vuirigim ar maroin veirim míle buirdeacur von té
 do éumdaig mé ann pan oirde agur euz plán mé go torac an lae.
 téirim cum airminn deannuigte h-uile maroin ann pan nibliadain,
 agur d'uirigim íora Críort tá im' látair pan bpáilíon(?)

as tóruigeaet mo véirce bídim as máó m'uiruigte ar an trlige,
 bíonn paroir ar dáiri mo teangad le máó annr gac uile tig,
 ní bíonn eagla faoi lóirrim oim as teact ve'n tractóna,
 mar bíonn páilte ann gac tig moim an vacac rúgac sógna.

ní iarraim pluar ná bpáilín aet pop beas glan ve'n tuige,
 agur coulaigim com' rólárac agur dá mbéirinn i gcúirt an rúg.
 bídim as aipling ar [an] bplaitear [áit] na n-aingeal agur na
 naom,

agur bíonn m' aingeal-éumac as fairte le mo éaoid.

^a O'atraig mé an dá líne reó le n-a vdeunam níor binne óir bí
 riad mo fáca.

¹ Literally. I have no gold, have no store, have no silver in my
 pocket, yet be I jolly and contented every morning and evening, I ask
 my bread of God, and He does not refuse me, so I shall be jolly and
 contented until my bones go into clay.

When I waken in the morning I give a thousand thanks to Him who
 protected me in the night and brought me safe to the beginning of the

man named Peter Casey from the County Galway. It is not a finished piece, but I give it here in the hope that anyone who may read it may not be so ready as some of our foreign upper classes are to disparage these poor people who "carry a bag." They are often as pious and sensible as anyone. Is there not good Philosophy in the following lines :—

THE MERRY JOVIAL BEGGAR.

I have no more a golden store—this sets the world a-scorning,
Yet I be happy every night and merry every morning.
Each day my bread I ask of God, He sends me not away,
So I shall always merry be, till I be laid in clay.¹

I thank Him when I wake me up each morn, as well I may,
He brought me safely through the night and lets me see the day.
I hear each morning precious Mass, a blessed means of grace,
And Jesus Christ I still adore within His sacred place.

Upon the roads I pray my prayer, my thanks to God I pour,
Good prayers I have upon my tongue to say at every door.
No fear have I the night to pass, exposed to winter's rigour,
For every house will welcome me, the merry jovial beggar.²

I ask no bed, no sheet, no quilt—a wisp of straw lay down
And I shall sleep as sound and deep as kings on beds of down.
I dream of Heaven, the glorious home where angels walk in white,
My guardian angel at my side will watch me through the night.³

¹[Cf. *Friar Tuck's* song in "*Ivanhoe*" :—

"For the best of good cheer and the seat by the fire
Are the undenied right of the barefooted friar."]

² Cf. Béranger's poem "*L'Ange Gardien du Gueux*," beginning :—

*A l'hospice un gueux tout perclus
Voit apparaître son bon ange, etc.*

day, I go to blessed Mass every morning in the year, and I adore Jesus Christ, who is before me in the tabernacle (?)

Whilst searching for my alms I be saying my prayers upon the way.
I have a little prayer on the top of my tongue to say in every house.

ní'l meaf aḡam ar fáirðheaf, ní díonn ré buan ná iomlán,
 'D'á tóruigeaét leigeann na mílte a n-anam boét ar feaérlán.
 A'r go leaḡann ré mar an rneáéta faoi éaf breáḡ na ḡnéine,
 aét béiré an t-anam boét 'd'á báiri rin* aḡ fulaing na péine.

Tá tuilleaó ann ran bpíora ro, aét ní mearaim ḡo
 mbaineann ré leir ó éaḡt. Aét an rann beiréannaó
 'D'é mar 'do tḡs an Concúbaré 'dam-ra é, aḡteaó ḡo
 leóir: aḡ ro é.

ná feit ar aḡtuḡe [ar] leabuiré báir, aét topaḡs 'ran am i lár,
 innir 'do feacaó 'do 'Dhia aḡur na bac le raḡaḡt ná brátaḡ.

Aḡ ro píora eile 'do fuaḡ mé ó'n bfeaf ceutna.
 'Dubairt ré ḡo raió tḡi rann eile ann aét naó raió
 ríao aḡe. 'Do ḡlaóó ré ar an nḡiota ro "ráopaḡs
 ḡiolla-muḡe aḡur an raḡaḡt" aét ní'l fíor aḡam
 cia h-é.

ráopaḡs [mac] ḡiollamuḡe aḡus an raḡaḡt.

[ráopaḡs.]

Éiríḡ ruar a máḡe aḡur tabair éḡam an t-aéair 'lúam,
 Cluimim cḡeróil mo báir aḡur ḡo luat béiréao aḡ tḡiall,
 feicim an báir aḡ teaét ḡ barántar rḡríobta ann a lár,
 aḡur an 'Díabal le n-a fálaḡ, le mo éaiteam 'ran teine-cnáḡ.

'Deannuḡ an raḡaḡt aḡteaó le "'Sé 'do beáta a
 ráopaḡs."

* "ḡo ríorruíóe," dubairt an feaf.

There is no fear on me about lodgings on the coming of the evening,
 for there does be a welcome in every house for the merry jovial
 beggar.

I ask no blanket nor sheet, but a small clean wisp of the straw, and
 I sleep as comfortably as though I were in the court of the king. I do
 be having visions of the heavens, the place of the angels and of the

I seek no gold to have or hold, for riches wear not well,
 And countless thousands seeking it have cast themselves to hell,
 For gold must melt like snow in Lent, before the breath of Spring,
 But the soul that courts it, it must die, a low unlovely thing.

There was more in this piece, but I do not think that it by right belonged to it. The last verse of it, as O'Conor gave it to me, was curious enough, it ran thus:—

Do not wait for a repentance on the bed of death, but begin at this present time,
 Tell your sins to God, and do not mind priest or friar.

Here is another piece I got from the same. He said that there were three other verses in it, but that he had not got them. He called it Patrick Gilmurry and the Priest, but I do not know who he was.

PATRICK GILMURRY AND THE PRIEST.

[PATRICK.]

Rise up, Mary, and go and bring me the priest this minute,
 I hear my death-bell a-tolling, and I shall not long be in it.¹
 I see the Death coming with his warrant unrolled in his hands
 And hard at his back I can see where the Devil stands.

The priest saluted and came in with a "God save you, Patrick."

saints, and my guardian angel does be watching by my side. I have no regard for riches, they be neither enduring nor complete: seeking them the thousands let their poor souls go astray, and sure they melt like the snow under the fine heat of the sun, but the poor soul shall on account of that, be suffering the pain.

¹This translation, though rudely versified like the original, is so nearly literal as not to require another.

[An Sagart.]

bíod meirnead agho, ní'l baozal báir oirt 'ran am-i-látauir,
 Cuir do mhúigín i n-íora Chríort agho [i] muir a mhátauir.
 Deun paoiríon mair agho glan d'anam o [do] peacairíob beag[a]
 agho móir[a]
 agho go cinnte maíar d'anam go cátauir Dé na glóir[e].

[Pátrais.]

ní'l tu agho innreac na píunnn', déirdeas i n-íppuonn gan mairl,
 Tá an Diabal agho an báir i látauir—feud iao-ran éall.
 ní'l cúir d'á n-deanar agho naé bfeicim go foiléir rghíobéa,
 'San leabair móir tá i látauir an áiríob-ghreínn íora Chríorta.

feicim íppuonn forghailte mar múir de laraí mórí deirg,
 agho Mac Dé 'na fúirde ar neull líonta le feirg,
 Tá fíadhuirí ró láirí i m' ágho, ní'l don trúil agho le gháir,
 áet má tá cúmaet ar bíe agho, íarí agho fág d'am rpar.

[An Sagart.]

ní'l cúmaet agho le rpar fágail vuit, áet, níd níor fearí,
 Deun ghíom chíob-ghíúarí agho ní baozal vuit tuicim 'ran áir,
 mar déarparí mife maíteaínnar vuit i n-áinn íora Chríorta,
 Do fuaíir báir ar fon peacairí íomláin an éiríob d'áonna.

Agho ro áiríann díad eile do fuaíir mé d'n gConcub-
 pad do culaíob é agho rean-mínaoi do fúgáob 'r do cóg-
 bád i láir condaé míuig-éob. Do rghíob mé cuir de
 o béal rean-mína i n-áice le fíort i gCondaé na fíal-
 líne mar an gCéatona. Topaígeann ré marí topaígear
 an t-áiríann ráir-áitíngte rín Saagán O Duibíir an
 gleanna, áet ír eugraímaíir ar fad an cuir eile dé.
 Tá ré truaíllíngte go móir, agho ír truaíng naé bfuil
 ré i gCéart agho ann ro. 'Do culaíob mé an ceur
 rann dé réo cúig bíadóna déag ó fíon agho fearí óg
 áluinn lúcháir láirí, do capáob oíim ar fíab, i gCondaé
 Charríaríob. Ír marí ro do bí ré áige.

[THE PRIEST.]

Keep a good courage, Patrick, there's no fear of death at this moment,

Put your trust in Mary Mother and in Christ's blessed atonement.
Of your sins great and small make a good confession before me.
And your soul shall mount certainly to the city of God to glory.

[PATRICK.]

O Father, that is not true, for it is hell is before me
The Death and the Devil I see them stand in the doorway.
Every crime I committed, each thought that had sinful bias
I see in the Arch-Brehon's book, Jesus Christ's, who shall try us.

Hell I see opened like a wall of great red fierce fire.
And the Son of God on a cloud with a face of ire,
And witnesses too strong against me, and no hope of grace ;
Oh, if you can, Father, ask respite for one little space.

[THE PRIEST.]

I have no power of respite, but better by far,
Make an act of contrition and fear not where devils are,
In the name of Christ Jesus forgiveness to thee I am giving,
Who died for the sins of the entire world of the living.

Here is another religious poem that I got from O'Connor who heard it from an old woman who was born and bred in the middle of the County Mayo. I wrote down some of it from an old woman in the County Galway also. It begins like the well-known song "Shawn O'Dwyer a' glanna," but the rest of it is completely different. It is very much mutilated, and it is a pity we have not got it right, here. I heard the first verse of this fifteen years ago from a young, handsome, vigorous man, that I met upon a mountain in the county Kerry. Here is how he had it.

Éirteò liom le real a'gus
 inneòrao duit cia cailleadh,
 Seàghan O Duidhir an Gleanna
 San trèact ar a ghàme.

Mar euaib' anoir a càpall
 A' coim a' g'adair 'r a' lacham
 'So doimh' f'aoi èiré o'á g'adair,
 Nì'l f'ior cá 'r g'ad an t-anam
 Bì i n-àrur geal a' èlèib.

Déir Seàghan O Dálaidh gur duine dar b'ainm
 Uaighin i Maigh-ealla i gconradh Corcaidh do rinne an
 t-án ro i t-oraib. Má 'r f'ior rin i' pur airtead é
 cuiré o'á g'adail a'g' f'ean-ínnadai coim f'ada rin ó áit a
 t'eunta. A'g ro mar do bí ré aici-rí.

seàghan o duidhir an gleanna.

Éirteò liom feara
 A'f' innreódao daoib' cia cailleadh,
 'Sé Seàghan Mac Dairi a' Gleanna
 A'gus san áirdeam ar a réim.†

Tá a' éir, a' g'adair, 'r a' càpall,
 'S a' ceann go doimh i t-alam,
 A'gus san f'ior cá 'r g'ad an t-anam
 Bì i n-àrur geal a' èlèib.

I'f' caom ciúin an cladaire [an] b'ar,
 A'gus i'f' caom a' b'idear a' t'eanga
 Ar n'ór an t'raoigail-re marib †
 A'f' san cúntar ar r'geul.‡

A'et anoir ó t'ámaois le f'ieagairt
 'So marib o'f'f'ainn g'rad an t'raoigairt:

*Do labair ré an focal ro mar "go daighin" "dine." Labair-
 teair mar down i gconnaictaib é.

†"Ar a' g'eim," t'udairt rí.

Listen to me for a while
 And I shall tell you who was lost [*i.e.*, died]
 John O'Dwyer of the Glen,
 With no talk his of game,

How now his horses went
 And his dogs, his hounds, and his ducks,
 Deep under clay, cast out,
 There is no knowledge of where the soul went
 That was in the bright dwelling of his breast.

John O'Daly says it was a man named Warren, in Mallow, in the County Cork, who first composed this poem, If this is true it is curious to find some of it so far from the place of its composing. Here is how the old woman had it:—

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

Come round and listen all, and
 I'll tell you who has fallen,
 'Tis John O'Dwyer a' glanna
 Whose state was of the best.

His dogs, his hounds, his horses,
 And he himself are corpses,
 But where is now the soul gone
 That housed in that white breast?

Death is a coward sneaking,
 He comes upon us creeping,
 He falls upon us sleeping,
 A cold unwelcome guest.

But now, since we must answer,
 Let us receive the clergy,

‡ "An nóir na taoisairé" dubairt sí.

† "No an cúntóir na ríseal," dubairt sí. ní tuigim go n-iait rín.

Δγυρ δι υαρι δι μβαίρ na h-ainle
 go n-árvuigiú ríav di n-anam
 buar go ríavárc na bflaitéar
 i gcómluavari na naoim.

[Δέτ] ceuo glóirí úuit-re a déair
 tá go cúmáctac ann ran bflaitéar,
 ir buan ríorruíre é an-t-anam
 'Do bain tu leat ó'n paogal.*

ir tu éap gac riú tá 'r ceapú
 [Do] éam an t-áer 'r an talam,
 Δγυρ éug úíinn na heulta gealaí
 marí foillre di an rréir.

ir beag le riú na beada
 Δγυρ éug sé úóib rliže beada,
 'Do éuair di úívarí maíte
 di nveunam amac a léigin.

nuair éig grian† an tgramparú taitéig
 go gcuinnigir a gcuro meala
 marí rtor i gcómarí a éaitte
 san ngeimíream úóib réin.

'S iav luét na n-úrvuigeav mólaim,
 nári úúltaiž riam an r gaball,
 an máigvean plúmac éailceac.
 [ir í máearí míc Dé.]

nári éairé ríova rriól ná hata
 ná róir di bié ó'n gcáearí||
 a'r go bpuair rí cúmáct a'r taitéream
 éarí mnaid eile an tpaogail.

[Sé] íopa Críopt di n-áearí
 'Do éairé rri ráite 'na|| leand,
 [di ron an tpaogail marí] mearaim
 i n-árvur geal a cléid.

* "Le n-áile ag an paogal" vudairt rí, ruo nac vruigim.

† "na heulta gac oirde" vudairt rí.

‡ "Grian buirde."

And at our death may angels
 Raise up our souls in ransom,
 To dwell with Christ in heaven
 Where the saints are at rest.¹

But a thousand glories to thee O Father
 Who art powerful in the heavens,
 Enduring and eternal is the soul
 Thou tookest with Thee from the world.

It is Thou didst shape each thing that was shapen,
 Who didst create the air and the earth,
 And gavest us the bright stars
 As a light in the sky.

The bees are little to mention
 Yet He gave them their way of life,
 Who went to good authors [teachers]
 To make out their learning.

When comes the sun of the shining summer
 Sure they gather their share of honey
 As a store for using
 In the winter for themselves.

They are the people of the prayers whom I praise
 Who never refused the scapular,
 The flowery chalk-white Virgin
 She is the Mother of the Son of God.

Who never wore silk or satin or hat
 Or any kind [of thing purchased] from the city,
 And yet she got power and splendour
 Beyond [all] other women of the world.

Jesus Christ is our Father
 Who spent three-quarters-of-a-year a child
 For the sake of the world, as I believe,
 In the bright dwelling of her breast.

|| "ηδὴ δαὶτ cémbpnc na pícva : láp an ζειήρυν ζυήμν πρὸλ no
 ηαταῖρ no πόμτ αρ βιτ υαση ό'n ζσάταιμ" ουδαίμτ ρί.

² "μαρ ζαé leanb."

¹ This much, versified, is sufficient to show the metric of the original.

no go ruḡatú é go dealtú*
 i mainnéar ruar an aḡail,
 gan ruaimnear gan doibnear
 gan veipe ar bié gan aéir.†

Δ ὀρίορταιζε [ῥ α ἑάιρθε]
 ἑλακαῖζιὸ μὴν περτα
 λειρ na neitib minne an leant
 τῖράτ ἐύηιλινḡ ré ar an talam
 le ḡráτὸ οὐinn-ne go léiri;

nuair éáinis re 'nuar‡ i bpearrain
 níor ḡlac ré "léar" ar talam
 ní deácarú i briaḡac le marcaiz'
 níor ḡráḡaiz ariam cluitéce
 níor fuir aḡ cúirt ná halla,
 ná i veiz-órta aḡ ol leanna,
 aét [an] fíor-uirge caél.

Δḡ ro píora ó Deul-muileat fíar i ḡconḡaé muiḡ-
 eó, to ruair mé ó mlac Uí Ceannais, máḡirtir rḡoile
 ann ran aít rin. Ir pollurac nac bfuil ann aét vloḡ,
 aḡur go bfuil cuir de'n píora truailligḡe aḡur cuir
 oé caillte.

seancus na n-aicreac naoḡta.

an ḡcuatáirí ríḡ reanacur na n-aicḡeac naoḡta
 no an páir mórí o'falaing íora ὀρίορτα ?
 'Sé fáḡáil síol éaba ar na móir-píantairí,
 ar írḡionn palac na nveamhan fíorḡuḡe.

[mac dé.]

"nac móir an truaḡ a veicparú 'ῥ α veáinis
 to leizean go h-írḡionn ar deaḡán áḡḡairí,
 Δ áḡairí cau é an nuair no an móir-fáḡarú
 to ḡlacrá ar iomlán ríí-euba to fáḡáil.

* "Dealtú" focaí muirneac = boét.

† "Gan doibinn veir no aéir" vudairt rí.

‡ "Cuair ré ruar," vudairt rí.

Till He was born poor
 In the cold manger of the ass,
 Without rest, without happiness,
 Without any comfort, without air.

O Christians and friends
 Make a resolve in future
 [To follow] the things the Child did,
 When He descended on the earth
 With love for us altogether.

When He came down in person
 He took no lease of land,
 He did not go to the hunt with the riders,
 He did not ever love games,
 He never sat at court or hall,
 Or in the tavern drinking ale,
 But the thin spring-water.

Here is a piece from Belmullet in the west of the County Mayo which I got from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster there. It is evident that it is only a fragment, and that some of it is corrupt and the rest lost :—

THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY FATHERS.

Have you heard of the offer that Christ once offered,
 Have you heard of the passion that Jesus suffered,
 To save the race of Eve from burning,
 From hell and the devil and pains eternal ?¹

[THE SON OF GOD.]

“ Must all who have come or shall come go shiver,
 For cause so trifling, in hell for ever ?
 O Father what price or what satisfactions
 May save the race from their sinful actions ! ”²

¹ *Literally* : Have you heard the history of the holy fathers, or the great Passion which Jesus Christ suffered, it was He who saved the race of Eve from their great pains, from foul hell, of the eternal demons.

² “ Is it not great the pity, all who shall come or have come, to let them to hell for a little cause ? O Father what is the reward or the

[DIA.]

ní ghlacfao aon tuair ar bít ná móir-fárait
ar ron ríol euba uile do fábaíl,
áit fuil míc muid, san cōir san cáin [ann]
do dóirtaí fuil a bfuigfirío ríao páirtúin.

[MAC DÉ.]

"O 'áitair cairtíró tu rin fágaíl, a' r fáilte,
do bfuigfiríó ríao maíteadhnaí a' gur gáira,
a' gur éadair ré ann rin ó gáiríoin páirtair
a' gur leis ré óé féin* an páir ann.

nuair bí ré curí ríola o'á málairí bána
cáinirí éoin a' r peavair. "Carí éugairín a gáirí gíl."
"Go[r] do dóirtair móir a peavair,
Seunairí do beul mé
Cui h-uairíe moirí mairí."
ann rin góil peavair
a' gur éoin, go cráiríte.

náe maíe náir góil mac Dé ó buí aise bí áitair,
"Cá mo éiríre ar cuit a' r mo gualain a' r gáirínead.
Le méad an ríaríóite gáirí mé amáiríat."

[DIA.]

"O a míc, náir gáil tu fulaíng?"

[MAC DÉ.]

"Gáillair a áitair a' gur cairtíreao a éunairí."

Ós ro uán beag ríor-rímplíde do fuairí mé ó ríean-
ríobairíe uall do bí i, g-conoáe Rorcomáin.

* "Leis re de aon" duairíe an fearí a' gur "go gáiríoin."

great satisfaction which thou wouldst take to save the whole of the race of Eve?

I shall not take any reward at all or great satisfaction for saving the entire race of Eve, but the blood of the Son of a King, without crime, without spot, to be poured out before they shall find pardon.

[God.]

I shall take no price nor no satisfactions
 To save the race from their sinful actions,
 But a King's son's blood who is guiltless and stainless,
 For that alone may I hold them blameless.

[THE SON OF GOD.]

"Thou shalt have it, and welcome, O King of Heaven,
 That the race by Thy grace may be all forgiven,"
 Then Christ went down out of Paradise Garden
 And suffered the Passion to gain us pardon.

* * * * *

When he was pouring blood from His white brows
 John came, and Peter, "Come to me bright love,"
 "For all thy great confidence O Peter
 Thy mouth shall deny Me
 Three times before morning,"
 Then Peter wept
 And John, sorrowfully.
 Is it not well the Son of God did not weep, since it was He
 had the cause [for it] !
 "My heart is shaking and My shoulders bursting
 With all the rending I shall get to-morrow."

[God]

"O Son didst thou not promise to suffer?"

[THE SON OF GOD.]

"I did, O Father, and I must do it."

Here is a very simple little poem that I got from an old
 blind piper in the County Rosecommon.

"O Father you must get that and welcome, till they shall get
 forgiveness and grace." And then He went from the garden of
 Paradise, and assumed (1, the Passion upon Himself—[Literally:
 "laid the Passion off Himself," and this would make sense if the
 reading so "to the garden" be right, only the lines must then be
 misplaced]

Ὁ Δ ΜΒΕΙΘΙΝΝ-ΣΕ 'ΣΑ 'ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΣ.

Ὁ Δ ΜΒΕΙΘΙΝΝ-ΡΕ 'ΡΑΝ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ ΝΑΪ ΘΡΕΔΞ ΜΟ ΡΞΕΥΛ
ΝΟ ΑΜΕΑΡΞ ΝΑ Ν-ΕΑΡΒΑΙ ΝΑ Ν-ΑΙΝΓΙΟΙ Δ'Ρ ΝΑ ΝΑΟΪ,
ΔΞ ΤΑΘΑΪΤ ΜΟΛΑΘ ΔΞΥΡ ΒΥΪΘΕΑΔΑΪΡ ΟΟ ΔΟΝ ΜΑC ΔΕ,
ΔΞΥΡ ΞΙΟΪΝ ΝΑ ΘΡΛΑΙΤΕΑΡ ΞΟ ΘΡΑΞΑΙΘ ΡΙΟΙ ΘΑΘ'.

'S ΞΥΡ ΠΕΑCΑΘ ΒΟΕΤ ΜΙΡΕ ΘΥΑΙΘ Ι ΟΥΡΕΑΡ* ΔΙ ΘΙΑ
ΛΕ ΡΜΥΑΙΝΤΕΑΔΑΪΘ ΜΑΛΛΑCΤΑΪΘ ΔΞΥΡ ΑΝ-ΤΟΙΛ ΑΝ ΤΡΑΟΞΑΙΛ,
ΤΑ ΡΪΙΛ ΔΞΑΜ ΛΕ ΜΥΙΡΕ Δ'Ρ ΛΕ ΜΙΞ ΞΕΑΛ ΝΑ ΝΞΙΡΑΡΤΑ
ΞΟ ΛΕΑΡΟCΑΙΘ ΜΕ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ 'Ρ Α ΘΡΥΙΛ ΡΟΪΝΑΜ ΟΕ Μ'ΡΑΟΞΑΛ.

ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΘ ΡΕΑΘΑΡ ΔΞΥΡ ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΘ ΡΟΙ
ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΘ ΜΑΡCΥΡ Δ'Ρ ΡΕΙCΡΙΜΙΘ ΕΘΙΝ,
ΘΙΡΟΪΜΙΘ ΝΑ Η-ΕΑΡΒΑΙ 'Ρ ΝΑ Η-ΑΙΝΓΛΕ ΞΟ ΛΕΘΙ,
Δ'Ρ ΜΑ ΘΡΕΪΞΙΘ ΡΙΘ ΑΝ ΠΕΑCΑΘ ΟΟ ΞΕΟΘΑΙΘ ΡΙΘ ΑΝ ΞΙΟΪΝ

ΘΥΑΙΘΑΙΘ ΜΕ ΤΡΙ ΡΑΙΝΝ ΕΙΛΕ ΟΕ'Ν ΠΙΟΡΑ CΕΥΘΝΑ Θ
ΜΑΡΤΑΙΝ Ο CΑΛΛΑΟΙΛΕ Ι Ν-ΙΟΡΡΥΡ Ι ΞCΟΝΘΑΕ ΜΥΙΞ ΕΘ,
ΜΑΡΙ ΛΕΑΝΑΡ.

ΑΝ ΞCΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΙΘ ΜΙΡΕ Α ΘΛΑΝΝ ΔΘΑΙΘ ΔΞΥΡ ΘΑΘ
ΝΑ ΟΕΥΝΑΙΘ ΑΝ ΠΕΑCΑΘ, ΜΑ'Ρ ΑΙΛ ΛΙΘ Ε.
ΔΕC ΟΕΥΝΑΙΘ ΘΥΡ ΘΡΑΟΙΡΟΙΝ ΞΟ Η-ΥΜΑΛΛ ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΞCΛΕΙΡ,
'S ΞΥΡ Β'Ε ΡΛΑΙΝΤΕ ΑΝ ΑΝΑΜ' ΑΝ CΞΑCΡΑΙΜΕΙΘ.

ΞΑCΡΑΙΜΕΙΘ ΘΕΑΝΝΥΙΞΤΕ Α ΘΡΥΙΛ ΙΝΝCΙ ΡΥΙΛ ΔΞΥΡ ΡΕΘΙΛ,
CΟΡΡ ΔΞΥΡ ΑΝΑΜ ΑΪΙ ΞΛΑΝΥΙΞΤΕΘΙΡ'.
Α ΙΟΡΑ ΜΥΙΡ ΟΟ CΕΥΡΑΘ ΒΕΘ
CΟΙΜΥΙCΕ Μ' ΑΝΑΜ' ΟΥC Α ΞΛΑΝΥΙΞΤΕΘΙΡ.

* "ΡΥΑΙΡ ΟΥΕΙΡ" ΟΥΔΑΪΤ ΡΕ.

¹ *Literally*: If I were in heaven would it not be fine, my story! or amongst the apostles, the angels and the saints, giving praise and thanks to the one Son of God, and the glory of the Heaven may the race of Eve get.

And sure I'm a poor sinner that went into treason against God, with the thoughts, the course and unbridled-will of the world. I hope to

IF I WERE IN HEAVEN.

If I were in Heaven my harp I should sound
 With apostles and angels and saints all around,
 A-praising and thanking the Son who is crowned,
 May the poor race of Eve for that heaven be bound !¹

Sure it's I'm the poor sinner who spent all my day
 'Mid the lusts of the world 'neath the vile world's sway,
 But I hope yet in Mary and the King of the Graces
 To amend my poor life in this world while my race is.

We shall see Peter there, we shall see Paul,
 We shall see Mark there and we shall see John.
 Apostles and angels are plenty before you,
 Forsake ye your sins and ye all shall find glory.

I recovered three more verses of the same piece from
 Martin Calally, or Caldwell, in the County Mayo, as
 follows :—

Do ye hear me, ye race of Adam and Eve,
 Forsake ye your sins if ye wish to live,
 Confess to the clergy and humbly repent
 For the health of the soul is the Sacrament.

The body and soul of our Saviour is sent
 In the flesh and the blood of the Sacrament,
 Sweet Jesus, tortured by wicked bands,
 I place myself in thy gracious hands.

Mary and the bright King of the Graces that I may amend my soul
 and all of my life that remains before me.

We shall see Peter and we shall see Paul, we shall see Mark and
 we shall see John, we shall see the apostles and the angels in plenty, and
 if ye forsake your sins ye shall get the glory.

Do ye hear me, O race of Adam and Eve, do not ye commit sin
 if ye desire it, but make your confession humbly to the clergy, and
 sure the health of the soul is the Sacrament.

The Blessed Sacrament in which is blood and flesh, body and soul
 of our Saviour, O sweet Jesus who wast crucified alive, the protection
 of my soul on thee, O Saviour.

o'éirigh an mairtíochan amach ann san lá,
 agus éonnairc sí an dall agus an cpleig ann a láimh.
 'Do buail pé buille ar an gceioróe bí plán,
 naé móir an oírna sinne níg na n-ghráir!

As ro na deic n-aiteannta marí tá ríad as gac uile
 duine, tús liom a ríad, bfuil gaeóirí asige i gCon-
 naéctairí.

na deic n-aiteannta.

Cheir a mhic i n'Dia go glan,
 ná tabair ainm Dé gan fáet,
 Coiméad an traoirce mar ír cóir,
 Tabair doo' ádair a' r' doo' mádair onóir,
 ná veun marbadó, goir, ná vrúir,
 ná fiaónuife b'éige i n-aon éuir,
 ná pantaig bean naé leat féin
 Clann duine eile ná 'áirnéir.

As ro anoir na deic n-aiteannta cupta i nDán, marí
 fuair mire iad ó nílac uí Chearraig i mBeul-mhulteo
 i gConradé níluis Eó, 'do fuair iad ó fíean-fear boct
 gan léigean 'ran áit deutha.

na deic n-aiteannta.

Cheir a mhic i n'Dia go glan
 'Sé do leat é a éur i ruim,
 'S buó h-aoibinn vuit lá na gcead—
 Geobair tu neamh o'á éionn.
 ná tabair ainm Dé gan fáet,
 Congdair a ghraó mar ír cóir,
 O o'fultair pé dúin-ne an páir
 ír cruair an cáir gan leanamaint dó.

The Virgin rose out in the day, and she saw the blind man and, the spear in his hand, he struck a stroke on the heart that was sound, is it not great the sigh that the King of Grace gave! [NOTE.—The soldier who pierced Christ's side is frequently alluded to as the Dall or the blind one. It is said no one could be found to pierce His side with the spear except a blind man who could not see Him. Some of

The Virgin arose, she arose with the day,
 And she saw the Blind Man with the spear to slay,
 He smote on the heart that was sound in its place,
 --How heavily moaned the King of Grace!¹

Here are the 'Ten Commandments as everyone, I may
 say, has them, who speaks Irish in Connacht.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Believe my son in God, purely,
 Do not take God's name without cause,
 Keep the holiday as is proper,
 Give your father and your mother honour.
 Do not kill, steal, or commit adultery,
 Or [give] false witness in any case,
 Do not covet a wife who is not your own,
 Another person's children or goods.

Here now, however, are the Ten Commandments as I got
 them in poetry from O'Kearney in Belmullet in the County
 Mayo, who got them from a poor unlearned old man that
 was in the same place.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Believe my son in God for *aye*
 Belief thy *stay* and prop shall be,
 And on the dreadful Judgment *Day*
 In heaven I *pray* thy place to be.²
 The name of God, without a cause,
 Oh ! pause my son, before thou take,
 He suffered death by cruel laws
 And bore His passion for our sake.

the sacred blood touched his eyes, and he recovered his sight and was converted. This story is still repeated. There appears to have been a certain quantity of legend gathered round him.]

² *Literally* : Believe, son, in God purely, it is for thy good to take account of Him, and it shall be happy for thee on the Day of the Spoils, thou shalt get heaven on the head [on account] of it.

Do not take the name of God without a cause, keep His love as is proper, He suffered the Passion for us, it is a hard case not to cling to Him.

Conḡbairḡ an tḡaoire mar iḡ cōir
 aḡur oibḡeada móra an ḡprioiaḡo naomḡ,
 ní'l fíor aḡao má'r áro vo ḡlōir
 an mbeiteá beó aḡ an meádon-oirḡc'.

Tabair vo o' áḡair 'ḡ vo o' máḡair onōir
 'S [vo] ḡac aon neac aḡ b'é a ḡeair,
 ná mealltar tu le neirib an tḡaoḡail
 á'r ceangail le fēirōm vo deair.*

ná veun cōirḡce marbav claoḡ
 ná a clú ḡaoḡalta baḡnt ve neac,
 sinuamḡ aḡ aiteannḡaib an rḡḡ
 cāimḡ cūḡ maoir o neam.

ná veun tupa [cōirḡce] vḡuir
 ['S a] fupaḡc vūinn vo cēacḡ ḡan é,
 mian na colna cuir aḡ ḡcúl
 má bḡeann vo vūil le flaitear vḡ.

ḡoro a-cōirḡce ná veun
 iḡ ḡeair an méim leigḡear leat,
 tarḡ le vo cācār fēin,
 ná cḡrō ve léim ann ḡan "tḡap."

ḡiaḡnuire dhéige i n-aon cūir
 má ré vo rún leanaḡaint vḡ
 ḡeodav tu a luac foirḡḡe
 i n-irḡionn fíor ḡo vḡo vḡo.

Seó iav aiteannḡa an rḡḡ
 vo cuirḡcō cūḡainn mar ciall-lōin,
 tabairt aḡie vḡib iḡ ḡeair an ciall
 'ná teac na bpian vo cōḡacō ḡóḡainn.

* ní cūḡim an līne ḡeó ḡo marḡ.

¹ Keep the holiday as is proper and the great works of the Holy Spirit, thou dost not know, though thy voice be loud, whether thou shalt be alive by the middle of the night.

Give to thy father and thy mother honour, and to everyone whose right it is, do not thou be deceived with the things of the world and bind thy bundle with effect (?)

Never do corrupt [or partial] killing, nor take his worldly fame from anyone, think of the Commandments of the King that came to Moses from heaven.

And holy keep each holy day
 Alway within the spirits bound,
 For know thy soul may pass away
 And leave thee clay ere midnight sound.¹

The honour that is always due
 To father and to mother give,
 Who should be revered, reverence too,
 Let not the world thy heart deceive.

Commit no murder, do not slay,
 Take not away man's worldly fame,
 These words contain our King's desire,
 That once in fire to Moses came.

In sensual sin thou shalt not fall
 Fly from it all though sore the wrench,
 Dost thou to heaven indeed aspire
 Lawless desire forever quench.

Take not in theft—through greed or sport—
 For life is short and death is there!
 Touch not, I say, another's hoard
 Incline not toward the devil's snare.

Bear no false witness, speak no lie,
 (Our swift words fly the soul before,)
 False witness drags us down with it
 To hell's black pit for evermore.

These the Commandments of our King
 And these shall bring us on our way,
 Better to bear his laws in mind
 Than find ourselves a demon's prey.

Do not ever commit adultery, and how easy it is for us to come [do] without it, put back the desire of the flesh if thy desire be for the heaven of God.

Theft for ever do not commit, short is the course that shall be allowed thee, come with thy own gatherings [savings]: do not go of a leap into the trap.

False witness in any case, if it be thy desire to stick to it, thou shalt get its perfect reward in hell below for ever and ever.

These are the Commandments of the King which were sent to us as intelligent provision (?) It is better sense to take heed to them, than to choose before us the house of pain.

Ír cormúil nac bfuil tír ar bít 'ran Eórpair (taobh-
amuig, b'éiríor de cúro de tír na h-Elbetia no de'n
Tíreól) ann a bfuil an meaf céatona as na daoineib
ar seanmnuidéact asur ar glaine na mban, asur
atá ada i gConnac'taib. Ann ran abhán fíor-éaoín
clúmaíl rin, a coraigear:

"Tá mé fínte ar do tuamba,"

aveir an fear do bí i ngráó leir an maigoin do fuair
bár:—

Tá na ragaire 'r na bhráíre
 Sác lá liom i bfeairg,
 Do éionn beir i ngráó leat
 A óig-bean 'r tu marb;
 Déanraim forgaó ar an ngráóit éuit
 A'r vívionn vuit ó'n bfeairtáinn,
 Asur cúma gáar mo éporde-re
 Tu beir fíor ann ran talam!

Nuair ír vóig le mo muinntir
 So mbróm-re ar mo leaba,
 Ar do tuamba 'reab bróm fínte
 Ó oirde go mairin;
 As cur fíor mo émuatam
 A'r as cruab-foi go vaimgean,
 Tré mo éailín ciúin rtuama
 Do luabáó liom 'na leab.

Act ní'l an fear brónac san ráraó, ar raó, nuair
 cuimúigeann ré ar seanmnuidéact an té do bí
 marb.

* *Literally*: The priests and the friars are every day in anger with me, for my being in love with thee, O maiden, and thou dead. I would protect thee from the wind and shelter thee from the rain, and

It is probable that there is no country in Europe outside, perhaps, a part of Switzerland and the Tyrol, in which people have the same veneration for the chastity and purity of women as they have in Connaught. In the pathetic and well-known song that begins—

“ I am stretched upon thy tomb ”

the man who was in love with the maiden who had died says :—

The priests and the friars
 Wear faces of gloom,
 At me loving a maiden
 And she cold in the tomb.
 I would lie on your grave-sod
 To shield you from rain,
 'Tis the thought of you there
 That has numbed me with pain.

 When your people are thinking
 That I am asleep,
 It is on your cold grave, love,
 My vigil I keep.
 With desire I pine,
 And my bosom is torn,
 You were mine, you were mine,
 From your childhood, my storeen.*

But the mourner is not entirely left without comfort when he remembers the purity of her who is dead.

the bitter melancholy of my heart it is, thee to be down within the ground. When my people are certain that I am [lying] on my bed, it is on thy tomb that I do be stretched from nightfall until morning. Reasoning upon my hardship, and bitterly-lamenting and sorely, for my gentle courteous girl who was bethrothed to me when a child.

An cuimín leat-ra an oróche
 Do bíor-ra ašur tura
 Pá bun an éirínn vpaigníš
 'S an oróche aš curi cuirne,
 Céad molaó le h-íora
 Naé nveapnamap an milleaó,
 'S go bpuil do éróin máigveanap
 Map éirínn poillre of do éoinne.

Do donncamap ann ran rgeul do tug me fuar ap
 Naom Peabap, map toubairt an Tigearna go nveap-
 naíó an pean-meirgíteoir do congbaig bean ó oic,
 níor mó de máit 'ná na pasairt féin. Aš ro rgeul
 eile aš cur an puio céadna i n-úthail dúinn, ašur aš
 tairbeánt map naé paib pé i gcúmaó aš don puo
 aó aš an Óige féin an vpoó-rpioípaí palac do víbirt
 ó tíg na mbáátaip. Fuair mé an rgeul ro ó ppoín-
 riap O Concubap ašur níor átpaig mé ann aó focal
 no vó. Níl fíor ašam cia uairt fúairt reiréan é, óip
 vearípaí mé a fiarpuaighe vé. Tá gneannamlaó ann
 ran gcaoi ann a vtairbeántap leirg, meirge, ašur
 neam-fuim an píobairé, óip ip móíve méavaišteap
 leir rin peabap an don vdeag-ghíomá aiháin do punne
 ré.

BRÁITRE ÁRLÁIR.

Ann ran aimpri, a vpaó ó foim, ví teac de vbraít-
 peacáib ap vpuac loáa Árláir,* aó ní'l ann anoir aó
 na pean-ballaíó, ašur uirge an loáa aš bualaó ruar

* Ap an mbótap roip loéglinne, i gconvaé Rorcomáin ašur
 Cillceallais i gconvaé muig eó.

You remember that night
 'Neath the thorn on the wold,
 When the heaven was freezing
 And all things were cold,
 Now, thanks be to Jesus,
 No tempter came o'er you,
 And your maidenhood's crown
 Is a beacon before you.

We saw in the story about Saint Peter which I gave above, that Our Lord said how the old drunkard who kept a woman from evil had done more good than the friars themselves. Here is another story explaining the same thing to us, and showing us how it was not in the power of anything except of Virginity itself to banish the foul and evil spirit from the house of the friars. I got this story from Próinsias O'Conor, and I have altered only one or two words in it. I do not know from whom he got it, for I forgot to ask him. There is a certain humour in the way in which the laziness, drunkenness, and carelessness of the piper are portrayed, for by this the excellence of the only good deed he ever did in his life is the more enhanced.

THE FRIARS OF URLAUR.

In times long ago there was a House of Friars on the brink of Loch Urlaur but there is nothing in it now except the old walls, with the water of the lake beating up against

Literally. Dost thou remember the night that I and thou were at the foot of the blackthorn tree, and the night freezing hard? A hundred thanks to Jesus that there was nought to repent of [*literally*, that we made not the spoiling], and thy crown of maidenhood is now like a shaft of light [*shining*] before thee.

'na n-aḡarḡ h-uile lá 'ran mbliathain a mbíonn an ḡaoḡ aḡ péirḡeasḡ ó ḡear.

Nuair bí na bpráitḡe 'na ḡcómnuirḡe ann ran tḡs rin, bí ronar i n-Éirinn, aḡur ip iomḡa óḡánacḡ do fuaipḡ deaḡ-fóḡluim ó na bpráitḡeasḡaibḡ 'ran tḡs rin atá anoir 'na naomḡ ann ran bplaitḡear.

Uirḡ ḡnátac le ḡaoimibḡ na mbailteasḡ cḡuinniu-ḡasḡ don lá amáin ran mbliathain cum pátrúin, 'ran áit a raibḡ tḡoirḡ aḡur ár mórḡ nuairḡ bí na fḡir ḡolḡ i n-Éirinn, aḡur bíḡeasḡ na bpráitḡe amearḡs na nḡaoine óḡ le deaḡ-fomplaḡ do taḡairḡ ḡóibḡ ḡ le na ḡcongḡáil ó tḡoirḡ ḡ ó eacḡrann. Bíḡeasḡ píḡḡairḡe, fḡolḡairḡe, fḡir cláirḡrḡe aḡur báirḡ ann, aḡ an bprátrúin, marḡ don le fḡir tḡompa aḡur fḡir le h-aḡaircaibḡ-ceóil: bíḡeasḡ rean aḡur óḡ cḡuinnḡḡe ann, aḡur bíḡeasḡ aḡḡáin ceóil ḡamḡra aḡur rḡóirḡ ann a mearḡs.

Ácḡ bí áḡrḡḡasḡ mórḡ le teacḡ, aḡur táinḡ ré ḡo tḡom. Rinne ḡrḡc-rḡiorasḡ éirḡin a ḡealacḡ amacḡ ḡo locḡ árḡár. Táinḡ ré i ḡoracḡ i rḡoḡc cullaisḡ ḡuibḡ ḡ rḡaclairḡ airḡ comḡ raḡa le píce aḡur comḡ ḡeurḡ le baḡrḡ rḡátairḡe.

Don lá amáin cuairḡ na bpráitḡe amacḡ le rḡúbail arḡ bḡuacḡ an loca. Bí cáḡaoirḡ ḡearḡrḡa arḡ an ḡcarrḡaisḡ tḡimcioll píce tḡoirḡ ó'n mbḡuacḡ, aḡur cḡeasḡ ḡ'fḡeirḡeasḡ rḡasḡ 'na fḡuirḡ ann ran ḡcátḡaoirḡ acḡ cullacḡ mórḡ ḡuibḡ.

¹ Hence the name ár-lar=slaughter-site, called in English Urlaur (floor). The remains of the monastery is on the brink of the lake of the same name in the County Mayo, just inside the borders of the County Roscommon, and about four or five miles from the town of Kilkelly. There are several places called Urlaur in Ireland, meaning "level-ground," "floor," or "area," and the derivation from ár is evidently a piece of folk-etymology. It was built by Edward Costello

them every day in the year that the wind be's blowing from the south.

Whilst the friars were living in that house there was happiness in Ireland, and many is the youth who got good instruction from the friars in that house, who is now a saint in heaven.

It was the custom of the people of the villages to gather one day in the year to a "pattern," in the place, where there used to be fighting and great slaughter¹ when the Firbolgs were in Ireland, but the friars used to be amongst the young people to give them a good example and to keep them from fighting and quarrelling. There used to be pipers, fiddlers, harpers and bards at the pattern, along with trump-players and music-horns; young and old used to be gathered there, and there used to be songs, music, dancing and sport amongst them.

But there was a change to come and it came heavy. Some evil spirit found out its way to Loch Urlaur. It came at first in the shape of a black boar, with tusks on it as long as a pike, and as sharp as the point of a needle.

One day the friars went out to walk on the brink of the lake. There was a chair cut out of the rock about twenty

and his wife Finola, daughter of the O'Connor Donn, for the Dominican Friars, and was dedicated to St. Thomas. The Dominicans settled in it about the year 1430. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted to Lord Dillon, and has now with the rest of his enormous property been bought by the Congested Districts Board, for distribution among the tenants. We are told that there was once a town there, but there is now no trace of such to be seen. This monastery being in such a retired spot was set aside for the reception of novices throughout Connacht. The 'pattern' here spoken of used to be held on the 4th of August, St. Dominick's Day.

Ni nairb fíor aca creuto do bí ann, agus tuidairt cuio aca suirmadao mói uirge do bí ann. Aét ni rabadar a bpat i n-amhar d'á taoib, mar leis pé rshreao ar do euala daoine reáct míle ar gac taoib dé. D'éirig pé ann rin ar a coraib-deirib agus bí ag rshreaoil agus ag dampra ar reao cúpla uair. Ann rin léim pé ann ran uirge agus ni túirge pinne pé rin 'ná d'éirig rtoirim mhór, do bain an ceann de éad na mbraetar, agus de gac uile éad i bpoisreáct reáct míle do'n áit. D'éirig tonnta borba ar an loc do cuir an t-uirge ríde trois ruar 'ran aéir. Ann rin éinig an teinteac agus an coirneac, agus faoil huile duine go mbuó é deiréad an domain do bí ann. Bí doréadar comh mói rin ann naé bréadaró duine a lám péin d'feiceál dá gcuirreao pé amac poime i. Cuair na bráitne arteaé agus coraig ríao ag ráó uirnaigéao, aét níor d'fada go nairb cumlódar (com-luadar) aca. Éinig an cullaé mói tuid arteaé, d'forsaíl a beul agus cuir amac ál banb ar. Coraigeadar ar an móimio ag iúé anonn agus anall agus ag rshríoc comh h-áir agus dá mbeiréao na reáct mbáir oirra leir an oirar. Bí eagla agus iongan-tar ar na bráitrib, agus ni nairb fíor aca creuto do buó cóirí dóib deunam. Éinig an tábóir i látar agus d'iarra oirra uirge coirneasá do tabairt cuige. Rinneadar rin, agus comh luat agus éraic pé bráon dé ar an gcullaé agus ar na banbair cuadar amac 'na laraí teineao ag tabairt cuio (coda) de'n taob-balla leó arteaé 'ran loc. "Míle buiréadar do 'Dia," ar ran tábóir, "tá an diabál iméigé uaimm."

feet from the brink, and what should they see seated in the chair but the big black boar. They did not know what was in it. Some of them said that it was a great water-dog that was in it, but they were not long in doubt about it, for it let a screech out of it that was heard seven miles on each side of it; it rose up then on its hind feet and was there screeching and dancing for a couple of hours. Then it leaped into the water and no sooner did it do that, than there rose an awful storm which swept the roof off the friar's house, and off every other house within seven miles of the place. Furious waves rose upon the lake which sent the water twenty feet up into the air. Then came the lightning and the thunder, and everybody thought that it was the end of the world that was in it. There was such great darkness that a person could not see his own hand if he were to put it out before him.

The friars went in and fell to saying prayers, but it was not long till they had company. The great black boar came in, opened its mouth, and cast out of it a litter of bonhams. These began on the instant running backwards and forwards and screeching as loud as if there were the seven deaths on them with the hunger. There was fear and astonishment on the friars, and they did not know what they ought to do. The abbot came forward and desired them to bring him holy water. They did so, and as soon as he sprinkled a drop of it on the boar and on the bonhams they went out in a blaze of fire, sweeping part of the side-wall with them into the lake. "A thousand thanks to God," said the father Abbot, "the devil is gone from us."

“Aéit mo bhrón! ní deaáiré ré a bhráth. Nuair
d’iméig an doiríodar éadar go bhuac an locha agus
conneadar an cullac duibh ‘na fuide ran gcátair
cloide do bí gearrta amac ann ran gearraig.

“Fás mo cupac dam,’ ar ran t-Abóio agus
bíobairé mé an bíteamhac.”

Fuaradar an cupac agus uirge coirreagta dó,
agus éairé beirt aca arteaé ‘ran gcupac leir, aet
comh luac agus tángadar i ngar do’n cullac duibh, léim
ré arteaé ‘ran uirge, d’éirig an rtoirim agus na
tonnta boirba, agus do caitear an cupac agus an
cruir do bí ann fuar go h-áir ar an talamh, agus a
gcnáma bhirte.

Cuiradar ríor ar doctúir agus ar an Earbog,
agus nuair d’innir ríad an rgeul do’n earbog dubairt
ré “tá ball de’n Diabal, i moct brácar ann buir
mearg aet geobairé mipe amac é gan móill.” Ann
rin d’orruig ré dóib uile go leir do teaet i láair,
agus nuair tángadar, gáir ré amac ainm h-uile
brácar, agus mar d’freaair gac don aca do cuiréad
ar leat-taoid é. Aet nuair gáir ré amac ainm an
brácar lúcar ní raib ré le fágail. Cuir ré teaet-
aire ‘na coinne aet níor feud ré don cuntar d’fágail
air. Fá deóig táinig an brácar do bíodar d’
iarrairé cum an doirair, éair ríor eir do bí faoi n-a
múinéal, buail cor uirru, rinne gáire móir, éar ar a
fáil, agus arteaé ‘ran loc leir. Nuair táinig ré comh
fada leir an gcátair ar an gearraig fuiré ré uirru,
bain ré an t-éadac-brácar de, agus éair ré amac
‘ran loc é. Nuair noet ré é féin conneadar go raib

But my grief! he did not go far. When the darkness departed they went to the brink of the lake, and they saw the black boar sitting in the stone chair that was cut out in the rock.

"Get me my curragh," said the Father Abbot, "and I'll banish the thief."

They got him the curragh and holy water, and two of them went into the curragh with him, but as soon as they came near to the black boar he leaped into the water, the storm rose, and the furious waves, and the curragh and the three who were in it were thrown high up upon the land with broken bones.

They sent for a doctor and for the bishop, and when they told the story to the bishop he said, "There is a limb of the devil in the shape of a friar amongst you, but I'll find him out without delay." Then he ordered them all to come forward, and when they came he called out the name of every friar, and according as each answered he was put on one side. But when he called out the name of Friar Lucas he was not to be found. He sent a messenger for him, but could get no account of him. At last the friar they were seeking for, came to the door, flung down a cross that he had round his neck, smote his foot on it, and burst into a great laugh, turned on his heel, and into the lake. When he came as far as the chair on the rock he sat on it, whipped off his friar's clothes and flung them out into the water. When he stripped himself they saw that there was hair on him from the sole of his foot to the top of his head, as long

pionna ari ó bonn a coire go mullaó a éinn, com fáda le meigioo gabair. Ni raió ré i bpaó 'na donar. Táinig an cullaó duó éinge ó ioctari an loóa, agus coruigeaóari as iunice agus as daípra ari an scarpais.

Ann rin ó'fiarpiuis an t-eapbos cia an áit a dtáinig an bíteamínac rin ar, no cia an éaoi a bfuairi ré éaoac brácar, no ca fáo ó táinig ré 'na mearf.

Ó'fpeagairi an t-uactarán go dtáinig ré mí ó poin, ó tuair, agus go raió éaoac brácar ari nuair táinig ré, agus nár fiarpiuis ré don rgeul dé cao é do tug cum na h-áite rin é.

"Tá tu nó dáil le beir i ó' uactarán," ari ran t-eapbos, "nuair nac n-aicnigeann tu diabal ó brácar." Com fáo agus bí an t-eapbos as caint bí fáile gac uile duine ó'a raió i lácar, ari, agus níoi mócais ríao go dtáinig an cullaó duó caob-fiar díob, agus an bíteamínac do bí 'na brácar as marcuigeaóar ari. "Gab an bíteamínac, gab é," ari ran t-eapbos. "Níoi gab tu féin mé," ari ran bíteamínac, "nuair bí mé mo gabair-peata agao, agus nuair bí tu as tabairt dam na feóla nac otiubrá do na daoibh boóca, do bí las leir an ocpur, go raió marit agao ari a son, agus beir coirneul teit agam duit nuair fágar tu an raogal ro."

Bí eagla ari cuio aca, áct tug cuio eile díob iapiacó leir an scullaó duó agus a marcaó do gabáil, áct óiméigeaóari uacá arteaó ran loó, fuiréaóari ari an scarpais agus coruigeaóari as ríneaoóaoil com h-ápo rin go nbeapnaóari an t-eapbos agus na bráicpe boóari, agus níoi feutoaóari

as a goat's beard. He was not long alone, the black boar came to him from the bottom of the lake, and they began romping and dancing on the rock.

Then the bishop enquired what place did the rogue come from, and the (father) Superior said that he came a month ago from the north, and that he had a friar's dress on him when he came, and that he asked no account from him of what brought him to this place.

"You are too blind to be a Superior," said the bishop, "since you do not recognise a devil from a friar." While the bishop was talking the eyes of everyone present were on him, and they did not feel till the black boar came behind them and the rogue that had been a friar riding on him. "Seize the villian, seize him," says the bishop.

"You didn't seize me yourself," says the villian, "when I was your pet hound, and when you were giving me the meat that you would not give to the poor people who were weak with the hunger ; I thank you for it, and I'll have a hot corner for you when you leave this world."

Some of them were afraid, but more of them made an attempt to catch the black boar and its rider, but they went into the lake, sat on the rock, and began screaming so loud that they made the bishop and the friars deaf, so that they could not hear one word from one another, and they remained so during their life, and that is the reason they were called the "Deaf Friars," and from that day (to this)

fochal do éloirtint ó céile, agus o'fhanadar mar rin
fao a mbéata, agus rin é an t-ádhair a tucsaó na
"bhaithe boópa" oípa, agus ó'n lá rin tá an pean-
iáó rin i mbeul na nDaoine, "tá tu óm boópa le
briátaí dhálaí."

Ni tús an cullac duib ruaimnear, lá ná oíóce, do
na briáitíu. Dúeasó pé péin agus an bíteamnac
de compánac do bí aige, 'gá ngeur-éiáó ar iomao
éaoi, agus níor feuo ríao péin ná an t-earbog iao do
éaoi ná do díbirt.

Fá úeieasó bí ríao ag briat ar an áit o'fágbáil
ar fao, áet dubairt an t-earbog leó foigto do beit
aca go nglacfaó pé cómairle le Naomh Seapailt
Naomh-pátrún Mluig-éó. Cuairt an t-earbog cúis an
naomh agus o'innir pé an rgeul do ó túr go úeieasó.
"Ni tápla an nro bñónac rin ann mo cónaé-re," ar
pan naomh, "agus ni maic liom lám do beit agam
ann." Ann pan am ro ni ríat Naomh Seapailt áet
'na áro-fagart i n-íorú (?) áet ruo ar bit do glac
pé i lám o'éirgeasó pé leir, mar bí pé 'na naomh ó
n-a óige. Dubairt pé leir an earbog go mbeideasó pé
i n-árláí paol ceann reáctmáine, agus go mbeideasó
iarráet aige leir an tpoé-rpiorao do díbirt.

O'fíll an t-earbog cum na mbriátaí agus o'innir
oóib na poela dubairt Seapailt leir. Tús an
teáctaireasó rin meirneac móir oóib. Cáiteasóar
an tpeáctmáin rin ag iáó paiopeaca, áet táimig
úeieasó na reáctmáine, agus o'iméig reáctmáin eile.
agus ni táimig Naomh Seapailt. 'Ni mar paoltear

the old saying is in the mouth of the people, "You're as deaf as a friar of Urlaur."

The black boar gave no rest to the friars either by night or day: he himself, and the rogue of a companion that he had, were persecuting them in many a way, and neither they themselves nor the bishop were able to destroy or banish them.

At last they were determining on giving up the place altogether, but the bishop said to them to have patience till he would take counsel with Saint Gerald, the patron saint of Mayo. The bishop went to the Saint and told him the story from beginning to end. "That sorrowful occurrence did not take place in my county,"¹ said the saint, "and I do not wish to have any hand in it." At this time Saint Gerald was only a higher priest in Tirerrill (?) but anything he took in hand succeeded with him, for he was a saint on earth from his youth. He told the bishop that he would be in Urlaur, at the end of a week, and that he would make an attempt to banish the evil spirit.

The bishop returned and told the friars what Gerald had said, and that message gave them great courage. They spent that week saying prayers, but the end of the week came, and another week went by, and Saint Gerald did not come, for "not as is thought does it happen."² Gerald

¹ It is not clear why he is made to say this, for the ruins of the monastery are well within the borders of the present County Mayo, but the boundaries may have been changed since, or else the saint considered Sligo as his county.

² A proverb. Observe the curious impersonal form of bíteap "it be's," a form unusual in some parts of Connacht.

bítear. Buaileadh Gearailt cinn, mar bí ré i nDán
 do, agus níor feuto ré teacht.

Don oirdé aithin bí bhionglóir ag na bhráithrigh,
 agus ní ag don éann aithin aca do bí sí, áit ag
 h-uile fear pan tigh. Ann pan mbhionglóir éannaigh
 sae fear aca bean gleurta le línearaó gléigeal,
 agus tuidairt sí leó naó naib cúmaet ag tuine beó
 an t-íoc-íocrao pin do tuidairt, áit aithin ag píobairie
 dár b' ainm do Donncaó O Shádaigh do bí 'na cóm-
 nuide i tTaidhneán, fear do pinne, ar ríre, níor mó
 de mairt ar an t-íocrao ro 'na an méao rásairt agus
 brádaigh pan tigh.

Ar maidin, lá ar n-a máraó, an t-íocrao ríre na
 maidne do ráó, tuidairt an t-uaetaraán, "A bhráithre,"
 ar rírean, "bí mé ag bhionglóir an oirdé aithin ríre
 t-íoc-íocrao an loá, agus bí cair no aingeal i
 ládaigh tuidairt liom naó naib cúmaet ag tuine beó
 an t-íoc-íocrao do tuidairt áit ag píobairie dár b'
 ainm do Donncaó O Shádaigh, atá 'na cómnuide i
 tTaidhneán, fear do pinne níor mó de mairt ar an
 t-íocrao ro 'na an méao rásairt agus brádaigh pan
 tigh."

"Bí an bhionglóir éanna agam-ra" ar ra h-uile
 fear aca.

"Tá ré i n-ádh ar gceirtoin bhionglóir do
 éiríeámaint," ar pan t-uaetaraán, "áit buó mó 'na
 bhionglóir é. Éannaigh mé aingeal ar éaoib mo
 leaptá gleurta le línearaó gléigeal."

"So deirín éannaigh míre an puo ceirtoin," ar ra
 h-uile fear aca.

was struck with illness as it was fated for him, and he could not come.

One night the friars had a dream, and it was not one man alone who had it, but every man in the house. In the dream each man saw a woman clothed in white linen, and she said to them that it was not in the power of any man living to banish the evil spirit except of a piper named Donagh O'Grady who is living at Tavraun,¹ a man who did more good, says she, on this world than all the priests and friars in the country.

On the morning of the next day, after the matin prayers, the Superior said, "I was dreaming, friars, last night about the evil spirit of the lake, and there was a ghost or an angel present who said to me that it was not in the power of any man living to banish the evil spirit except of a piper whose name was Donagh O'Grady who is living at Tavraun, a man who did more good in this world than all the priests and friars in the country."

"I had the same dream too," says every man of them.

"It is against our faith to believe in dreams," says the Superior, "but this was more than a dream, I saw an angel beside my bed clothed in white linen."

"Indeed I saw the same thing," says every man of them.

¹ Tavran or Towraun is a townland somewhere between Ballaghadereen and Loch Errit, not very far from Urlaur.

"Buó teacéarpe ó 'Día do bí ann," ar ran t-uacéar-
arán, agus dubhairt ré le beirt bhrátaí uil i gcoinne
an píobairpe. 'D'imtighadar go Tairbreán ag córuig-
eacé an píobairpe, agus fuairadar i dtí an óil, leat
ar meirge, é. 'D'iairadar air teacé leó cum uacé-
aráin na mbrátaí i n-árláir.

"Ní iacáto trois ar an áit reó, go b'fás mé mo
páirde," ar ran píobairpe, "bídear ag bainfeir aréir
agus níor h-íocad fós mé."

"Glac ár bpocal go n-íocfar tu," ar na bhráitpe.

"Ní glacfao pocal tuine ar bit, airtgíto ríor, no
panpa mar a bfuil mé," ar ran píobairpe. Ní raib
don mairt i gcainc ná i mbladar, b'éigim doib fillead
a-baile san an píobairpe. 'D'innir ríao an rgeul do'n
uacéarán, agus tug ré airtgíto doib le uil ar air i
gcoinne an píobairpe. Cuadar go Tairbreán arís,
tugadar an t-airtíto do'n píobairpe, agus 'd'iairadar
air teacé leó.

"Fan go n-ólad cnaisín eile, ní tís liom ceól
ciordeamail do feinm go mbéid mo páirt ólta agam."

"Ní iairpamaoio ort ceól do feinm. Ir gnaite
(gnó) eile atá againn leat."

'D'ól an gnaidreac cúpla cnaisín, cuir na píobair
raoi n-a speall agus dubhairt, "tá mé réid le uil
lib anoir."

"Fás na píobair do diais," ar na bhráitpe, "ní
béid ríao ag teartál uait."

"Ní fásfainn mo píobair mo diais dá mbuó cum
plaitir do bí mé uil," ar ran píobairpe.

Nuair táinig an píobairpe i látair an uacéaráin, tóraig

"It was a messenger from God who was in it," said the Superior, and with that he desired two friars to go for the piper. They went to Tavraun to look for him and they found him in a drinking-house half drunk. They asked him to come with them to the Superior of the friars at Urlaur.

"I'll not go one foot out of this place till I get my pay," says the piper, "I was at a wedding last night and I was not paid yet."

"Take our word that you will be paid," said the friars.

"I won't take any man's word, money down, or I'll stop where I am." There was no use in talk or flattery, they had to return home again without the piper.

They told their story to the Superior, and he gave them money to go back for the piper. They went to Tavraun again, gave the money to the piper and asked him to come with them.

"Wait till I drink another naggin, I can't play hearty music till I have my enough drunk?"

"We won't ask you to play music, it's another business we have for you."

O'Grady drank a couple of naggins, put the pipes under his oxter (arm-pit) and said, "I'm ready to go with ye now."

"Leave the pipes behind you," said the friars, "you won't want them."

"I wouldn't leave my pipes behind me if it was to Heaven I was going," says the piper.

When the piper came into the presence of the Superior,

an t-uachtarán 'sá i ghrúthuḡaḡ i ṡaḡoib na nbeaḡ-obair
 do rinne ré ar feaḡ a beaḡa.

"Ní beapnaib mé don beaḡ-obair ar feaḡ mo
 faḡail a bfuil cuimhne aḡam-ra uirru," ar ran
 píobaire.

"An ṡuḡ tu don deiric uait ariam?" ar ran
 t-uachtarán.

"ḡo deimhin ir cuimhin liom anoir ḡo ṡuḡ mé píora
 deic-bpigne ṡ' ingin mlaire m i ḡóimnaill. Don
 oirde aiháin do bí earbair an-móir uirru faoi píora
 deic-bpigne, aḡur bí pí aḡ uil i péin do díol le n-a
 fáḡail, nuair ḡuḡ mire ḡi é. Seal ḡearr 'na diaḡ
 rin do rnuáin pí ar an bpeacaḡ marbḡa do bí pí uil
 'a deunam, ḡuḡ pí ruar an ṡomhan aḡur a cuir
 caḡuigḡe, cuair arḡeaḡ ḡo teaḡ na mbán-ruaḡailḡa,
 aḡur deir na ṡaoine ḡur áir pí beaḡa éraibḡeaḡ.
 Fuair pí báir timcioll reaḡt mbliḡna o foir, aḡur
 cuair mé ḡo raib aingḡe aḡ reinm ceóil binn 'ran
 treamra, nuair bí pí aḡ fáḡail báir. Ir treamḡ naḡ
 raib mire aḡ éirḡeaḡt leḡ, mar deirḡeaḡ an porḡ
 aḡam anoir!"

"Anoir," ar ran t-uachtarán, "cá ṡroḡ-rpioraḡ
 ann ran loḡ rin amuig, 'aḡá 'ḡ ar nḡeur-éirḡ de lḡ
 aḡur ṡ' oirde, aḡur fuaramar tairbeaḡt ó aingḡeal
 do áimig cugainn i mbuonḡlóir, naḡ raib don fear
 beḡ ionnán an ṡroḡ-rpioraḡ rin do díbirḡ aḡt
 tura.

"An aingḡeal riuonn no boininn bí ann?" ar ran
 píobaire.

"Duḡ bean do ḡonnaire rinn-ne," ar ran t-uachtarán,
 "bí pí ḡleupḡa le linḡaḡaḡ ḡléḡeal."

the Superior began examining him about the good works he had done during his life.

"I never did any good work during my life that I have any remembrance of," said the piper.

"Did you give away any alms during your life?" said the Superior.

"Indeed, I remember now, that I did give a tenpenny piece to a daughter of Mary O'Donnell's one night. She was in great want of the tenpenny piece, and she was going to sell herself to get it, when I gave it to her. After a little while she thought about the mortal sin she was going to commit, she gave up the world and its temptations and went into a convent, and people say that she passed a pious life. She died about seven years ago, and I heard that there were angels playing melodious music in the room when she was dying, and its a pity I wasn't listening to them, for I'd have the tune now!"

"Well," said the Superior, "there's an evil spirit in the lake outside that's persecuting us day and night, and we had a revelation from an angel who came to us in a dream, that there was not a man alive able to banish the evil spirit but you."

"A male angel or female?" says the piper.

"It was a woman we saw," says the Superior, "she was dressed in white linen."

"Cuiprío mé cúis píopaíó veic bpiḡne leat gur b' ingean máire ní Úómnaili do bí ann," ar fan píobaire.

"Ní'í pé olrteanac úóinn-ne zeall do cúir," ar fan t-uacéarían, "acé má úóirpeann tu oíoc-ppioíao an loéa, zeobaió tu píce píora veic bpiḡne."

"Tabair óam cúpla enaigín de biotáille maic le meirneac do tabairt óam," ar fan píobaire.

"Ní'í veóir biotáille ann fan tigi," ar fan t-uacéarían. "Tá píor aḡao nac mbíaramaoio de ar don éoir."

"Muna otugann tu bíaoon le n'ól óam," ar fan píobaire, "deun an obair éu péin."

B'éigin dóib píor do cúir ar cúpla enaigín aḡur nuair o'ól an píobaire íao ouóairt pé zo íuib pé péir, aḡur o'íair pé oíra an oíoc-ppioíao do éair-beánt óó. Cuaoar ann rin zo bpiuac an loéa, aḡur ouóairt íao leir zo otuicfaó an oíoc-ppioíao ar an zeairraig h-uile uair do buailfeao íao an clog le fuagíao fáilte an aingil.

"Teirig aḡur buail é anoir," ar fan píobaire.

O'iméig na bíáirte aḡur éoraiḡeaoar aḡ bualaó an éluig, aḡur níor bfaoa zo otáinig an cullaó ouó aḡur a máiceac aḡ rinám éum na carraige. Nuair éuaoar ruar ar an zeairraig, leig an cullaó rḡneao ar, aḡur éoraiḡ an bíteamínac aḡ óamíra.

O'feuc an píobaire oíra, aḡur ouóairt, "fan zo otugaió míre ceól óaoib." Leir rin o'fáirḡ pé na píobaió air aḡur éoraiḡ aḡ reinim, aḡur ar an móimio léim an cullaó ouó aḡur a máiceac arceac ann fan

"Then I'll bet you five tenpenny pieces that it was Mary O'Donnell's daughter was in it," says the piper.

"It is not lawful for us to bet," says the Superior, "but if you banish the evil spirit of the lake you will get twenty tenpenny pieces."

"Give me a couple of naggins of good whiskey to give me courage," says the piper.

"There is not a drop of spirits in the house," says the Superior, "you know that we don't taste it at all."

"Unless you give me a drop to drink," says the piper, "go and do the work yourself."

They had to send for a couple of naggins, and when the piper drank it he said that he was ready, and asked them to show him the evil spirit. They went to the brink of the lake, and they told him that the evil spirit used to come on to the rock every time that they struck the bell to announce the "Angel's Welcome" [Angelical Salutation.]

"Go and strike it now," says the piper.

The friars went, and began to strike the bell, and it was not long till the black boar and its rider came swimming to the rock. When they got up on the rock the boar let a loud screech, and the rogue began dancing.

The piper looked at them and said, "wait till I give ye music." With that he squeezed on his pipes, and began playing, and on the moment the black boar and its rider leapt into the lake and made for the piper. He was think-

loé, agus tugaodar aghaid ar an bpiobaire. Bí
feireadh ag brat ar mte, nuair táinig colum mór
bán ar an rpeir, or cionn an cúllaig ùib, agus a
tharcai, do chuir teinteac ríor 'na mullaé agus do
tharb iad. Cait na tonta iad ruar ar bpuac an
loca, agus cuair an piobaire agus d'innir do'n uacht-
arían agus do na bhráitrib go raib thóc-rpiora an
loca agus a tharcae marb ar bpuac an loca.

Tángaodar uile amac, agus nuair éinnceadar go
raib a náimte marb do leigeadar tri gáiréa le
teann-lutgáire. Ní raib ríor aca ann rin creud do
deunrad ríad leir na corpánaib. Tugaodar dá-fícto
píora veic bpiagne do'n piobaire, agus toubairt ríad
leir, na corpáin do cáiteam i bpoll, i bpa ó'n tíg.
Ruair an piobaire tream tincearaid do bí ag gabail
an bótar agus tug dóib veic bpíora veic bpiagne leir
na corpáin do cáiteam i bpoll doimhin rghairt-logavaig
míle o tíg na mbáitair. Rug ríad ar na corpánaib,
fíubail an piobaire amac pampa ag reinn ceoil agus
níor rtaadar gair cáiteadar na corpáin arteaé 'ran
bpoll, agus thuir an rghairt-logavaig or a gcionn,
agus ní fácair don tuine iad ó foim. Tá "Poll an
Cúllaig ùib" le feiceál fóp. Cuair an piobaire
agus na tincearaid go tci an tíg-óiréa, agus bíodar
ag ól go maðadar ar meirge. Ann rin tóraigeadar
ag tpoir, agus tíg leat beic cinnce nac tóainig an
piobaire plán ar árlár.

Chuir na bhráitne ballair agus cleit an tige ruar
arí, agus cáiteadar bliadanta rona ann, go tóainig

ing of running away, when a great white dove came out of the sky over the boar and its rider, shot lightning down on top of them and killed them. The waves threw them up on the brink of the lake, and the piper went and told the Superior and the friars that the evil spirit of the lake and its rider were dead on the shore.

They all came out, and when they saw that their enemies were dead they uttered three shouts for excess of joy. They did not know then what they would do with the corpses. They gave forty tenpenny pieces to the piper and told him to throw the bodies into a hole far from the house. The piper got a lot of tinkers who were going the way and gave them ten tenpenny pieces to throw the corpse into a deep hole in a shaking-scraw a mile from the house of the friars. They took up the corpses, the piper walked out before them playing music, and they never stopped till they cast the bodies into the hole, and the shaking-scraw closed over them and nobody ever saw them since. The "Hole of the Black Boar" is to be seen still. The piper and the tinkers went to the public house, and they were drinking till they were drunk, then they began fighting, and you may be certain that the piper did not come out of Urlaur with a whole skin,

The friars built up the walls and the roof of the house and passed prosperous years in it, until the accursed

na Saille malluighe do dhíri na bráithre agus do leas an cuio ip mó de'n tigh go talamh.

Fuair an píobaire báp rona, agus buó h-é tuairim na ndaoine go ndeachaíó pé cum flaitir, agus go mbuó h-é rin ár ndála uile go léir!

* * * * *

Atá amearg na fean-daoine Labhar Saebailg, ann saé don áit i n-Éirinn, a lán de páirpeacháib gearra, agus d'upnaigheib i bpoim pilióeacta, do táinig anuas ó n-a h-aoirib éuaib éapainn, agus tá cuio díob ro com h-áppa rin go bfuil riad beag-naé gan céill, díri do truaillighead iad o linn go linn, agus do caillead ciail na bfocal, agus do h-áppuighead na focail féin. Cierim naé bfuil don páirpe díob ro níor páirpeighe agus níor clúdaimla 'ná an ceann rin air a nglaoctar "Maíann Pháópaig,"* atá le págail ó saé uile fean-duine, beag-naé, i gConnaéct-aib. Do éualaró mé go minic é, aét ip an-beag de do tuigear. Dubairt Mártain O Siollarnáé ar condaé na Saille, liom, go raib an fean-dán ro níor gearra aige féin 'ná ag móráin daoine do con-naire pé ag págail aighe agus duaire ar ion é do riad! Sgríob mé ríor ó n-a beal féin é. Fuair mé cóip de ó Sheágan O Coineagáin i mBaile-an-puill i gCondaé Rorcomáin map an gceutna, agus cóip eile o Mhicéál Mac Ruairig an "file ar Condaé Mhuig Eó." Sgríob mé ríor an Roim-páó ro ó n-a beul, i bpróp, ag mínuighead cad é an t-am a ndearnaó an "Mhapaínn," agus cad é an t-áóbar páir cumad é.

*b'ériiri "maibriann pháópaig." "maib-riann"="tuighead" no caoine.

foreigners came who banished the friars and threw down the greater part of the house to the ground.

The piper died a happy death, and it was the opinion of the people that he went to Heaven. and that it may be so with us all!

* * * * *

There are amongst the old people who speak Irish in every quarter of Ireland a great number of short petitions, or prayers in the form of poetry, which have come down from past ages, and some of them are so ancient that they appear almost without meaning, for they have been corrupted from age to age, and the sense of the words has been lost and the words themselves changed.

I believe that there is scarcely any prayer that is better known and more renowned than the one that is called the Marainn [dirge?] of Patrick, which is to be found with almost every old person of Connacht. I have often heard it, but it is very little of it I understood. Martin O'Gillarna, or Forde, in the County of Galway, told me that he himself had this old poem better than a great many people that he saw getting money and rewards for saying it! I wrote it down from his own mouth. I also got a version of it from John Cunningham of Ballinphuil, in the County Roscommon, and another version from Michael Mac Rory or Rogers, the "poet from the County Mayo." I wrote down the following preface in prose from his mouth, explaining what the occasion was when the Marainn was made, and what was the cause of its being composed.

"marainn" p̃ádrais.

"Tá ré náróite sur reanbóránta do bí as naoim
p̃ádrais [do bí innti], agus bí sí an-riaganta. Agus
táinig rean arteaó lá amáin as riabóiréacé (sic =
as iarrairé) nuio éigin le n'íte. Agus tar éir a fágaíl
agus a ite, tug ré allús (sic = iarrairé) uirri le sneim
bheit uirri. Agus tar éir é bheit uirri bí sí com
riaganta rin agus sur tuit sí i laige, agus ní táinig
sí ar an laige so bfuair sí bá. Agus nuair táinig
naoim p̃ádrais arteaó cuiread or cionn cláir í, agus
rin é an caoinead junne ré or a cionn o'á molaó."

míre agus donáoir airm-glár
Diar náir d'ionnann oúinn cpiroeamh,
naoim-beata ar an talamh,
agus beannaét leir an anam
bhí i gcopp áine áille,
Sáe don neac o'á mbeiré mo "marainn" áise,
beannaét Dé o'á sgráó oó.

Agairé éaoin éorppacé (?)
Copp buad rean-éúdaré.
buó í an bean éúim í,
An bean áil í,
buó í an bean éallmáir
agus an bean náir í.

¹ There is considerable obscurity about this word. It may be a corruption of *marbh-rann*, i.e., dirge or lament, literally death-rann, but I have always heard it made feminine, *an mharainn* [in worrin]. Father O'Growney seemed to think, at least at one time, that it came from the word *marthainn*, "to live," and meant the "life-giving prayer" of Patrick. He also told me that it is often called *barainn* not *marainn* in Aran, and that *barainn* there means "prosperity" or "thrift." Father Ulick Burke said that people used to get it written out and

THE MARAINN¹ OF PATRICK.

"It is said that it was a servant that St. Patrick had, that she was, and she was very pious. And there came in a man one day requesting something to eat. And after his getting it and eating it, he made an attempt to catch hold of her. And after his taking a hold of her she was that pious that she fell into a faint, and she did not come out of that faint till she died. And when St. Patrick came in she was placed above board [laid out], and that was the lamentation he made over her, praising her."

I and green-weaponed Angus
A pair who had not each the same religion.
Holy life on the earth.
And a blessing with the soul
That was in the body of beautiful Áine [Anya]
Everyone that shall have my *marainn* [by heart]
The blessing of God, of his love, to him.

Face gentle ?
Body of victories old, fragrant,
It was she was the mild woman,
The lovely (?) woman she,
It was she was the sensible woman
And the modest (?) woman she.

wear it on their persons, as they used to wear the "Leabhar Eóin" when crossing the sea. It seems to be something of the nature of the "Amra" of Columcille, and other "amras." No two people seem to repeat it exactly alike, and a great part of it is always unintelligible. The word *amra* is still common in South Connacht, but the *m* is now aspirated (*amra* = *owra*) and it is there the usual word for a "charm" or "spell." I have often heard it, but in North Connacht I have usually heard *amair* or *amir*, which Dr. MacHale used in his *Melodies*, edition of 1842, and changed to *opair* in 1871.

Téagar le fearr a claidh (?)
 marbairgead na féile riorannad,
 Cia déarfad ma lada-luirc [sic=cadinead ?]
 i n-éirinn glain uairil
 b'aingiol é uil go neadh,
 Agus níos baogal dó nuí an uadair.

[“ Tá veirfad anoir le molad a cuirp.”]

Cia déarfad mo “mairinn”
 Do mhaoi óis ag uil i muinge [sic=pórad ?]
 Uil i gcionn céile agus clainne,
 Go mbuó nó máit éiridhar an tuirp rin léite.

Cia déarfad mo mairinn
 Do mhaoi o h-ionúx (?)
 Go mbuó dóir plán roineanta
 Thuirp ri ó n-a raotair.

Cia déarfad mo mairinn
 Ag uil go tigh úr dó
 Ni baogal dó corp tadairt ar,
 Fhao 'r déirdear cleat ó [sic=or cionn] tigh.

Cia déarfad mo mairinn
 Uil ar an toinn mairbh dó,
 Ni baogal dó múcad ná bácad.

Cia déarfad mo mairinn
 Uil i gcat na i gcléit [sic=erio], dó
 Cia éirfaióe dó ann ran airm-gairge
 Aet mire, beó le príomóilteat(?)
 Párpais príomóiltead.
 Fágaim buairt gac aithe ar mairinn áine,
 Neadh [uo] gac don u'á meaduróir í,
 Agus ar don nead ná ceirtear.

Cia déarfad mo mairinn
 Agus déarfad i naoi uirad
 Ni baogal dó leac írinn
 A-choirde ná go brait.

. . . . ? to dig a grave
 ? of generosity, masculine.
 Whosoever would say my . . . ?
 In pure noble Erin
 He shall be an angel going to heaven
 And the King of Pride shall be no danger to him.

[" There is an end now of praising her body."]

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 To a young woman going into . . . ?
 Going for consort and children,
 That it may be very well that journey may succeed with her.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 To a woman ?
 That it may be properly, safely, successfully,
 She shall come out of her labour.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 On going of him to a new house,
 There is no danger of his bringing a corpse out of it
 So long as there shall be wattle over house.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 Going of him on the dead[ly] sea,
 There is no danger to him of being choked or drowned.

Whoever would say my *marainn*
 Going into a battle or a conflict (?)
 Who should meet him in the army of valour
 But I, alive with ?
 Patrick, Primate (?)
 I leave the victory of recognition (?) on *Marainn Áine*.
 Heaven to everyone who shall remember it,
 And from nobody let it be concealed.

Whosoever shall say my *marainn*,
 And shall say it nine times,
 There is to him no danger of the flag of hell
 For ever or for ever.

Ádt ní go viread mar ro do bí ré ag na daoineib eile. Agus tá tuillead ann do péir co-da aca. Is é an éoir do tug mé ann ro an éoir is roiléine 7 is ro-tuigte o'a gcuailar fóir. Is fíor-airtead é nar capad an píora ro oim ariam i leabhar láim-régníobta, eir go bfuil ré com páir-airtighite rin.

Ag ro píora eile do régníob mé píor ó beul Mhicil Mhic Ruairíug ar Chill-Eala, píar i gconradé Mhuig Eó. Átá an píora ro beag-nao com truaillighite agus com ro-tuigite le "Marainn Phádraig."

an aiseinige glórman.

náir b'í rin an aiseinige
b'feairi o'a gcuailar ariam,
O léig (?) leabhar go léigteair (?) ná gceall,
Áir o'igearna mín mílir éadairt cum focair (?)
le n-a ceupad ar ériann.
mac dé o'fulaing an t-aon páir.
Deaplaada [= deaplaa, i.e., deaplaa] lapad ann a ghuair,
go utug ré báir breag ó'n acair.

b'éin (?) liom an tréil éubarta
ag cealla (?) i meadon-doir.
nuair éuairt pí an ailm (?)
mac binn geal o'a gabáil,
bhuaíl pí a o'a doir éubarta geala,
chuairt pí ar a glénaib mine rleamna,
sheil [= fíl] pí na tréi rphara fola
ó n-a porz bí go ró-glán.

Tháinig na tréi h-aile (?) bí tall,
Tháinig na tréi Mhuiré ó'n Róim,
Tháinig na tréi deamain anoir.

Rig-neime curi dé go teann,
Dall mar o'porzail a fúil

But it was not exactly in this way that other people had it, and there is more in it according to some. The version I gave above is the clearest and most intelligible that I ever heard. It is very curious that I have never met this piece in a manuscript, although it is so widely known.

Here is another piece which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rury or Rogers, who is from Kilalla, in the west of the County Mayo. This piece is almost as corrupted and as unintelligible as the *Marainn Phádraig* itself.

THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

Was not that the resurrection
 The best that you ever heard of !
 From reading (?) of books to . . . ? of the churches
 Our mild sweet Lord to bring to . . . ?
 By His crucifixion on a tree.
 The Son of God who suffered the one-passion
 Lights blazing upon His countenance,
 Surely He bore fine away from the Father.

My delight (?) was the pleasant (?) eye
 (?) in middle-age,
 When she heard the . . . ?
 A melodious bright son singing it,
 She smote her two fragrant white palms,
 She went on her smooth polished knees,
 She wept the three spouts of blood,
 From her eyes that were very-clear.

Came the Three Graces (?) that were youder,
 Came the three Marys from Rome,
 Came the three Demons from the east.

The King of Heaven His—blood—ebbing (?) hard,
 The Blind one, as he opened his eye,*

* NOTE.—For an explanation of this Dall or Blind one, see note on p. 321.

no go bpaíaró ré nuí an domáin
 ar uirinn uadéar na talmáin
 dá bpaíaró ré an raogal ní mairóear é.

Dá bpaíaró rinn féin ári n-áccuinge
 ar ra mac Dé, agus a leaburó féin ann ran uaiḡ,
 bpaíaróin geal ar fíníom pionn
 eirirí rinn agus tinnear na rluaiḡ [sic] báine.

Cia véarparó í, an aipeirige,
 agus véarpar í gac trát,
 Cia véarparó í, an aipeirige,
 agus véarpar í gac vain,
 béiró naoi nglúin
 saor, gac taob, u'á bpaíaró,
 agus a anam féin an lá veiríó.

As ro dán uoiléir uoiréa eile de'n tróir bairte reo,
 dán, do rḡiríob mé ríor ó beul an Mhic Uí Ruairíuḡ
 ceutna.

airtíogal an chreigill (?) chruairh.

Airtíogal an creigill (?)* éiríaró
 tháinig eugainn ar uairí ári mbáir,
 mar tháinig an t-ainíol ar cuairt
 le roinn (?) i gcluar na mná

bmaon níor blar a beul
 go uirí rí an t-uirge trío a méar.

ir maíe an ragaite mac Dé,
 ir maíe an bairtearó gnuídeann ré,
 bhairte ré úinn a' r bairte eóin é.

tós na rruanta (?) ro
 or ar gcionn,
 trát náir maíe le cáe
 sinne beiré ann.

* Cuairíaró mé "an éiríomh" ó úinne eile, agus "an éiríuḡ"
 ó úinne eile.

Until he saw the King of the World
 On the upper ridge of the earth,
 If he were to get the universe he would not slay him.

If we, ourselves, were to get our petition
 Says the Son of God, and his own bed in the grave,
 A bright sheet of white weaving
 Between us and the sickness of the Pale Host.

Whoever would say it—the "Resurrection,"
 And shall say it each time,
 Whoever would say it, the "Resurrection,"
 And will say it each occasion,
 There shall be nine generations
 Free on each side [i.e., father's and mother's side] from
 their sin,
 And his own soul, the last day.

Here is another obscure dark poem of the same broken
 sort, which I wrote down from the same Mac Rury, or
 Rogers.

THE ARTICLE OF THE CRĒGIL CRUA.

The article of the Crĕgil Crua,
 Which came in Death's dark hour of fear,
 Even as the angel came to visit,
 With tale of balm, the woman's ear.

To drink one mouthful she did not stop
 Till she let through her fingers the water drop.

The Son of God a good priest is,
 And well He baptizes who is His,
 'Twas John who baptized Himself I wis.

Lift this sign
 Above our head,
 When all the world
 Would wish us dead.

mac níz neime * aḡ uil le crann
aḡur ḡac ball vó
aḡ uil 'ran ḡrúe.

ní'l aon a vóarrat áirctogal an Chreigill Chruaid
uairi a'ḡ ḡac trát
nac bpeicfead ré muipe tpi h-uairpe
Roim am a báir.

aḡ ro mar tá an páirín rin aca, láim le beul-an-
áca i ḡconuasé mhuig éó.

cóip eile.

páirín páirteac i ngáirvín pháirteair
aḡ molaó na mná bí ḡo maíe ariam.

bud maíe an ragaite mac vó
bud maíe an t-airmionn léigead ré,
bhairt ré éóin 'ḡ bhairt éóin é.

thaimis aingiol arteac ar leat-cuain ḡo cill-cuain
ḡo bpeicfead ré ar ceupat é.

ní'l aon uaine veirpear mó páirín naoi n-uairpe
nac vtiúbrat ré naoi n-anmanna ar phurḡavóir
aḡur a anam féin arteac ḡo flaitear an lá veirpó.

aḡ ro mar veir piao i, i ḡconamara.

cóip eile.

i ngáirvín pháirteair tá'n páirín páirteac
aḡ molaó na mátar bí riám ḡan loet,
a iora mair 'mhc vó na ngrápa
ná leig ar pán m'anam boet.

* "níz neam" vubairt mac ui Ruairóir.

¹*Literally*: The article of Creigill Cruaidh which came to us at the hour of our death, as the angel came to visit with tidings (?) in the ear of the woman.

A drop her mouth did not taste till she gave the water through her fingers.

The Son of Heaven to death was led;
 Each limb that day
 Was lap't in clay.

There is no one would say the article of the Créigil Crua
 Once and each time,
 Who shall not see Mary three times
 Before his death.¹

Here is how they have this prayer near Ballina, in the
 County Mayo.

ANOTHER VERSION.

The joining-prayer in the Garden of Paradise
 Praising the woman who was good, ever.

He was a good priest the Son of God,
 Good was the Mass he used to read,
 He baptized John and John baptized Him.

There came in an angel out of Leath-Cuain to Kill-cuain.
 Till he would see was He crucified.

There is no person who says my little prayer nine times
 Who would not bring nine souls out of purgatory
 And his own soul into heaven the last day.

Here is how they have it in Connemara.

ANOTHER VERSION.

In the Garden of Paradise countless praises
 Are lauding the Mother without one stain,
 Sweet Jesus, Son of the King of Graces
 O save my soul from the final pain.

The Son of God is a good priest, good is the baptism that He gives:
 He baptized for us, and John baptized Him.

Lift these bridles (?) above our head, when everyone would wish us
 not to be in it (*i.e.*, alive).

The Son of the King of Heaven going with (*i.e.*, on) the tree, and
 every limb of Him going in the clay.

naé maíť an ragaíť é Mac Dé !
 naé maíť a bairítear ré ?
 bairť ré éóin bairťe, 'r bairťe éóin bairťe é.
 Sin airtlínġ táinig v'ainġiol na Cille Cpuairť.
 An té v'éarparť an v'án ro tpi h-uairťe
 bheirťeart naonbair naoi n-uairťe plán ar purġavóirť,
 Agus a anam réin an lá veirťeannat. Amén.

Iť pollurac ġur ab é an niť c'éatna no an áit
 c'éatna Cpeigill Cpuairť, no Cpeirťġ Cpuairť, Cill
 Cuaim, agus Cill Cpuairť, ann rna tpi cóipeannairť
 ruar, aťt ní'l fiťor agam ar don c'orť, cat é an niť,
 no cat é an áit é. 'S é meapaim-re ġur focal rean-
 ġaeťeirlġe vo bí ann ar v'atťr, agus ġur áall ré a
 b'p'ġ 1 p'it na h-aimp'ie, agus ġur tpuaitlġeart mar
 ro é. Vo veirťeart na rean-vánta v'or'ca ro veap-
 mav'ta na c'éav'ta bliat'an ó foim, aťt amáin mar
 ġeall ar an ngeallamaint atá le n-a ġcoir ġo
 b'p'uiġp'io an té v'éarparť iat na plaitťr, no beannaťt
 éig'in eile.

Vo rġp'ioť mé fiťor an v'án leannar o beul an Mhic
 Uí Ruairťġ c'éatna. Tá a veirťeart cop'múit le curť
 ve'n p'atv'irť ruar.

Cá c'ovail tu ar'érť, no, an p'atv'irť ġeal.

Cá c'ovail tu ar'érť ?
 P'aoi c'ovairť m'ic Dé.

¹ I got this version from Father O'Growney, who got it, I think, from Mr. O'Faherty of Connemara. *Literally* : In the Garden of Paradise, the joining-prayer is praising the Mother who was ever without fault. O Sweet Jesus, Son of the King of Graces, do not allow my poor soul to go astray.

Is He not a good priest, the Son of God,
 Is it not well He baptizeth,
 He baptized John the Baptist and John the Baptist baptized
 Him.

That is a dream which came to the angel of Cill Crua.

Whoever would say this poem three times,
 There would be nine times nine safe out of purgatory,
 And his own soul the last day. Amen.¹

It is evident that Crégill Crua, or Credyee Crua, Kill Cuan, and Kill Crua, in these three versions are the same thing, or the same place, but I have no knowledge whatsoever as to the thing or place it is. What I imagine is, that it is was originally an Old Irish word, that it lost its meaning in the course of time, and was corrupted thus. These dark old *dánta* would probably have been forgotten hundreds of years ago, were it not for the promise with which they conclude, that whoever will repeat them shall find heaven or some other blessing.

I wrote down the following *dán* from the mouth of the same Michael Mac Rury. Its end is like part of the above prayer.

WHERE DIDST THOU SLEEP? OR, THE WHITE PRAYER.

Say where didst thou creep last night to thy sleep?
 My sleeping was done at the foot of God's Son.²

² *Literally:* Where didst thou sleep last night? At the feet of the Son of God. Where shalt thou sleep to-night? At the feet of the poor. Where shalt thou sleep to-morrow? At the feet of St. Patrick. . . . Three drops of the water of Sunday [i.e., holy water] that Mary sent with me, to guide me from door to door, to the door of Paradise, until the doors of hell shall be closed and the doors of the heavens be opened.

Ḳá ḱoiueólar tu anoét?

Ḳaoi ḱoraiḱ na mboét.

Ḳá ḱoiueólar tu amámaé?

Ḳaoi ḱoraiḱ naoim páomaiḱ.

Cia rin mómao?

Ṫá na h-aiḱle.

Cia rin vo úiaiḱ?

Ṫá na h-eapbuil.

Cia rin ari vo úear-láim?

Ṫui bmaoin v' uirḱe an 'Oómnaiḱ

Chuiḱ Muiḱe liom aḱ veunam an eólar,

O úomar ḱo úomar, ḱo úomar pháirḱear.

ḱo nóupaiḱḱear uiḱe ipunn

aḱur ḱo bporḱlaiḱḱear uiḱe flaiḱir.

a naoim-mhuiḱe, a máḱairi 'Oé

leis arḱeáé mé ari úomar na péile,

Ann ran áit naé n-iarḱpaiḱ mé

uiaḱ ná euuaé.

Ṫá'n paiḱiḱin páirḱeáé

v'á máo i bpháirḱear

aḱ molaḱ na máḱairi

atá ḱan loét,

O a dén-mic mhuiḱe

aḱur a mḱ ḱil * na nḱmáḱea

ḱo paomaiḱ tú ḱaé anam

Ṫá i bpeim anoét.

Ḳuair an t-áḱairi O ḱraimna v'á éoir eile ve'n v'án
ro Ḳaoi ainim "An Phairiḱ Sheal." Ṫoraiḱeann riav
mai ro, "ḱo m-beannuiḱiḱ Oia úuit a Phairiḱ
Sheal." "ḱo mbeannuiḱiḱ Oia aḱur Muiḱe úuit."

O Holy Mary, Mother of God, let me in at the door of generosity in
the place where I shall seek for neither food nor clothing. The join-
ing-prayer is being said in Paradise praising the Mother who is

Where sleep'st thou to-night in the world's despite?
At the feet of the poor and my rest shall be sure.

Where sleep'st thou to-morrow untroubled by sorrow?
My sleep shall be sweet at St. Patrick's own feet.

Who is that before you?
They are the angels.

Who is that behind you?
They are the apostles.

Who is that on your right hand?
Three drops of Holy Water,
That Mary sent to make me wise,
To guide me on from door to door
Till I reach the door of Paradise,
Till the doors of heaven be opened wide
And shut be the doors of hell and vice.

O Virgin Mary, Mother of God,
Let me in at the generous door,
Where want of clothing and lack of food
Shall rack my body nevermore.

One prayer combining
Is said in heaven
To her, the Mother,
The Stainless, Bright.

O Son of Mary,
O King eternal,
Relieve all souls
Are in pain to-night.

Father O'Growney got two other versions of this poem under the name of the White Pater, or Prayer, which began thus: "God salute thee O White Prayer," "God and Mary

without a fault. O One-Son of Mary and O bright King of the Graces mayest Thou save each soul that is in pain to-night!

* "A mʒ ʒeal rʒommuirʒe" vubairt ré.

Ann rin tagann na focail "Cá éodail tu áréir," 7c.,
 marí do tug mé fuar iad, no beag-naé marí rin. Ann
 ran d'án, marí fuair pé é ó Nóra ní Chongála ingean
 Mhicil Uhdín i n-Inir Meadon i n-Árainn, do táinig
 na linte reo tar éir an mhéir tug mire. |

cóip eile.

Eodair phárrair tá mé iarrair
 Tá ran vadaé úran [úo] táll.
 Bhfuil fleargá óirí ann a ceann.
 A' coinneall foillreac ann a láair.
 Tháinig oirde, tháinig ceó,
 Tháinig bhrígo le n-a bhrat,
 Tháinig míceál le n-a rgeul,*
 Bhíonglan fava, bhíonglan gearr.
 Cía véarfaó an phairirí Sheal
 Ceann do oirde
 Ceann do ló,
 So mb' doirinn nó.

Ann ran gcóip eile do fuair pé ó Antóin O
 Dorráin i Scill Rónáin i n-Árainn tá na linte reo:

cóip eile.

Ceupio rin air do láim éilí?
 Corp Chríofa.
 Ceupio rin air do láim véar?
 Naoi noeóirí u'uirge an Dóinnairí
 Chuirí Muiríe liom ag bpeit eólar
 Air éis phárrair.
 D'éirí míceál áro-aingiol
 Svár [na] fearaí
 Marí beróeac vud-maol,
 A'f ir mire maol Chríofa.
 Airvéaríe naoimta Chaotháin coimveac.

* "le n-a rgeul," ir uóis.

salute thee." Then followed the words "Where didst thou sleep last night," as I gave them above or nearly so. In the poem, as he got it from Nora Connolly, daughter of Michael the Fair, in Innismain, in Aran, these lines followed after the lines I have given :

ANOTHER VERSION.

The Key of Paradise I am seeking for,
Which is in the vessel over there,
At whose head are wands of gold.
The shining candle in its presence,
Came night, came mist,
Came Bride with her *brat* [i.e., mantle]
Came Michael with his story [or shield]
Branch long, branch short ;
Whoever would say the white prayer,
One by night,
One by day,
Surely 'twere well for him.

In the other version which he got from Anthony Derrane, from Kilronan, in Aranmore, these lines occur :

ANOTHER VERSION.

What is that on thy left hand ?
The body of Christ.
What is that on thy right hand ?
Nine drops of Holy Water,
That Mary sent with me to give guidance
To the House of Paradise.
Rose Michael the Archangel,
Up, standing,
As it were a *dubh-mhaol* [black monk ?]
But I myself am Christ's *maol* [monk, devotee]
The holy *airbheart* (?) of Keevin along with him,

Gá'n b'áil liom fulaings pianta purgadópa.
 So m' bhuil agur 's am' lorgaó ar leacpaib deaigsa |
 Tiuepaib an t-ádaip, Tiuepaib an mac
 Tiuepaib an Spiopaib naomh
 le m'anam boét i gCill-cluatai
 ar an lá veipib. Amén.

Fuair mé an "Phaivip Gheal" no an "Phaivip
 Seal-Seal" map glaoó reirean uirru, ó m' éapaio
 Tomár Dárcelaig map an gceutna, o conoáé Mhuig
 Eó, beas naé map tug mé fuar i, áét tap éir na
 linte.

Thu bpaoin v'uirge an Dómnaisg
 Chuip Muipe liom ag veunam an eólaip

vo táinig na linte eile reo.

cóip eile.

Paoi coimige an fip úo talí
 A bhuil an cainveal ann a láim.
 bpiúro agur a bpaé,
 muipe agur a mac,
 míceal áro-aingiol agur a rgiat,
 Dá láim Dha paoi m'anam,
 naé áro fuar éiróear an ghuin.
 agur a dá láim táipre aniaip.
 ip maig a éroéar
 ip maig a ééapap
 agur é beit leat
 ag oul ann [éum] na cill'!
 San bpaetlin Seal
 San cóthpa cláip.

¹ This Kill-Cloor may be compared with the mysterious Créigil Crua, Kill Cuan, and Kill-Crua above. These prayers are found in some form or other amongst all the Gaelic-speaking Celts. "St. Bride and her *brat*," i.e., mantle, is known even in Lowland Scotch nursery and folk rhymes.

Why should I like to suffer the pains of Purgatory?
 A-boiling and a-roasting on red flags?
 The Father will come, the Son will come,
 The Holy Spirit will come,
 With my poor soul in Kill-Cloor¹
 At the last day. Amen.²

I also got the "White Prayer," or "The White-white Prayer," as he called it, from my friend Thomas Barclay, from the County of Mayo, very nearly as I gave it above, but after the lines

Three drops of Holy Water
 Which Mary sent with me to show me the way

these other lines followed :—

ANOTHER VERSION.

Under the protection of that man yonder,
 Who has the candle in his hand.
 Bride and her *brat* [mantle]
 Mary and her son,
 Michael the Archangel and his shield,
 It is not high up goes the sun,
 And his two hands back across it.
 Woe for who hangs,
 Woe for who tortures,
 And it to be with you,
 Going to the churchyard,
 Without a white sheet

¹ Another version was taken down by J. J. Lyons, and sent me by Father O'Growney, who says he heard nearly the same piece in Meath. Another verse was given by O'Faherty of Connemara, but possibly does not belong to this prayer at all.

Sác don duine
 Déarfap é rin
 Tui h-uairé 'ran lá
 ní macaíó pé
 So h-irmonn so bráé.

Fuair mé an páirtir Seál ro arís ó fear eile i
 sConradé Muig Eó, áéé ní cuimnízím ar a ainm. Tug
 reirean “Airtiozal an Chreirim Chuaíó” air. As ro
 cuir óí, mar duháirt reirean é—cuir naé faib as na
 oaoimé eile.

cóip eile.

Tui bhaoin v'uirge an Dóinnaié
 Cuir mac Dé liom as véanaí an eólaip
 Ó éac pápaiz so uorur páipéair.

má tá aipling ar mo tí
 mac ó Dia ioir mé gur í.

[fáilte móíao] a páirtir íora
 Do minne Críort i gcionn a míora,
 Ar Sliab beaclainn i mbárrí Caiteac(?)
 So mbuó pluaz buan uainzionn
 An pluaz ro a bfuilmio ann.
 nárab* pluaz buan uainzionn
 An pluaz ro aé as earraingte ommann.
 A íora na pola ríinnige
 So scuolaiz tu in ár brocaip.
 Asur so faib v' aingie beannaiéte
 in ár oiméiol.

* “So mbuó” a duháirt reirean, áé v'áéruiz mire é, óir
 ir dóiz gur uairmao do minne pé.

Without a board coffin,
 Everyone who shall repeat that
 Three times in the day,
 He shall not go
 To hell for ever.

I again got this White Prayer from another man in the County Mayo, but I do not remember his name. He called it "The Article of the Hard Faith." Here is some of it as he said it—some of it that the others had not got.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Three drops of Holy Water
 That the Son of God sent with me, to show me the way
 From the house of Patrick to the door of Paradise.

.
 If there is a vision waiting to attack me
 A Son from God between me and her !

.
 Welcome to thee O prayer of Jesus,
 Which Christ made at the end of his month,
 On the mountain of Beachlainn in the top of Cúithir [?]
 May it be an enduring firm host
 This host in which we are !
 May it not be ¹ an enduring firm host
 This host that is drawing towards us !
 O Jesus of the true blood
 Mayest Thou sleep beside us.
 And may thy blessed angels
 Be around us.

¹ The man said "may it be." This is, I think, judging from other prayers of the same kind, a mistake, and I have altered it accordingly.

Aḡ ro d'án eile do'n Mhaighdin, ó Shleann-na-mada
no Sleann-na-máḡ-ouib i ḡConradé na ḡaillime a
b'fuil curó d'é corhmáil leir na dántaib fuar.

A mhaighdean.

A mhaighdean ḡlórmhar mhódmhar mairdead,
ir tu mo lón, mo ródh, mo tairge.

Ir tu mo réalt eólair

Aḡ dul móim ann r ḡac bealaḡ,

A'r ar fliad na nveóir

ḡo mbuó tu mo éarao.

i nḡáirvín pháirpéair t'án páirvín páirpéad

Aḡ molaó na mná bí miam ḡan loct,

A dén-mic Mhuiré tá i ḡcátair na nḡárta

Réir ḡac ḡádaó dom' anam boct.

Deun dam t'reóir, tá an tóir ar an bpeacaḡ,

Fluic mo ḡruaó le ḡráó do'n átair,

nḡ mo láma ar fmál na bpeacaó

'S ar uair mo báir ḡo n-abraim an páirvín.

Aḡ ro páirvín mair, do tug an t-átair eóḡan O
ḡraimna dam. Do rḡrlob ré i o beul duine éirim
i n-linr-meadoon i nḡraimn, beaḡán de bliantaib ó
foin. Do tug na daime 'ran áit rin "An Aipei-
rige" uirri, áct ni f'eirim cia an páct. Tá dá curó
ann, áct b'éirvín ḡur píopaib iad naḡ mbaineann le
éile ar don éor.

An aiseirighe.

Abair do páirvín má'r áil leat é,

Ir léiḡeann í naḡ t'eiréann ar ḡcúl,

Ir páirvín í naḡ nḡabann fmál,

Cairioll áro aḡ mḡ na nvál.

¹ Literally: O Maiden, glorious, courteous, graceful, thou art my provision, my store, my treasure, thou art my guiding star going before me in every road, and on the Mountain of Tears mayest thou be my friend. In the Garden of Paradise the joining prayer is lauding the woman who was ever without a fault. O one-Son of Mary who

Here is another poem to the Virgin from Glenamaddy in the County Galway, some of which is like the above poems.

O VIRGIN.

Glorious Virgin, heavenly vision,
Thou my riches, store, provision,
My star through the years
When troubles rend me,
On the Mountain of Tears
O thou defend me.¹

In the Garden of Paradise, hymn and story
Are praising the Lady within the walls,
O Mary's Son from thy city of glory
Protect my soul when the danger falls.

Let not the hunters pursue me farther,
Wash my hands from the stains that gather,
Moisten my cheeks with love for the father,
And when I die may I say the *pater*,

Virgin Mary.

Here is another good prayer which Father O'Growney gave me. He wrote it down from the mouth of somebody in Innismaan in Aran a few years ago. The people of that place called it the "Resurrection," but I do not see why. There are two parts in it, but possibly they do not belong to one another at all.

THE RESURRECTION.

Repeat thy Pater with due desire,
A lesson of fire to one and all,
A pater abounding in each good thing,
The King of the Elements Castle wall.²

art in the city of the graces, smooth every danger for my poor soul. Make for me a guidance, the pursuit is after the sinner, wet my countenance with love for the father, wash my hands from the stain of the sins, and at the hour of my death may I say the prayer.

² *Literally*: Say thy pater if thou likest it, it is a lesson that goeth

Ὁρείμιμη φάρμηταιρ ἡ ἰ ἀν παυρη,
 ἀναμ-παυρη 'φοίρεαρ ἰ.*
 ὑμνυζε ἐραίθεαδ, ἀολήμαρ, ῥλαν,
 Ὁροίθεαυ ρίλ ἐαδα ἰ.

Τριοιρς, ὑμνυζε, ἀγυρ υέιρε,
 διτρυζε ῥευρ, ἀ'τ υόθεαρ μαίτ,
 Σιν ἐ ἀν τεαγυρς εὐς ἡαc Ὁέ
 Ὁ'ἀ εαγλαιρ ρέιν, ἀρ ἀν ὁρόζήμαρ ταιρ.

Τέιμζ εὐμ αἰρρῖνν ζαν νο ὁρόζαιδ, †
 'S ἡά νευν ρερó‡ ἀρ νο ὁρατ,
 θυαίλ : ζοόήζαρ ἡα νερρ ῖόο
 ἀγυρ ὑήλαις ραοι ὁό νο'η ουινε βοέτ.

ἀρ ἡ ὁρεϊρὶο εὐ υ'αἰρςιοσ ἀγυρ υ'όρ
 ἀγυρ υ'ἀ μβυό λεατ αέο ἡα ζαοαc, §
 ἡ ῖεϊρὶο εὐ ρλαίτεαρ Ὁέ ζο νεό
 ζαν λεαβαίρ ἀγυρ υέιρε ἡα μβοέτ.

Ὁεαν ζο μίν λειρ ἀν μβοέτ
 ἀγυρ ευρρ ἐνέ (?) ἀρ ἡ ἐορρ
 S'ζυρ ρεαρη ἀν υίολ υέιρε ἡα μβοέτ
 ζο νρεαθαίρ ἡαc Ὁέ 'ἡα ῖμοέτ.

*Ὁυδαίρε ἀν τ-αταιρ ἐόζαν Ὁ ζῆαῖννα ζυρ λαδαίρεαό ἀν λῖνε
 ρεό μαρ "ἀναμ παυρη φοίρεαρ ἰ," ἀγυρ ἡίορ εὐις ρέ ἰ: ἀέτ
 υ'αἰρμυζεαρ ἰ, ῖυο-βεαζ.

†*Aliter* "Ὁια Ὁόμναιζ." μαρ ρυαρη μέ ὁ ρεαρ εἰλε ἐ.

‡*Aliter* μόρταδαρ.

§*Aliter* "ἀρ ἡ ὁρεϊρὶο εὐ νε ἐεόλταίδ ερρρ" [=ερρτ?]

not back, it is a prayer that takes no stain, a high castle for the King of the Elements. A ladder of Paradise is the pater, a soul-prayer that relieves is it, a prayer pious, limo-white, pure, a bridge of the race

A ladder to Paradise is the pater,
 Matter to comfort the soul is there,
 A bridge for the race that is chased by death,
 Is the fragrant breath of the lime-white prayer.

Praying with alms and fasting too,
 Repentance due, and a hope not vain,
 Is the teaching taught by the Son of God
 Against a harvest of hail and rain.

.

Go to Mass unsocked and shoeless,
 Doless pride of garb is sin,
 Meet—where the three ways meet—the poor,
 Bow to him twice and bring him in.²

Though thine be the gold in the king's own kist,
 Though thy flocks like a mist cover hill and lea,
 —Refuse to the poor man bed or bread,
 And heaven, when dead, thou shalt not see.

Be to the poor man mild and good,
 Warm him, clothe him and give him food,
 Let alms to the poor be freely given,
 For in poor man's shape came Christ from heaven.

of Eve is it. Fasting, prayer and alms, sharp repentance and good hope, that is the teaching the Son of God gave to His own Church against the wet harvest. [*This line was probably interpolated during some wet season, it seems out of place.*]

²Go to Mass without your shoes, and do not be proud of your mantle. Meet, at the confluence of the three roads, and bow twice to the poor man. For all you shall see of silver and gold, and though you owned the mist of the hills [*the misty hills*] you shall not see the heaven of God for ever without the bed and alms of the poor [*i.e., giving them bed and alms*].

Δὲ πο' ὁρῶνάν το' πύργων βεῖσα εἰτε το' ἐν τῷ ὄρει
 κεῖται, το' ἐν αἰσὶν μέντοι ἡδὺν ἡ δ' ὁδοῖσιν εἰτε.

cuimhnigh.

Cuimhnigh páir na rleas, má feudoann tu,
 Cuiri na gáire i uceat* po na mílte cúlta,
 Ciorde glan cúltaídeat náiread véircead úthal
 nac mile fearu le ná 'ná beul ar ríubal.

nach iomtha marcach.

nac iomtha marcad maí a leasat
 d'f macao anoir ar muin an eí,
 mar éad mife i leí na ríge
 Tar a Chríste d'f eadair do bheí.

iprionn fuar fliuch.

Iprionn fuar fliuch,
 baile ip reirde uoc,
 baile gan cúl gan cior,
 ni macaró mé féin 'na coir.[†]
 Act mar 'f maí le íora mé beí.

Duo mian liom uol anonn
 marac‡ a laigeao a buil de lón mónam,
 ip beas de mo báir abur,
 ip truas nac eall do treabar.

* "na gairi i uceat" mar éadair eoían O ghráma é, act ni léir uam rin.

† no mar éadair an ghrámaígead é "na tead ná 'na coir, act mar ip maí le íora Chríste mé beí." D'éirir gur "o' ead ná ve coir" na focail éadta.

‡ "marac" no "meircead" i gConnaeataí="muna mbeircead."

¹ *Literally*:—Remember the passion of [i.e., caused by] the spear, utter thy cries in time beneath a thousand sorrows; a clean, devout, modest, charitable, humble heart, is not it a thousand times better to mention than a mouth in motion [i.e. an ever-wagging tongue].

² *Literally*:—Is it not many a good horseman who has been thrown, and now I shall go upon the back of the steed [i.e., to ride the race

Here are a few other little pieces of the same sort which I heard from him and others :—

THINK.

Think, of the spear, with fear, that pierced our Lord,
Think, let thy tear be shed to Him adored,
A good clean heart by dart of sin unscored
Is more than lays of praise before our Lord. ¹

THOUGH RIDERS BE THROWN.

Though riders be thrown in black disgrace,
Yet I mount for the race of my life with pride,
May I keep to the track, may I fall not back,
And judge me, O Christ, as I ride my ride. ²

HELL.

Hell whose rains and cold appal,
Hell whose drink is bitter gall,
Crossless churchless town of fear,
Hell, for thee I shall not steer.
But as Christ shall wish, so be it all. ³

Had I for my voyage food,
I should steer for heaven's good,
Ah ! my crop had better thriven
Had I sown and ploughed for heaven.

of life], as I have [*or perhaps may for muna, "If I have not"*] gone aside from the [true] track. Come, O Christ, and deliver Thy judgment.

¹ *Literally* :—Hell, cold, wet, town of bitterest drink, town without church, without cross, I shall not go near it, but as Jesus Christ wishes me to be.

I should like to go over [to heaven] were it not for the scantiness of provisions before me, [for the journey]: there is little of my crop on this side, [the grave;] alas! that it was not on that side that I ploughed. The Irish *bur* and *catt*, "this side and that side," correspond exactly to the *diesseits* and *jenseits* of the Germans, in the sense of here and hereafter.

AN LAOSH DO CEUSAIDH.

AN LAOSH DO CEUSAIDH DIA h-DOINE,
DO CUIMEAD I MÓRAIB MÍSHNE,
DO FINEAD É RAN UAIŞ 'NA FINEAD *
CLOCA MÓRA CLONNTA (P) CLONNTA.

AS PAIRIE A LEABUÍO AR FEAD VA h-OIDCHE
SÉ DUBAIRTE PEIRÉAN LE NICEDIMUR,

CUNTAMATAIR (P) OF A ÉIONN RIN
SUIR ÉUGADAR LEÓ É Ó LUET NA REACT LÍNE,

BHÍ D'Á MBRAONAD LE DOILEAD,
D'Á NDEARFAD LE CIMLEAD.

AS NA DHEAMANNAD FÓ PÍANTAD.

Ir minic trídéadar ar an Dóinnac ann rna paitheacáib reó, agus ir an-móir an meaf do bí as na rean-Shaebéalaib ar an lá beannaighe rin. Ir coitcionn 'na meafas an t-ainm do Dhia "Rig an Dóinnais." Ann ran rgeul gheannamail rin "Seágan Tinncéar"† innirtear dúinn mar éuair Seágan as. iarruair cáirtoir Ériorta d'á mac, agus mar carad Mac Dé leir, agus táirg ré é péin do mar cáirtóear Ériorta, acé dúiltaiş Seágan do, "ní fear comérom éu," aoiré ré, "tugann tu a react ráit do d'aoinió agus ní tugann tu a leat-ráit do d'aoinió eile." Nuair d'iméig Mac Dé carad "Rig an Dóinnais" leir, acé nuair éualair Seágan sui b' é do bí ann, ní leigfead ré do beic 'na cáirtóear

* "mo finead" mar éualair eógan o gheanna é: ní éuigim rin.
† feuc mo "Sgeuluiré Shaobalac" curó i., rgeal iii.

¹ Literally:—The calf that was crucified on Friday, it was placed in tough ropes, it was stretched in its stretching in the grave, great stones . . . ? inclined. Watching his couch throughout the night, it was what he said to Nicodemus. . . ? over that, till they took him with them from the people of the seven lines that were being spattered with

THE CALF TO DEATH.

The calf to death on Friday driven
 With galling ropes His flesh was riven,
 Then to the grave the body given,
 And stones above Him piled to heaven.¹

He who was slaughtered to redeem us
 Spake that night to Nicodemus.

They bring Him away ere morning shines
 Away from the men of the seven lines.

Men foul with dirt and slime
 Fettered and red with crime,
 Through the bands in pain for endless time.

Mention is often made of the Sunday in these prayers, and very great was the regard that the old Gaels had for that holy day. A common name amongst them for God is the "King of the Sunday." In that amusing story, "Shawn the Tinker,"² we are told how Shawn went to look for a godfather for his son, and how the Mac Dé [Son of God], met him and offered Himself to him as a godfather, but Shawn refused Him, "You are not a fair man," said he, "you give their seven times enough to some people, and you don't their half enough to others." When the Son of God had gone away from him the "King of Sunday" met him, but when Shawn heard that it was He who was in it, he

foul-dirt, reddened with fetters, by the people under pains. *This fragment is very obscure. I do not understand "the people of the seven lines."*

² See the third story in the first part of my *Sgeuluidhe Gaedhealach*. This story is told with variations all over Ireland, but this part of it can be, and is only told in Irish, since the phrase *Rí an Dómnais*, "King of the Sunday," has not found its way into English.

Chríóirta 'd'a mhac, "ní 'l aghao" ar pé "ádt don lá
amháin ran treacúthain, aghur ní 'l tu ionnáinn móráin
maicir 'do deunadh an lá rin féin!" Ag ro mar
fuair mo éara an t-áir O Spáinn "páilte an
Dóinnais i nÁrainn.

páilte an 'Dóinnais

páilte an 'Dóinnais
anóidais na reáctáine
lá breáís faoi
'd' oimuis Chríort úinn,
le n-áir n-anam 'do deunadh.

Cóiruis 'do éor go moé cum aipinn,
Córuiis 'do deul ar na briaérais beannuisíte,
Córuiis 'do méara ar fíadha na h-anama,
forghail 'do éiríde aghur fgaol an fanguid ar,
breaénaís fuar ar mhac na banaltia,
ó 'ré féin ir fearir 'do beannuisíte rinn.

Craon víreac vuilleadhaic glar
ar choéad Chríort faoi 'na dun,
píllimio oir arís a éirí
[píllimio oir arís le fonn].

Tá píora eile aca dar b' ainm "Deannaéat an
'Dóinnais," ádt ni tugaím ann ro é, óir ir beas-naé
'do-tuigíonaé ar fao é. Ag ro píora beas ar an
ghoir, corhúil leir na línitib fuar, mar tá pé aca
i nÁrainn aghur i gConamara.

go mbeannuisítear úit a éros.

ga mbeannuisítear úit a éirí
a bunneáin gléigil úir,
go mbeannuisítear úit a éirí
le 'h ceurad Chríort

¹ Literally:—Move thy foot early to Mass, move thy mouth on the
holy words, move thy fingers on the chain of the soul [the rosary?]

would not allow Him, either, to be godfather to his son, "You have only one day in the week," said he, "and you're not able to do much good that day, itself!" Here is how my friend Father O'Growney, found the "Salutation to Sunday" in Aran.

WELCOME TO SUNDAY.

Welcome to Sunday
After the week days,
It, the fine holiday
Christ has ordained for us,
To make our souls for us.

Move your foot to the Mass all early,
Move to its words your lips full clearly,
Move on the chain of the soul your fingers,
Open the heart where evil lingers,
Look to the Son of the Nurse who taught us,
He who alone in His mercy bought us.¹

Tree green, leafy, wide,
Under it Christ crucified,
To thee we return again, O Cross,
We return again unto thee with pride.²

They have another piece called the "Blessing of the Sunday," but I do not give it here for it is almost entirely unintelligible. Here is a little piece about the Cross, like the lines given above, as they have it in Aran and Connemara.

HAIL UNTO THEE, O CROSS.

Hail unto thee, O Cross,
Branching, and green, and wide,
Hail unto Thee, O tree
Where Christ was crucified.

open thy heart and loose the malice out of it, look up to the Son of the Nurse, since it is He himself who best bought us.

²Tree straight, leafy, green, beneath whose foot Christ was crucified, we return to thee again, O Cross, we return to thee again with joy.

So mbeannuigítear túit a níg
 Do rínead ar an gcroir,
 Impiúe cuirim ort
 Sac pmál peacaid v'á bfuil ar m'anam
 É leagaint ar an scolainn,
 Ó 'rí is mó jinne an éoir.

As ro píopa eile do rgníob an píop Shaebeal rin
 an liatánac píop ó beul mná ar beul-an-áta i
 scondae Mhuig Eó. Dúdaire pí sup gnátae a ráo
 ar bfeicint teampoill uait.

So mbeannuigítear túit a altóir.

So mbeannuigítear túit a altóir
 A éor dhéag dúilleadhac glar,
 Náir leigib tu m'anam éaric,
 So sconduibigib tu mé ar deag-réar,
 So bfuilib tu mair-ne [rinn-ne] ar ár lear,
 So meuibigib tu ár gcroir le glóir v'rágal.
 So líonaid tu ár rúile le deóraid na h-aitéige,
 So deugaid tu ár gcion dúinn de gac airmionn
 V'á léigítear ann ran róim anóid
 Agus ar fuo an doimain móir.

Illo mar eualaid an t-Ádair O Spáinnia é ó orve-
 rgoile .i. Dáibí O Ceallacáin i n-Árainn Mhóir.

So deagaid dúinn cion ériortairé
 De luaižeacé airmionn an laé anóid
 Agus de gac airmionn v'á léigítear ann ran róim .
 Agus timéioll an doimain móir ar fuo.

¹ *Literally*:—Mayest thou be saluted O Cross, O branch bright,
 fresh, mayest thou be saluted O tree by which Christ was crucified,
 mayest thou be saluted O King who wast stretched upon the cross, a

Hail unto Thee, O King,
 Who wast stretched upon the Cross,
 A supplication I send to Thee,
 Each stain of the sins on my soul that be—
 To lay it upon my body,
 She has sinned the most—the more guilty she—¹

Here is another piece which that true Gael, Mr. Lyons, wrote down from the mouth of a woman from Ballina in the County Mayo; she said it was usual to repeat it on coming in sight of a church.

HAIL TO THEE, O ALTAR.

Hail unto thee, O altar,
 O cross, fine, leafy, green,
 Mayest thou not let my soul [go] past thee,
 Mayest thou keep me in a good state,
 Mayest thou turn us to what-is-good-for-us,
 Mayest thou magnify our hearts to get glory,
 Mayest thou fill our eyes with tears of repentance,
 Mayest thou give us our share of every Mass
 That is read in Rome to-day
 And throughout the great world.

Or as Father O'Growney heard it from a schoolmaster in Aran Mór, David O'Callaghan.

That there may come to us a Christian share
 Of the preciousness of the Mass of this day,
 And of every Mass that is read in Rome
 And round about the great world, throughout.

supplication I offer Thee [namely] every stain of sin that is upon the soul—to lay it upon the body, since it is she who most committed the crime.

As ro uirnuige áluinn do éualaid an t-Ádair
O Sháirínna i nInir Meadon, 'd á pád le linn an
airpinn asur tar éir an éoirneasta.

míle fáilte rómad a éuirp an tigearna.

míle fáilte rómad a éuirp an tigearna,
a huc no fíolhuig o'n óig ir gile 'r ir míne,
'Sé do báir-
ar éirinn na páir
D' fuaigail ríol éada a'r darguig* coir.

Ó'r peacaó boét mé tá as veunadh oir
ná noét oim an éoir,
Cú do éuill mé t' fearg a íora Chóirte
fill oim asur fóir.

íora éannuig muid [i.e., rínn]
íora éannuig muid
íora [an] páirín páirteac [sic],
ná veun rínn do éairmad,
Anoir no ar uair ar mbáir.

O a Chóirte do ceuraó Dia h-Doine
Do óoirte do éuir póla 'd á' mairteac 'r 'd á' ríomad,
Sháirte an Spíomaid naomh ann ár gcaoirte 'r ann ár
n-inneinn
Sáé áéuige 'd á n-íairmadair Mac Dé 'd á réirteac

* no "báirig."

¹ *Literally* :—A thousand welcomes to Thee, O Body of the Lord, O Son who wast descended from the Virgin most bright and most smooth, it is Thy death upon the tree of the Passion that released the seed of Eve and destroyed crime [according to another reading, " put crime to death."]

Since I am a poor sinner who is making for Thee, do not unsheath

Here is a beautiful prayer which Father O'Growney heard in Innis Maan in Aran, said during Mass after the Consecration.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES.

A hundred thousand welcomes, thou Body of the Lord,¹
 Thou Son of her the Virgin, the brightest, most adored,
 Thy death in such fashion
 On the tree of the Passion
 Hath saved Eve's race and put sin to death.

I am a poor sinner to thee appealing,
 Reward me not as my sins may be;
 O Jesus Christ I deserve Thy anger,
 But turn again and show grace to me.

Jesus who bought us
 Jesus who taught us
 Jesus of the united prayer,
 Do not forget us
 Now nor in the hour of death.

O crucified Jesus do not leave us,
 Thou pouredst Thy blood for us, O forgive us,
 May the Grace of the Spirit for ever be with us,
 And whatever we ask may the Son of God give us.

upon me justice, although, O Jesus Christ, I have deserved Thy anger, return to me and relieve me.

Jesus who bought us, Jesus who blessed us, Jesus [of the] united prayer, do not forget us, now nor at the hour of our death.

O Christ, who wast crucified on Friday, who pouredst Thy share of blood to forgive us and free us, the grace of the Holy Spirit be in our heart and in our mind: every petition that we ask may the Son of God make-it-easy for us.

As ro róirt gníoma éiríde-brúigte, do rghíob an
liatánac ríor o beul tuine ar condae na Gaillimhe.

cúimhne Dé.

Cúimhne Dé or cionn mo cúimhne,
leat mo péacaid ní éis liom innéadé,
Sáe ar innir mé 'r nár innir mé,
Tá mé as iarraid párouin ar íopa Chríosta.
i látair cátaoipe na paouruine.

O a Thiðearna fuair pianta
á' r u'pulaing an páir,
as do piallaó le h-iarann
O mullaó go báir,
na úiaí rín fuair tú tapcuirne
'Sur na créadta ar do láim,
O a Thiðearna, ir as iarraid
Do éomhice táim.

Fuair mo cara ríor-máit nac maireann, an rghólaípe
clirte Gaedheilge páorais O Laozaípe, na focail
éaduna ro, beas-nac, i n-iarair condae Corcaíge.
Dubairt ré sur labairtead iad "ar u'ceadé. tuir ar
do glúnaid ran tréipéat."

leisim mé féin.

leisim mé féin i n-imíoll do gnár,
ar uhlár do éise féin,
as umlužad do'n ceampoll catóilcúde,
umluigim san éadg im éiríde,*
mo glún veap le taitneam do'n áiríu-míð.

* "umluigim mo éadg óm' éiríde" map fuair páorais
O Laozaípe é.

¹*Literally* :—Thoughts of God above my thoughts, half of my sin I
am unable to tell. All that I have told and did not tell, I am asking

Here is a kind of Act of Contrition which Mr. Lyons wrote down from the mouth of a person from the County Galway.

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

Under my thoughts may I God-thoughts find.¹
 Half of my sins escape my mind:
 For what I said, or did not say,
 Pardon me Jesus Christ, I pray,
 At the throne of confession I stand this day.

O Jesus sorely suffering
 Rent by Thy Passion's pain,
 An iron-torn offering,
 Slain as among the slain,
 Scoffed at, despised, neglected,
 Tortured by cruel men,
 Trembling to be rejected
 I turn to Thee again.

My late, much-regretted friend, the able Gaelic scholar Patrick O'Leary, found almost the same words in the west of the County Cork. He said that they were spoken "when you came on your knees into the chapel."

I PLACE MYSELF.

I place myself at the edge of Thy grace,²
 On the floor of Thy House myself I place,
 To the Catholic Temple I bow to pray,
 And banish the sin of my heart away,
 I lower my knee to my King this day.

pardon (for it) of Jesus Christ before the throne of Confession. O Lord who receivedst pains and didst suffer the Passion, rent by iron from head to crown, afterwards Thou receivedst reproach and the wounds in Thy hand, O Lord, seeking Thy protection am I.

² *Literally*:—I lay myself at the edge of Thy Grace on the floor of

Δὴ τὰμα γλύν λε γέλλ' ὁ Θία,
 Δὴ τμήρ' ἱρ' βεαννυίγτε : n·don·Θία.
 Δὴμ' ῥεαδάντ' ἀρ' ῥλυαίγτεῖς ὁβηρόν,
 Δ' ῥ' γο mbyaίῳτεαρ' m' anam ὁ' n Τμηονόυ.

Δ Τηζεαρνα ρυαίρ' πιαντα
 Δ' ῥ' ὁ' ρυλαίγ' an ῥάιρ,
 Ὁ ρεαλλεῶ le h-iaρann
 Ὁ δάταρ γο τμάετ,
 'na ὁιαῖῶ ρan ρυαίρ' an Τηζεαρνα
 na ρμοιβτε [εραοδα?] ann Δ λάιμ,
 Δ Θέ ὅιλ εγ ιαρηαῖῶ
 Ὁ εοιμῖρε τάιμ !

Σαε peacat ὁ' a nveαρνα †
 Ὁ' n lá ρυζαῖῶ μέ ριαμ
 mac mhuire na nγiάρ
 Ὁ' a ράῖῶ liom "maicim ouit iao."
 Δn leaṇb ὁ cρiάῖῶ
 τά 'na ὅuine 'r 'na Θία
 Ὁά' ῥ' peacaint γο bρiάτ
 ἀρ' γάρταῖς luēta na bρian.

εἰς το πῶρα εἰτε δε' n τρῶρε εἰάτῳα ὁ ρημῖῶ an
 Σαεῶειλγτεῶρ' εγυρ an ργολάιρε ελιρτε ρin, an λιατ-
 αναε ο Philadelphια, ann ρan Οἰλεάν ὕρ, ὁ βεul ειλίρ
 nι Σhallcúβαρ' éigin, ο εονῳαέ Θhún-na-nγall. Ὁ
 εuir an λιατάναε comaoin εγυρ οἰβλιοςγiάτ an-ῥῶρ' ἀρ
 Σhaeῶeιλγτεῶρ' an ὁmáin, εγυρ an μέατ ὁ' ὁbρián-

Thine own House, submitting to the Catholic Temple, I lower without
 deceit in my heart, my right knee with delight to the High King, the
 second knee with submission to God, the three most blessed in one
 God, to make-me-avoid the hosts of sorrow, and may my soul be gained
 by the Trinity.

O Lord who receivedst pains, and sufferedst the Passion, torn by iron

I lower my knee unto God most high
 To the blessed Three of the Trinity.
 From the armies of pain may They bring me whole,
 And the blessed Trinity take my soul.

O Jesus sore-suffering,
 Martyr of pain,
 Thou wast offered, an offering,
 Slain with the slain,
 Despised and rejected,
 A mock among men,
 May my soul be protected
 From sin and from stain.

Each sin I have sinned
 From the day of my fall,
 May the One Son of Mary
 Forgive me them all !
 May the child who was tortured,
 God-man without stain,
 Guide us safe through the torments
 And shoutings of pain.

Here is another piece of the same sort, which that expert
 Irishman and scholar, Mr. J. J. Lyons of Philadelphia, in
 America, wrote down from the mouth of one Alice O'Gal-
 lagher of the County Donegal. Mr. Lyons has laid all the
 Irish scholars of the world under debt and obligation to him
 for the songs and poems and other things which he has

from head to foot (?) afterwards the Lord received the branches (?) in
 His hand, O dear God seeking Thy protection I am. Every sin that I
 have committed from the day ever I was born may the Son of Mary
 of the Graces say to me "I forgive thee them." The child that was
 tortured who is Man and is God, make-us-avoid for ever the shoutings
 of the people of the pains.

aib agus de dántaib agus de neitib eile do rghíob
 ré píor go h-aipeac agus go beact o beul na n-aoine
 do carad air i n-Américá, gan don niú d'áirgead
 ná do leasugad, aet iad do tabairt go díneac mar
 do éalaid ré iad. Thug ré cuir de na páirneacaid
 do fuair ré mar ro, dom' éaraid eógan O Spáinnia,
 ragsat, agus cuir ré tuillead aca i gcló ann ran
 "nSaothal," an páiréar rin do tuill ár mbuidéacair
 le móran bliadán arí fon an méir do minne ré d'ár
 oteangaid. Cíó nac bfuair ré an píora ro ó Chonn-
 aetac, buí éruas gan a clóbuataí ann ro le n-a
 pábáil. Chuir an t-atair O Spáinnia éugam-ra é. Ir
 cormúit leir an "Ave Maris Stella" é.

páilte dúit a mhúir mór.

páilte dúit-re a mhúir mór,
 [páilte] a mhaighdean fíorfhairde,
 arí ár n-éacair [a mhúir], fóir,
 a mhúir a mátar íora.

a réalt na maríne, a rgiat na mbóet,
 ir tu anam-éaraid [atá gan loet].

ir tu do éug arí an blát
 do túit le h-éada [i n-áon-éiríat].

thóg tu an t-ílan do fáorais rínn
 bí 'nóir 'r arí uair arí n-éaga linn.

toimais (?) dúinn-ne fíotéán Dé,
 ir caol na glair a éanglaigear mé.

Spéim do'n bóet, 'r do'n vall a fúil,
 a mátarí mhúirneac, miz na n-óil,

¹ Literally: Welcome to thee O great Mary, welcome O eternal maiden, our hardships relieve O Mary, Mary, mother of Jesus. Star of the morning, shield of the poor, thou art a soul-friend without

written down punctually and exactly from the mouth of our poor people whom he met in America, without altering or doctoring anything, but giving them exactly as he heard them. He sent some of the prayers which he got in this way to my friend Father Eugene O'Growney, and more of them he printed in the *Gael*, that paper which has for many years deserved our thanks for all it has done for our language. Although Mr. Lyons did not get this piece from a native of Connacht still it were a pity not to print it here, in order to save it. Father O'Growney sent it to me. It is like the "Ave Maris Stella."

WELCOME O GREAT MARY.

Welcome thou of high estate,
And when troubles seize us
Bring us through our dangers great,
Mother dear of Jesus.¹

Star of the morning, shield of the poor,
Friend of the soul, our open door.

Eve's fall made flowers to fall from men,
Thou bringest these upon earth again.

Thou hast reared the Lamb who has saved the race.
Be with us when Death comes face to face.

Bring us the peace of the Lord to-night
For the fetters that bind us bind us tight.

Heavenly Mother Oh! grant this night
Thy food to the poor, to the blind thy sight.

fault. It is thou who hast brought back the blossom that fell by Eve in one moment. Thou hast reared the Lamb who has saved us; be with us now and at the hour of our death. Grant to us the peace

Δ γῆαίῃν νὰ ρυθάνῃ, ἃ ἀίμῳ ἀν ῥεάτα,
Δ ἑάτασι νὰ ἡ-εἰσνὰ ἵρ νὰ ἡ-ὑμῶν ῥεάτα.

Σάβῆλ ρὶνν ἀρὶ ἑῖμ το ῥῖν
ἀρὶ οἷο, ἀρὶ ναιρὶ ἑῖμ.

Δ ῥεάτ νὰ μαῖονε ἵρ ἀίμῳ ἑῖμ
Σεάτῃν ρὶνν ἀρὶ ὀυθᾶν νὰ ὑρῖαν.

Σο μολταρ ρᾶοι το ἑοιμῶν
ἀν τ-ἑἑἑἑ ἀν μαρ ῥαν σπῖορᾶν νᾶοῖν.

Ὡς πο ἀνοῖρ ὀρῖεᾶν νὰ ρεῖρεᾶν καὶ βῖοιτε ὁ' Ἀβ-
ρᾶμᾶν ὦν ῥε ὦννᾶτ. Ἀτ ρὶννρ μέ ἀρ νὰ ὀν-
ταῖν ὀαῶν πο ἀρῖρ, ἡ ὦννᾶν Ὀῆ, ὀρ ἵρ ἡν-
ἱομαῶνᾶν ἡνᾶνᾶν ἡν-ἡῖνᾶν ἡν, ὦν ἵρ ἡν-
ῥᾶῶνᾶν ἡν το ὀννᾶν ἀρ ἡν ἀρ ἡν ἡν ἡν
ὦννᾶτ το ὦννᾶν. ῥᾶῥᾶν μέ ἀν πο ὀνᾶν
ὦν ὀννᾶτ ὦν ἡν ἡν-ἡῖνᾶν, ὦν ἡν τᾶ ὦν
ῥᾶν ἀν ῥαν ἡνᾶν πο ἡν ὦνᾶνᾶν ἡν, ἡνᾶν
ῥᾶνᾶν ὦν, ὦν τᾶ ῥᾶν ὦν ὦνᾶν ῥᾶν
ὦν ἡν, ὦν το ῥᾶν ἡν ἡν ὦνᾶν, ὦν ὦνᾶν
ἡ ὦνᾶν ἀν, ὦν ῥᾶ ὦν ῥᾶν ὦν ὦνᾶν ἡν το
ῥᾶνᾶν ἡν.

of God, tight are the fetters that bind me. A mouthful to the poor,
to the blind his eye, O beloved mother of the King of the elements.
O mirror of the virtues, O ark of the law, O throne of wisdom and

CRIOG.

Throne of wisdom enthroned on meekness,
Mirror of good, make strong our weakness.

Save us, when thy Son shall come,
From deadly retribution.

Star of the morning all fair within
Save from the blot and the spot of sin.

May the Father, the Son, and the Spirit all Three
Beneath thy protection praised be.

Here now is the end of the sixth chapter of the Songs of Connacht. But I shall return, I hope, to these Religious Poems again, because they are very numerous, precious and readable, and they are, in a way, almost necessary to anyone who may desire to understand the soul of Connacht. I leave here a victory and a blessing to my readers, and if there is anything in this book that does not please them I ask their pardon, and I hope they may not blame me, for I have done my best in collecting what is in it, and in setting it down exactly as I found it.

of meekness. Save us on the step (*i.e.*, coming) of thy Son, from evil, from the hour of eric (retribution). O star of the morning of highest degree, make us to avoid the blackening of the pains.

THE END.

η ὀταί.

Tá coimh-focail inrian leabhair po naé litheólaíonn inniu mar to
litreach ní é ar rghriobad an leabhair seo dham ar veúr. AS po an
éirir i m'ó ve na foelaib d'áitíólaíonn d'á mbéinn AS áit-rghriobad
an leabhair. Sghriobfaim "inuaib," "luige," "ruibe," "éuar,"
"éior," "éoir," "éiar," i n-ionad "i noiaig," "luibe," "ruige,"
"éuar," "éior," "éoir," "éiar," Sghriobfaim "reo," i n-ionad
"reo," i "oe, i n-ionad "oe," in," i n-ionad "ann," "Saeóilge"
i n-ionad "Saeóeilge," i b'éoir "Saeóad," i n-ionad "Saeóad."
Sghriobfaim "ái" nó áide," ran uimh iolraib i n-ionad "ái,"
mar atá "plátaí" no "plátaibe" i n-ionad "plátaib."
Sghriobfaim an foimh iomlán atá ar ainneadaib áiteann, mar
baile-áta-luain i n-ionad b'áta-luain, gc.

Cearpúdaí na notaí seo leanar na loéta ir mó atá in pan leabhar no atá i litríúchá an leabhair.

- P. 5.—I have printed "*moc na ho-ya slau*" in phonetics to show the sound of the cock crow to English readers. I have ventured on an occasional phonetic rendering like this for the English reader, but only because the proper words and spelling are on the opposite page. As a rule Irish printed phonetically is an abomination to be eschewed.
- P. 6, y.—*péin-miagail* though a convenient is not an idiomatic word. The Irish do not use *péin* in compounds at present.
- P. 10, l. 11.—*b'feair* "*Ólúghe prianamla*," i. e. read "*Spáimíre*."
- P. 18, l. 20.—My friend Mr. Lloyd heard this poem also, he says the fourth line should be "*Ag éirceact le glóir an áinmírt*," and the ninth, "*'Sí bíod, géomnuirde ag gairde dúinn*." He heard much more than I did. He heard the word "*círeos*" not "*círeog*."
- P. 22, l. 2.—The word *riagaltar* may be said to have replaced *uaachtanánact* since I wrote this.

- P. 24, l. 1.—b'p̄earr̄i "nōt̄uiḡte." l. 16.—léiḡ "p̄arr̄m̄ár̄-t̄īde."
- P. 28, l. 1.—b'p̄earr̄i p̄īor̄ar̄de nō p̄īor̄aí, ac̄t̄ tá eaz̄la ōrr̄m̄ z̄ur̄i
m̄ō m̄in̄ic̄ r̄z̄m̄īōbar̄ āīō ī leab̄ar̄ō āīōe nō aí r̄an̄ ūir̄m̄ī
īōl̄m̄ar̄ō.
- P. 28, l. 8.—š̄iar̄i is now often better written é̄iar̄i. In these words,
f̄uar̄, f̄īor̄ f̄oīm̄, f̄īar̄i, I have retained the r̄, which, etymologi-
cally, is not so correct, but was the common form a few years
ago. l. 12.—b'p̄earr̄i "āoin̄-t̄r̄īōlla."
- P. 30, l. 18.—t̄-r̄oīr̄i t̄-r̄īar̄i=t̄oīr̄i t̄-īar̄i. l. 15.—I have wrongly
written cop̄m̄ú̄l̄ all through for cop̄m̄āl̄. The word is
pronounced cop̄ú̄l̄. The fact is that an aspirated m̄ or b̄ in the
middle of a word following a broad vowel and a liquid are
pronounced—I think in all parts of Ireland—like the vowel ú, as
ar̄bar̄i "corn," pronounced āruar̄, mear̄bat̄, a "mistake," pro-
nounced mear̄úat̄. Col̄mán̄, the proper name "Coleman," pro-
nounced by metathesis C'luán̄, col̄bā, the side of a bed, pro-
nounced col̄ūā, Cal̄bāc̄, the proper name, is pronounced Cal̄ūāc̄,
and so on. This, so far as I know, has never been noted in dic-
tionaries or grammars. l. 31.—One would expect "āīī r̄ú̄ō."
- P. 38, l. 18.—b'p̄earr̄i "ōō b̄ī r̄é 'lāōar̄īt̄."
- P. 48, l. 18.—Father Dinneen translates p̄est̄c̄ by "a trembling," but
that cannot be the meaning of it here.
- P. 50, l. 9.—The right reading would undoubtedly be "cr̄ō (or z̄r̄ō)
t̄á̄ō ōō z̄n̄á̄t̄ ī m̄ō b̄un̄," otherwise there would be only six
syllables in this line. "lē z̄aō," in the next line, should be,
according to a better copy "āīī é̄r̄ann̄."
- P. 52, l. 1.—This line should probably run nā c̄nūm̄ā cr̄ō ām̄z̄ar̄ r̄ú̄ō.
The metre in my copy is violated by having eight syllables in
this line. I omitted a fine verse from this poem. It is the
second.

n̄ī é̄iūb̄mar̄ō neāc̄ ōe'n̄ t̄īūr̄ī
 'Ōo'n̄ ūir̄ ēile, tá ōllām̄ cl̄aon̄,
 ān̄ é̄iūō ōō m̄ōīc̄ēāō é̄ f̄éin̄
 āīī ā z̄cūō r̄ú̄ō āīaon̄.

i.e., "Not one of the three would give to the other two who are
 ready and eager, the portion that would reach himself, for their
 two portions put together."

- P. 54, l. 3.—For *anaḡarḡ* read *anaḡarḡ*. L. 4.—*léiḡ* “*déapfaiḡ mé uam*.” L. 12.—Forms like *uo bí ré tóḡta* for *uo tóḡsaḡ é*, or *tá ré ḡḡiobḡta* for *ḡḡiobḡtaḡ é* are very common in Mid-Connacht, but are not to be recommended, though I have often used them.
- P. 53, l. 25.—If “*ḡá máḡ*” is right, I suppose the meaning is “I hear it being said that there is,” etc. L. 31.—Read “venomous.”
- P. 60, l. 7.—I have almost constantly accented the *o* in *reo* following my native dialect of Mid-Connacht. But if I were writing now I would not accent it. The same holds good of *ḡé* (off it), which I also have wrongly accented.
- P. 61, l. 33.—My proposed emendation is I see an impossible one, for the rhyme in *ḡiob* would be misplaced.
- P. 62, l. 4.—*ḡeapfaiḡ* is probably the right reading, i.e., How shall they stand (i.e., set up) Christ upon a lie. L. 9.—Here and elsewhere read *ḡonann*, which in Connacht is often pronounced *aineann*, the first *n* broad. L. 18.—The real reading is undoubtedly “*p. naómḡta aḡi aḡi éḡiḡ rúit*.” My suggested emendation would not rhyme.
- P. 64, l. 8.—So, which I marked long, is probably short, and *anoir* is meant to rhyme with it, so my emendation is wrong. L. 20.—Better *tiari aḡr coir*.
- P. 66, l. 1.—Read “*ḡiḡne*.” L. 13.—Read “*bḡir ré an móro*.”
- P. 68, l. 3.—For *reo* we should probably read *ro* (the *o* short) to rhyme with etc. L. 13.—Read *cuipeann ré 'na leit* for *i leit ḡó*. L. 22.—Read “*ḡiomna*.”
- P. 70, l. 25.—*pḡiomḡarḡ* is the native word for Primate.
- P. 74, l. 1.—I took down a poem called *ḡán an ḡáir* of the same nature as these from an old man in a back street in Birmingham. He was a Co. Mayo man, but he had lived sixty years in the English city. My friend Father Dowd brought me to see him. The poem began :

*Cé rin ḡiḡar aḡ teatḡ ḡo ḡti mé
mar a beit ḡaḡuḡḡo beit aḡ rioluiḡeatḡ (!) oḡḡe,
a tuas in a ḡeap-láim aḡur í liómḡta,
aḡur claiḡean na n-uaipeann in a láim éli leir.
mire an ḡáir tá tiḡeatḡ ḡo ḡti tu,
aḡur a ḡuine doiet na ḡlac bioḡḡaḡ,
beirim an t-ḡḡ an móir 'ḡ an cḡion liom, etc.*

The expression "the sword of the hours" is a graphic one.

L. 4.—Read "τοῖλάτην."

P. 76, l. 22.—read "cumaó."

P. 78 l. 2.—Insert é after "άνταιβ." L. 7.—Read "ῶναίλλ."

P. 82, l. 17.—read "ní' l" for "ní' i." L. 28.—Read "τωαξ" for "τωατ." One would expect "νά λειγ το'η τωαίξ," or "νά λειγ το'αν τωαξ θωαταό."

P. 86, l. 5.—Read θίθιunn.

P. 92, l. 2.—Read "μαίτη το ελεάταυ," and in line 4 read "ζουηρηαέτ."

P. 96, l. 2.—Read "ρτίρη." This is from a poem called the "Lout and his Mother," which I have printed in its entirety in Vol. II. L. 25—Better θρίγρε, but θριγίυ is now oftener used as a genitive.

P. 98, l. 4.—Read páταó for páτ. The word τειμή which occurs twice in this poem is very common in Connacht, and seems to be a kind of compound of τέρó and έίμηξ. L. 30.—Read "αν cuma έάουνα." L. 32.—Read "έιιγim."

P. 100, l. 6.—Read "νά" for "να," L. 11.—"c'fava" is for cá fava, pronounced like cáva.

P. 102, l. 1.—b'fearr "ουγξά" L. 11.—λέιξ "αιτμήαλ." 7 "έρηάτμή." L. 22.—λέιξ "τρί ήίλε. L. 25.—"οειητεαρ "ζιοηρηαδαιη" ; η-ηοναυ "ζιοηρηαξάó" ; η-άιτεαδαιβ. L. 26.—le linn Oé perhaps means "during the life of God," i.e., eternity.

P. 104, l. 20.—λέιξ "παλτα." L. 29.—λέιξ "ουιγim."

P. 110, l. 19.—"Οο έυη" I think is the right reading. L. 15.—b'Uátluan is the pronunciation of béal-áta-luan, as b'Uátluat is of bálte-áta-cluat, only the a in the first is sounded á (as in lá) the other like a in the English ban or band.

P. 111, l. 3.—The abbey is now nearly roofed !

P. 112, l. 8.—bun and bonn being pronounced the same in Mid-Connacht I have confounded them here, and I daresay elsewhere. It should be bun here. They are different words, bun being sounded bun in Munster and bonn boínn.

P. 114, l. 22.—The a in ζαύόα and ζαύαούρη ought not to be marked long.

P. 120, l. 2.—Read "αξ έίμηξ" for "αν έίμηξ." L. 8.—Spíveóim or ppióóim would be a better form than ppiúeavóim. L. 9.—b'fearr "Catoicéige," no "Caitlicéige." L. 14.—Oá mberó'

- is short for *na mbeiteaó*, but this word in Connacht is pronounced *vá mbeiré*, a form for which there is good and old authority. In Munster the form is generally *vá mbeaó*.
- P. 122, l. 4.—Read “*adubairt*.” L. 27.—Read *gualainn*. L. 7.—Read *o’fágáil*.
- P. 126, l. 2.—*b’fearr* “*boóruighe*.”
- P. 128.—*miort* is for *miorm*, *liúnn* for *lionn* and *rpínn* for *rpíon*.
- P. 130, l. 6.—*na ort* *muirne* would be more correct, but I give it as I got it. L. 14.—*léis* “*gaeóilze*” no “*gaeóilze*.”
- P. 132, l. 4.—This *tuóir* was pronounced like *úóir* as *eóirna* like *óirna*, or *eólar* like *ólar*.
- P. 136, l. 5.—Read *ioméair* for *ioméair*, pronounced *ompair*, as *timéoil* is often pronounced *timpíoil*.
- P. 140, l. 7.—This *le go* is not unusual in Connacht and Ulster. L. 14.—*cear* means “obscurity,” “affliction.”
- P. 142, l. 1.—For *caíao* read *caiteam*. L. 18.—Read *bun* for *bonn*, it may mean “minding or in charge of a hovel.” L. y.—Read *tuigim*.
- P. 144, l. 7 and 12.—For *oíobta* read *oaoibta*, the *o* being broad.
- P. 146, l. 2.—For *caíao* read *caiteam*. L. 16.—Read *piúinn* *ve* for “*piúin vé*.” L. 18.—Read *caomíteac* for *cauibíteac*.
- P. 148, l. 3.—For *bor* read *bfur*. One would expect *fur*, but it does not seem to be used by itself. L. 16.—For *vó* read *vó*.
- P. 249, l. 3.—“The place on this side is wanting,” i.e., “the earth can hold you no longer.”
- P. 152, l. 3.—Perhaps *taobhann*, i.e., the accursed spirit does not “trust.” L. 25.—I think it was Art McCovey the Northern Poet who made this song. L. z.—For “*buaíómeaó*” read “*buaíóearéa*.”
- P. 154, l. 21.—For “*móir*” read “*mair*.”
- P. 156, l. 5.—Read *polláin*.
- P. 158, l. 4.—Read *piúinn*. L. 14.—Read *bfóiríró*.
- P. 166, l. 16.—Read “*caiteam*” for “*caíao*.” L. y.—Read *vó* for *vó*.
- P. 168, l. 7.—Aliter *gan a beir pannaic*. Compare the Scotch Gaelic, “*Saunt nan seachd seann sagart. | Ann am fear gun mhac gun nighean*,” i.e., The covetousness of the seven old priests is in the man who has neither son nor daughter. L. 19.—Read *anurairó*.

- P. 171.—My friend John Mac Neill found a good copy of this piece amongst the Rossmore MSS., a list of which he printed in the *Gaelic Journal*.
- P. 172, l. 13.—My friend Mr. Lloyd suggests that this line is *rámán réirte ruain*=the nap of snoring slumber. *Siottlaireacht* he translates "poeticizing."
- P. 176, l. 3.—*maí gheobair*=*mair ngeobair*.
- P. 178, l. 28.—Read *ḡeóbeirḡe*.
- P. 180, l. 2.—*ir oirdear dam*=it's right (fitting) for me. L. 5.—Read *ulc-ḡaḡa* for *ulc-ḡaḡa*.
- P. 182, l. 6.—*Recté oilem*. L. 10.—*léiḡ "ḡaḡartaḡa"*.
- P. 183, note.—*báḡa* is the Monaghan form of *báḡ*, Mr. Lloyd tells me. Cf. Scotch Gaelic *báḡa*.
- P. 184, l. 24.—*Recte ir ead'*.
- P. 187.—The note belongs to p. 189.
- P. 188, l. 13.—Largan not Lurgan. Mr. Lloyd thinks it may be Blacklion. L. 14.—*Recté pobair* here and elsewhere. L. 24.—*Recté, ḡruḡiḡo tu*, here and elsewhere.
- P. 190, l. 6.—*Recté, "cḡionna."*
- P. 191.—The note to this page shows how long ago it was written—at a time when the *Gaelic Journal* was the one mouthpiece of the Gael. Matters have changed little short of miraculously since then.
- P. 192, Note.—The Irish for Riverstown is *bairt-ruḡ-ḡá-ámaḡ*, pronounced like *bairt ḡrá-ámaḡ*.
- P. 194, l. 8.—There is usually no inflexion of *ruḡ* in the *gen.* in Connacht. L. 9.—Read *ḡaḡtáil* for *ḡaḡtáil*.
- P. 200, l. 28.—Read *ḡaḡtáin* for *ḡaḡtáin*.
- P. 204, l. 13.—Better *ḡéirḡe*, though I have heard it short also. It may be from the English "cheer." L. 19.—*ní bérḡ mḡre*, etc. The reciter did not observe the sequence of tenses here. This often happens in speaking. Ll. 22, 24.—*Sut má* oftener eclipses the verb, as *ḡut má ḡceitḡinn*. L. 27.—Read "*caiteam*" for "*caḡaḡo*."
- P. 206, l. 22.—Read *ḡeirḡe* for *ḡeirḡe*.
- P. 210, l. x.—*Spíonḡaḡo* was the word used by the reciter. If it had been *ḡpíonḡaḡo* it might mean stabbing with a thorn or spike.
- P. 211, l. 9.—Or perhaps "the apple of knowledge."
- P. 212, ll. 12 and 16.—Read *ḡaḡḡaḡe*. L. 17.—*ḡaḡḡaḡe*.

- P. 214, ll. 5 and 17.—*b'fearr* "oá mberé" no "oá mbeavó." Old Irish=no-beth. L. 19.—*fial* may be thus used as a noun, I think, as *oall* is. There is no necessity to insert *fear* as I have done.
- P. 216, l. 7.—*ngliavó*, "in battle," is probably the right reading.
- P. 222, l. 11.—*b'fearr* "eapcaine." *labairfear* é mar "ar-cainne" i n-áiteacais. L. x.—*cáinne* is the real gen. plur., the ending in *avó* is fictitious.
- P. 224, l. 1.—Read *éamonn* for *éamon*. L. 23,—Read *teannann* for *teannann*. L. 25.—Read *cpionna* for *cpiona*.
- P. 225.—This poem, I think, is only a translation into Irish of some English verses which I once met in a MS. I think this more likely than that the English verses—which I cannot remember—were a translation from it.
- P. 226, l. 17.—Read *comannaé*. L. 22.—I have followed O'Daly's version of this poem, but his reading is very incorrect. This line, for instance, should read, *ar ríólavó, ar ríéimle an oioḡaltair éacraíḡ*. L. 27.—The correct Irish for Cappelquin is *Cespaé Cumn*.
- P. 230, l. 3.—*ir fearr* "áthamail go leóir," *vo ráó, gan an "go."* L. 4.—*ir don focal amáin ran alt ro nuairéacé tuama, ainm an páipéir*. L. y.—*léiḡ* "bpaipéir." All this about Raftery. was written many years before I thought of collecting and publishing his poems. This poem of the Cholera Morbus will be found more fully at p. 342 of my edition of Raftery's poems.
- P. 232, l. 9.—Read "*n-éirfiró*," and "*ritfeavó*" in next line. L. 14.—*carraingte* is probably pronounced here in its syn-copated form of *cáirngte*, to rhyme with *mátair*. L. 19.—Read *ar cáinne*.
- P. 234, l. 20.—The *leir* is repeated here. The proper reading no doubt is "*ar fapcuḡavó ríóise or cómair na noaoine*."
- P. 236, l. 13.—*léiḡ* "*vo cúirt, vo teac 'r vo hallaróe míne*,"
- P. 238, l. 1.—Read *meamáir*. L. 5.—Read *fearanna*.
- P. 240, l. 16.—*ionnán* "able to," would, perhaps, be better written i n-an, the *a* is usually short, almost like the English Nan, or ain in ainm.
- P. 242, l. 9.—*b'fearr* "an reacraḡraíḡ."

- P. 244, l. 13.—Read an lá. L. 14.—I since heard my conjectured reading verified by old Fleming of leat-árván, who recited this piece in my hearing at the Sligo fair in 1903. L. 31.—Mr. Lloyd points out to me that céil-réact in Munster means "keeping company with a woman," or courting. This appears to be the sense here too.
- P. 246, l. 3.—Better coimpege for cuimpeó. It is an abbreviated form of coimpece. L. 8.—The reading in the note is evidently the right one, because of the assonance between láim and páirt. L. 14.—Read rúirí for rúirí, with which (Mr. Lloyd suggests) rúirí should rhyme, in the last line, vo cáillfead a fúirí, i.e., a feóirí.
- P. 248, l. 7.—b'fearr "ár." L. 10.—Read bíod.
- P. 250, l. 1.—Read com-tumann.
- P. 252, l. 17.—Read comneal. L. 20.—Read miumain.
- P. 253, l. 14.—Read Lutherans.
- P. 254, l. 7.—Read otugtaróe. L. 14.—This note belongs to p. 252, to "aimhóein" in l. 10 of the poem.
- P. 256, l. 3.—Read an éiríannar. L. 6.—Father Dinneen gives "necessity," "want," as meaning of leas. Comár O Comcéannain suggests láir, he never heard leas, nor did I. L. 10.—b'fearr "O éiríannar go h-ínn." L. 20.—This is how I got it, but probably the correct reading is "ir b'féad é an rígeat."
- P. 262, l. 11.—ir iomra cor ran ngeat, etc. Compare Berauger's Dieu des Bonnes Gens :

Sur nos debris Albion nous défie
 Mais les destines et les flots sont changeants,

- P. 264, l. 10.—Read léiginn. L. 19.—Recté "glíad." L. 23.—Read beir.
- P. 268, l. 1.—Read tapaincipieact. L. 5.—Better pánaid.
- P. 270, l. 15.—Read volair. L. 27.—Read vialair. L. 23.—Read airíonn.
- P. 272, l. 13.—Read o tuair. L. 16.—Read maighean. L. 22.—Read o'irí. L. 23.—Read com. L. 24.—Mr. Lloyd suggests éirígeat=helpful.
- P. 278, l. 1.—There is a very poor and imperfect version containing only eight verses of this poem in *Curmina Gadelica*, Vol. II., p.

162, beginning, "Chaidh Eosai us Mairi | Chon aireamh a suas |
 'S chaidh eoin an geall caitheam | Ann an caille nan cuach."
I.e., Joseph and Mary went to the numbering up, and the birds
 began chorussing in the woods of the Turtle Doves. Verse V.
 runs, "Us labhair Mairi re Eosai | Le guth malda miamh |
 Tabhair miosan domh, Eosai | Go 'n caisg mi mo mhian," etc.
 L. 15.—Read *énút*. L. 25.—Read *bpoinn*.

P. 230, ll. 8 and 10.—Read *bpoinn*.

P. 232, l. 7.—Read *fuap*. L. 22.—Read *feartainn*.

P. 292, l. 5.—Read "*umail*" for "*úmal*."

P. 293, l. 3.—Read "eve" for "night."

P. 294, l. y.—*Cá fíor vuit*. Better *cá b'fíor vuit*, pronounced
cam (*cow*) '*r'vuit*.

P. 293, l. 8.—Read *fóimr*. L. 13.—Read *nglacaíró*. L. 20.—Read
vo'n for *ve'n*.

P. 306, l. 5.—Read *ap* for *ar*.

P. 308, l. 7.—Read *Concúðaraé*.

P. 312, l. 12.—Read *Corcaíge* for *Corcaíḡ*. I took down another
 version of this poem from an old woman in the Co. Galway, on
 the borders of Clare.

P. 314, l. 16.—Read *léiginn* for *léigin*. L. 20.—Read *ngemíreav*
 for *ngemíream*.

P. 318, l. 11.—*So* is probably for *vo*, which is often pronounced *so*
 in Connacht, *i.e.*, of or through thy great confidence [in thyself],
 etc. My friend Mr. Lloyd tells me he heard this poem at greater
 length in Co. Donegal.

P. 322, l. 9.—Read "*mbhátar*." L. 15.—Read *fanntaíḡ* for *fanntaíḡ*.
 L. 20.—Read *léigean* for *léigean*.

P. 324, l. 8.—Mr. Lloyd thinks this means "bind with effort thy
 deed," *i.e.*, "keep thyself under control."

P. 327, l. 17.—Read "my people" for "your people."

P. 328, l. 18.—Read *cia vaíró a bfuair*.

P. 328, l. 16.—Read *O Concúðair*. L. 18.—Read "*bfuair*" for
 "*fuair*."

P. 330, l. 7.—Better "*na mbailte*." See note to p. 222. L. 20.—
fiactaíró = *fiacta*.

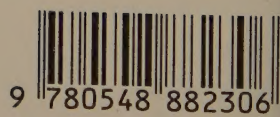
P. 332, l. 9.—Read "*na mbhátar*." L. 17.—Better "*arraiḡé*."

P. 340, l. 12.—Read "*bhátar*."

P. 342, l. 6.—*id.* L. 27.—Read "*teartáil*."

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